

Chatelaine

March :: Ten Cents



"Spring Was in the Air"—by Christine Jope-Slade

Also Harriet Eager Davis - Hugh B. Cave - Maude Radford Warren

The TIGER in the House



Drawn from life by Dan Smith

DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know that the true cause of colds is now believed by many scientists to be a virus so fine that it passes through filters which retain the 8 ordinary germs frequently associated with colds? These germs and the virus itself lodge in the mouth, nose and throat.

YOU call it a cold, but physicians call it the Tiger in the House. Their experience teaches them how potentially dangerous a cold really is.

For this universal ailment often results in prolonged ill-health and sometimes death.

Unchecked it runs through entire families. Unless treated it frequently leads to sinus, ear, and mastoid, as well as bronchitis and pneumonia (particularly in the case of babies). 80% of acute illnesses in children

up to 5 are due to respiratory infections. Every year colds cause industry a loss estimated to be between \$450,000,000 and \$2,000,000,000.

And how does a cold gain entrance to the body? Largely through the mouth and nose, of course. Bacteria enter and breed by millions. It therefore becomes evident that daily oral hygiene is an absolute necessity.

Gargle Listerine

Over a period of more than 50 years, the antiseptic found best suited to this purpose is Listerine. Its results are a matter of record.

Listerine is fatal to germs, including those asso-

ciated with colds. It is non-poisonous. It does not irritate delicate tissue as many mouth washes do.

For oral cleanliness and to fight colds, gargle with Listerine every morning and night. If you feel a cold coming on or one has already started, repeat the gargle every two hours. You will be delighted to find how often it brings relief.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it begins to kill germs. Even four hours after its use, reductions in the number of germs ranging to 64% have been noted. Numerous tests we have conducted have shown that twice-a-day users of Listerine contracted fewer and milder colds than those who did not use it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, Toronto, Ont.

Fight the Common Cold with **Listerine** *The Safe Antiseptic*

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A BIG STRAIGHT EIGHT... A NEW LOW-PRICED SIX

Roomier and more beautiful, with all the outstanding advancements that will be talked about in 1934... all the refinements that make for style leadership... the new airstream Oldsmobile Straight Eight deserves your consideration if you want top value at moderate price... Knee-Action Wheels, abolishing bumps, change your ride to a glide. The Ride Stabilizer eliminates roll and sway on the curves. Centre-Control Steering provides effortless driving without shimmy or wobble. And through the combination of these features has been engineered THE FLOATING RIDE. Your safety is guarded by big, sure-stopping Super-Hydraulic Brakes, and sturdy bodies by Fisher. And

your comfort is assured by enlarged interiors and Fisher No-Draft Ventilation. Oldsmobile's mighty Straight Eight Engine has been advanced too. Like the body, it's mounted in rubber. And shifting in all gears is silent, now, due to improved Syncro-Mesh Transmission... In addition to the splendid performance and the dependability which have always

been so closely associated with the name Oldsmobile, this precision-built Straight Eight introduces a host of essential new features in its price class, even to those thoughtful little conveniences that add so much to an owner's pleasure... Why not give yourself the pleasure of riding in and driving the new model? You'll find it on display in your community dealer's.

COMING SOON—THE LOW-PRICED, ALL-FEATURE OLDSMOBILE SIX

SOON... within a few weeks, in fact... a new Oldsmobile All-Feature Six will make its appearance. This car will be definitely in the low-price field! To thousands of motorists who know Oldsmobile's reputation for quality, performance, and dependability, we say... Wait for the new Oldsmobile Six! It will be a stand-out value among cars of lowest price!



"Me? Have 'Pink Tooth Brush'?

Not while they make Ipana!"



BARBARA GRANT: I'm licked, Bob! I get all dressed up in the smartest outfit I own—and look into the mirror to admire myself—and what do I see? Teeth that look the way grandma's silver looked the year she left it out while she wandered all over Europe.

BOB GRANT: You certainly clean them enough!

BARBARA: Brushing my teeth doesn't take away that *tarnished* look.

BOB: Do your tooth brush bristles ever look "pink" when you clean your teeth?

BARBARA: Ye-es. My gums *do* bleed a little. You don't suppose some of my teeth will casually drop out some day, do you?

BOB: You can look around for another mate when they do! But listen, honey—what's really wrong is that you have "pink tooth brush"

BARBARA: Did you ever have it, Bob?

BOB: Me? Have "pink tooth brush"? Not while they make Ipana! All I do is just massage a little Ipana into my gums after I clean my teeth. My gums stay firm, I can tell you. There's hardly a chance that I'll ever have gingivitis or Vincent's disease, either. You start using Ipana, with massage—and get rid of that "pink tooth brush"

* * *

For the reason that practically everybody now-



MADE IN CANADA

adays prefers soft foods to coarse, crunchy foods, your gums tend to be flabby and to become tender. If they bleed, you have "pink tooth brush". This condition, while not alarming in itself, is likely to rob your teeth of their brightness. It may even be the first step toward gum troubles as annoying and serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or possibly even pyorrhea. It may even endanger sound teeth.

To prevent "pink tooth brush"—clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then put a little more Ipana on your brush, and massage it into your inactive gums. Ipana's scientific formula includes ziranol, which helps speed circulation through the gums and aids in firming them.

By using Ipana regularly, you will insure yourself bright teeth—sound gums—and a minimum of danger from "pink tooth brush".

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Chatelaine

"Mistress of her Castle"

This magazine is equipped to serve the chatelaines of Canada with authoritative information on housekeeping, child care, beauty and fashions, and with entertaining fiction and articles of national interest.

TORONTO, ONTARIO



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Women and Peace

by Mrs. James Ince,
National President the I.O.D.E.

JUST NOW the most outstanding work of the world at large is to preserve peace. Statesmen are striving for it, churchmen are praying for it, leaders in all walks of life both young and old are emphasizing the importance of it. What are we as women doing?

Those of us who lived through the mental anguish and horror of the Great War can hardly endure the thought of another generation, of young men going forth to face death, or worse than death, a crippled existence that may stretch into long years.

Sinister forces are at work even now which may again plunge us into war — war, which we are told, will be infinitely more horrible than the last. Vast sums of money are invested in the manufacture of arms, which, in the event of war, would yield large dividends for the investors. Nations, while talking peace, are arming against each other. The underlying motives, greed and fear, both powerful motives, are at work against the peace of the world.

In a great patriotic organization such as the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, it is our duty to work for peace, but I am appealing to all Canadian women to stand behind those who are endeavoring to preserve it, no matter what their creed or political opinions may be. There is one organization that should receive our undivided support—the League of Nations. Particularly should we respond to the appeal from the presidents of the League of Nations Society in Canada. Let us endeavor to follow the course of study recommended by the League and listen every Sunday to the twenty-minute radio talks at 2.10 p.m., which began January 21, and will continue until Sunday, April 1. As Lord Cecil said on his recent visit to this Dominion, speaking on the League: "You heard of our failures, but you don't hear of our successes, and they are many." It stands alone as the only organization that is working steadily, and against great odds, for peace.

Let us, too, practise true patriotism, which is not just "flag-waving," but is studying and endeavoring to understand the problems of our great empire and its international relations. Let us try to develop a spirit of broad internationalism leading to an understanding sympathy and tolerance with not only our own problems but those of other nations. The spread of education rightly directed can be used as a mighty machine in forging the bonds of peace. And in endeavoring to understand these problems let us welcome the newcomer to our country, make him welcome and help him to establish and accustom himself to new surroundings, and while teaching him our ways, accept what he has to offer, which is often a great deal.

But to my mind, and I say it with the most profound humility, the mightiest weapon against war and all the miseries that follow in its wake is prayer. The old words "give us peace in our time, O Lord," uttered with faith that they will be heard and answered, is perhaps the real solution. If we use it with real faith we shall be shown the way to preserve the peace of the world.

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Cover Design by A. Parker

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2, CANADA

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Chairman of the Board.

H. T. HUNTER, President.

H. V. TYRRELL, Vice-President and General Manager.

Publishers of: Chatelaine, Maclean's Magazine, Canadian Homes and Gardens, Mayfair, The Financial Post, Hardware and Metal, Canadian Paint and Varnish Magazine, Sanitary Engineer, Canadian Grocer, Drug Merchandising, Dry Goods and Stylewear Review, Men's Wear Merchandising, Bookseller and Stationer, The General Merchant of Canada, Canadian Hotel Review and Restaurant, Canadian Machinery and Manufacturing News, Modern Power and Engineering, Canadian Trade Abroad, Industrial Opportunities in Canada, Canadian Printer and Publisher, Canadian Advertising Data, Canadian Automotive Trade, Bus and Truck Transport in Canada—BRANCH OFFICES: 1070 Bleury St., Montreal; 429 Lexington Ave., New York; 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 621 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco; England, The MacLean Company of Great Britain, Limited, Sun of Canada Bldg., 2 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1. Telephone, Whitehall 6642. Telegraph, Atabek, Lesquare, London—SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: In Canada, Great Britain and British Possessions, \$1.00 per year; United States, Mexico, Central and South America, France and Spain, \$1.50; other countries, \$2.00 per year. Single copies 10c. Copyright, 1934, by The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited. Registered in Canadian Patent and Copyright Office. Registered in United States Patent Office.

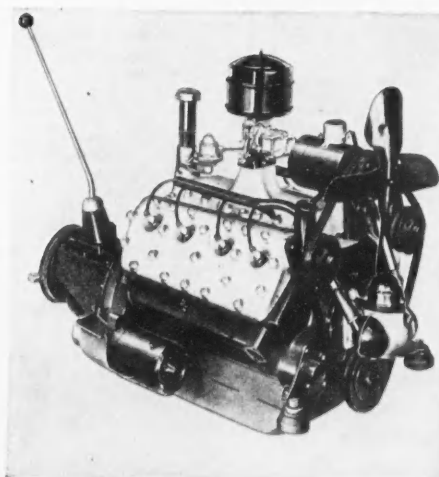
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**NEW
FORD V-8
FOR
1934**



V-8 DESIGN MEANS BETTER PERFORMANCE

The most important part of any automobile is the engine. Other features may contribute to your comfort and convenience, but it is the engine that runs the car. Performance, economy, reliability and long life—all these depend on what's under the hood. . . . The New Ford for 1934 is an unusually fine car because it has an unusually fine engine. Millions of miles of use have proved the efficiency of its V-8 cylinder design. Its evident superiority on the open road, on hills and in traffic is a measurable index of the extra quality built into it.



THE New Ford for 1934 is the only car under \$4000 with a V-type, eight-cylinder engine. It has many distinctive, high-quality features—aluminum cylinder heads, aluminum pistons, special heat-resisting valve seat inserts, fully counterbalanced forged steel crankshaft and one-piece casting of cylinder blocks, exhaust passages and crankcase. The dual carburetor, with dual intake manifold, gives increased speed and power, quicker acceleration, greater smoothness, easier starting in cold weather, and exceptional fuel economy at all speeds. No car costs less to run than the Ford V-8 for 1934.

In 2 convenient sizes



*Picked during
the dry season*

RICHER IN THEOL

THE leaves of the tea plant reach the peak of their flavor and potency during the dry season. This is when Tender Leaf Tea is picked.

All the coarse, rank leaves are discarded—only the tender leaves are used. These tender leaves, picked during the dry season, are rich in *theol*.

It is *theol*—a pungent natural oil—which gives tea its fragrance and flavor. Tender Leaf Tea contains *more* *theol* than any but the most costly blends.

Try this *different* tea—your grocer has it in two convenient sizes, conveniently priced. Enjoy it daily from now on!

BLENDED AND PACKED IN CANADA

WHAT TO DO

When your child
fails in an Exam.

by

Dr. G. Elmore Reaman



Photo by Hudson's Bay Co.

PROBABLY there is no situation which brings so much gloom into the home as the fact that Bobbie or Mary failed to pass their exams. The whole thing seems so hopeless and there doesn't appear to be anything to be done about it—at least not for a long time. The parents are humiliated and the child realizes that he has not measured up to expectations. He knows he has disappointed his parents. He is sure he hears Tommy's mother—Tommy by the way, always "passes," and his mother is inordinately proud of him—asking his mother if he "passed." He imagines he hears her making excuses for him. What is more, the distant future is no more attractive than the immediate. If he permits himself to think ahead, he has visions of going over all the work again. Maybe, too, he will be the biggest in the class and his chums will all have been promoted. Certainly, the situation is wretched for all concerned.

Of course, his parents would be disappointed, but if we study the matter we shall probably find that they are less disappointed for the boy's sake than for their own.

There may be two reasons for this disappointment. They may have set a goal for their child to reach and this failure upsets the schedule. Or there may be rivalry between families and acquaintances. How often we want our Jack or our Betty to make progress at the same rate as Walter, our neighbor's son, or Lois, our sister's daughter. And when they fail it puts us at such a disadvantage. We have to find excuses because family pride prevents us from accepting the failure philosophically and admitting that it was due to lack of ability.

Have you not heard some mother say: "Jack's teacher wasn't much good. He has his favorites." Evidently Jack wasn't one of them.

Or perhaps: "Bob was sick a good deal and he got behind."

Or yet: "The exams were terribly hard. Why, they asked questions I couldn't answer myself." Hardly a good reason.

Every explanation is by way of an alibi. Very natural, too. None of us want to admit any inferiority about our children. Bobbie and Mary and Betty and Jack will be very lucky if we do not take out our disappointment and spleen on them and aggravate an already heartbreaking experience for them.

What we grown-ups are so prone to forget are the poignancy and bitterness such experiences can create for children. We think that they are too young to really suffer much; that they will soon forget. They often

appear to forget but the experiences are driven down into their unconscious minds, possibly only to come out later in some reprehensible behavior for which we can find no explanation. It behooves us not to give way to our feelings and find fault, but to give some careful thought to what has happened.

There is an old saying: "Nothing succeeds like success." This is probably true. I am sorry to say that the converse is equally true: "Nothing encourages failure like failure." It is very easily possible for a child who has failed to develop a defeatist attitude and anticipate failure at every turn. The enormity of his sense of failure will be in proportion to the way his parents have reacted to it. If they took it much to heart, he may become obsessed with the idea and come to think that he cannot possibly succeed. If, and when, he reaches such a stage, matters become serious and something must be done.

Now what should we do when a child fails to pass some examination?

There are two things to be done. First, try to analyze the situation in order to determine the cause or causes and decide whether you as parents are in any way to blame. If you are honest, you will probably be surprised how much the blame is yours. Having learned the

reasons for the failure, make plans which will accomplish two things: offset the failure and renew the child's confidence in himself.

There are many possible causes for failure. If your child has had a capable teacher, seek that teacher's advice and listen to it. Occasionally, the fault is the teacher's. There are some teachers who are well intentioned but who are such poor disciplinarians that the children waste their time and do not get a grasp of the subject. In such cases, discuss the matter with another teacher who has some knowledge of your child or who will enquire into the matter.

Maybe the work was too difficult, or perhaps the child was just plain lazy, or, what more often happens, the child has never learned how to study or practise. He goes through the motions of study without really learning. Careless habits of work are hard to overcome and require the concerted efforts of parent and teacher. Be careful to check up on the sight and hearing. Too often, even the child is unaware of his handicaps and as nobody suspects it, he never gets the same amount of information or instruction as the rest of his class.

In these days, failure can be traced very

[Continued on page 67]



"SPRING was in the Air"

by Christine Jope-Slade

Illustrated by A. Parker

SAID THE matron to the under-matron: "He mustn't know she is here."

The under-matron, who had a cleft palate, lisped: "You mean she mustn't know he is here."

The matron was crisp and decisive: "Please warn every nurse and sister . . . and try to keep the young ones sane—and out of his room."

"It's spring," lisped the under-matron, "and unfortunately we've the prettiest batch of nurses since 1923. You can't let a big film star, simply sparking charm, loose among them and expect them to behave like elderly chambermaids in a provincial hotel."

The matron listened to the hissed sibilants with a grim amusement. The under-matron loved her pretty young nurses and was as permanently tickled by their pale leaf-green shantung uniforms and crisp white veils as a mother watching her young at a party.

A maid in pale leaf-green alpaca and green-dotted muslin cap and apron brought in a silver basket containing about five hundred snowdrops.

"I had to show this to you, matron, before it goes up to Mr. No. 8," she said shyly.

"Spring has come," said the matron when the maid had retired and she had duly admired Bond Street's floral art. "It usually brings us a crop of spots, temperaments and engagements among the staff, anyway. Why it need be complicated by England's most famous crooning film star this year, heaven knows! I suppose he is the most famous?"

"Definitely. The records of the song in his last film, 'I Salute You, Love,' have beaten every other single record sale in the world."

"I see, you've been reading him up."

The under-matron was so embarrassed she stumbled in a perfect orchestration of lisps and hisses,

"Naturally the staff is thrilled. One doesn't care to be too ignorant. What is he coming in for?"

"Face lift. Romantic isn't it . . . and secret as the grave."

"And she?"

"Same thing."

"No. Oh, no."

The under-matron's eyes positively bobbled in her excited face.

"How extraordinary! And neither knows that the other is here—not the faintest suspicion."

"Of course not. He is sent by Elder for that new German plastic surgeon to work on."

"The one the Nazis turned out?"

"Precisely. He's set up over here, and he's going to sculpt her, too. Neither of them is half so young as they would have the public believe. He's forty-five and she's forty."

"Weren't they married?"

"Divorced two years ago. They used to play together."

"It's . . . dramatic."

"That's one way of looking at it. He's on Floor 4, and she's on Floor 5; and every nurse has to be warned to keep a still tongue in her head."

"Who will look after the cases?"

"Our Doctor Virnett. He's amused. Of course they're both in ostensibly for rest cures."

"Lot of rest they'll be for me while they're here!" spluttered the under-matron.

She was white with excitement and gratified pride.

LYNETTE CARVER took the world's foremost crooner his first meal in the exclusive West End nursing home.

It was not her duty; but the nurse whose duty it was had inadvertently removed her thumb nail with a scalpel and was under treatment and ether at that moment in the theatre.

Lynette Carver was the most delicious looking of an exceptionally attractive posse of nurses. Her hair was mouse-colored and tendrilly. Her complexion was quite flawless; and her enormous, black-lashed eyes were a queer, indefinite, pellucid green in her pale beech leaf shantung.

The young resident house surgeon was desperately and darkly in love with her; but he considered her a little too lovely, and too young, and too gay to anchor just yet.

She turned him over in her mind and sometimes over in her heart, and found he was at home in both; but life was an experiment and an adventure for pretty Lynette Carver, and her young mind hedged at serious things like settling

Want a
cookie?

Crisco, the ready creamed shortening, *saves $\frac{1}{3}$ mixing time*

For heaven's sake,
Sue—having
a party?

Oh, no. I'm just stirring up
some chocolate cookies. Both
Joe and
the boys
love them.



Husbands and children are alike. When they see the cookie jar full, they love to empty it. But there's no reason why you should tire your arm making a batch of cookies, if you'll use *Crisco*, the ready-creamed shortening.

Sue, shouldn't you cream
the shortening first—?

Says who? Watch me beat
up the *Crisco*, sugar and
eggs—all at once! *Crisco*
is ready-
creamed.



Crisco isn't like ordinary stiff shortening. It's *creamed*. You can dip it out in fluffy spoonfuls. Combine *Crisco* with sugar and eggs with just a quick beating. See how easy it is to get a light, blended mixture!

Nothing I like
better, Sue,
than 4 or 5
cookies before
I go to bed!

It's a good thing, Joe,
that I made them with
Crisco, the digestible
shortening!



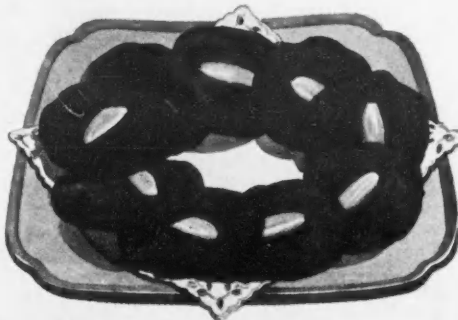
Use same trick with cakes, too—spare your arm with *Crisco*, the ready-creamed shortening! And remember that *Crisco* cakes and cookies are wholesome because *Crisco* is the digestible vegetable shortening!

Only 10¢ brings you *Crisco's* newest cook-book called "Favorite Recipes." Illustrations in natural colors! 98 tested recipes! Send your name and address (with stamps) to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XCH-34, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.



40 CHOCOLATE DROPS

(with ready-creamed *Crisco*, drop-cookies are easy!)



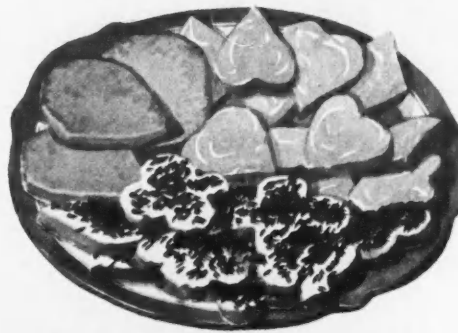
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup *Crisco*
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar
2 eggs
3 squares chocolate,
melted
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick sour milk

$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
40 blanched almonds or
walnut halves

In one easy stirring, blend *Crisco*, sugar and eggs. (So easy with fluffy *Crisco*!) Add melted chocolate. Beat sour milk until smooth. Add it to *Crisco* mixture alternately with all sifted dry ingredients. Add vanilla. Mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls on *Criscoed* cookie sheets. Place an almond or walnut-ment in each center. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 to 12 minutes.

48 CREAM SNAPS

(it's easy to make ice-box cookies with creamy *Crisco*)



$\frac{1}{2}$ cup *Crisco* $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 egg $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour 1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon baking powder $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts

Blend creamy *Crisco* with sugar and egg. Add sifted dry ingredients. Add nuts, vanilla. Mix. Form into roll. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill several hours. Slice with sharp knife. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 10 minutes.

Bridge Cookies: Use bridge ice-box cookie moulds. *Icing:* Blend 1 tablespoon creamy *Crisco* with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sifted confectioners sugar. Add 2 tablespoons hot water (or milk) alternately with 1 cup more sugar. Beat. Hearts & diamonds: tint red, use clove flavoring. Spades & clubs: vanilla, tiny chocolate candies.

DELECTA WHITE CAKE

(snowy, creamy *Crisco* gives you true-white cake)



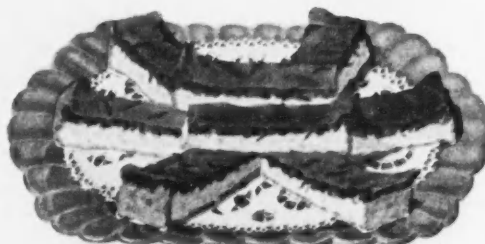
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup *Crisco*
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
3 cups pastry flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
4 egg whites

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond
flavoring
1 cup milk

Blend *Crisco* and sugar until fluffy. (Quick and easy, because *Crisco* is so fluffy!) Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Add flavoring. Beat well. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold egg whites gently into batter. Pour into three 8-inch layer cake pans rubbed with *Crisco*. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. When cool, put together with—
Delectable Icing: Cook $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 2 egg whites and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water over boiling water, beating constantly with Dover beater. Cook and beat for 7 minutes, or until thick. Remove from boiling water. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon flavoring. Beat until cool. Then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped candied cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped candied pineapple and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup silvered green gum drops (or chopped nuts).

36 COCONUT BELLES

(delicious chewy squares, made with fluffy *Crisco*!)



$\frac{1}{2}$ cup *Crisco* 1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup white sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 eggs (save one white 2 tablespoons milk
for meringue) $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice

Blend your fluffy *Crisco* (the pure digestible shortening) with the sugar and eggs in a quick stirring. Sift dry ingredients. Add to *Crisco* mixture alternately with milk. Blend thoroughly. Add flavorings. Spread $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick in shallow *Criscoed* pans. Cover with the coconut meringue (see below). Bake 30 minutes in slow oven (325° F.). Cut in squares and cool.

Coconut Meringue: 1 egg white, 1 cup light brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded coconut. Beat egg white stiff. Beat in sugar, adding $\frac{1}{2}$ cup at a time. Add flavorings. Fold in coconut.

All Measurements Level. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. *Crisco* is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

MADE IN CANADA
CRISCO *is ready creamed*
IT IS THE DIGESTIBLE VEGETABLE SHORTENING



He fastened the bracelet very gently on her slender wrist.

smack her silly, little uplifted face. She goes floating round the place. Why don't the Moons go home! Why do they keep hanging on here! They're both perfectly fit. I hate to see Doctor Virnett look the way he does. He's a splendid young man; too good for that pretty little bunch of nonsense, Carver!"

The two dispassionate elderly women were right. Lynette was drunk and uplifted with gratified vanity and excitement. Moon flattered her outrageously, and the charm he exercised so easily was devastating in its effect. He was a latter-day Rudolf Valentino.

He had been sent the scenario of his new film. He read it to Lynette, consulted her, deferred extravagantly, but cleverly, to her opinion. There were two songs in it. The lyrics and the music were written. He sent for his ukulele and played them, sang them specially to Lynette, and watched her reactions shrewdly. She was white with excitement, emotion and gratified pride. He was convinced of their ultimate success with the public.

"I want to get a big success this spring," he said.

"You will! You will!" she assured him breathlessly. "Indeed you will."

Three days later one of the scars on his face suppured. It was quite inexplicable. He ran a temperature. Back went the bandages. The temperature dropped. His manager came to see him to fix production dates. Rob Moon was cheerier than anyone had seen him yet, although still bandaged. Talking to his manager he employed his "broad-casting" voice—very clear and exaggerated enunciation.

Lynette Carver brought their tea; the delicate green dragon china on the green trays.

She was over-excited, over-stimulated, hardly sleeping, emotionally wrought up. She was only a child at heart, and Rob Moon's attack on her nerves and youthful emotions was very insidious. She had a certain high-flung courage and recklessness, and every day she had expected her devastatingly attractive patient to make some concrete declaration of love. Every word and every look was a subtle caress. He was a wonderful looking man with a terrific appeal. He had subjected millions of women from the screen. Was it so very extraordinary that the undivided force of his attention should have this disastrous effect on the susceptibilities of a young, virile and impressionable girl?

Trembling in her leaf-green shantung uniform and her crisp white organdie veil as she closed the door, Lynette Carver heard Rob Moon's visitor remark heartily:

"That's a good-looking wench."

She leant against the wall, listening unashamedly, hardly breathing, her heart and mind one delicious racing tumult. Now she would know Rob Moon's reactions to her. Would he tell this slightly common person he was so engrossed with that he was in love with her, intended to marry her?

"Yes; and I can play on her violin all right. She'll eat out of my hand."

"I bet she does. She's a lovely kid."

"She's all right. No character. No charm. You've got to keep 'em on tiptoe if you want to get anything out of them. Besides, I don't want 'em bleating all over the place about my bit of rejuvenation. Heavens! how sick I've got of everything lying here. How dead sick of her pretty little face. Dickson, there have been hours when I've ached to reach up and smack it hard."

"Nerves, old man."

"Something. Something's gone wrong. The snap and the elastic have gone out of everything."

"It's the spring. I always feel like death warmed up in the spring," the coarse voice consoled.

Lynette Carver leant against the lintel of the door and grew up very swiftly and painfully. First, all the light and the life seemed to drain out of her heart; and then when it was empty it filled with a black, corrosive rage, an impotent fury of outraged vanity.

"I hate you," she whispered. "I hate you."

"I'd hate Madelaine to know I was here, at the mercy of all these maudlin little nursemaids, with my face strapped up like a kicking horse. Gosh! the humiliation and the degradation of it. I've never had a day's illness in my life!"

"No, but you couldn't have gone on playing young hero with the date on your face. You look swell. You ought to be grateful to me. It's taken off ten years. I'm glad I insisted."

Lynette Carver was crying softly.

"Now you've read the scenario. You like the story. You like the theme song. When are you going to start?"

"I don't know."

"What's keeping you here? You're fighting fit, Rob. Pretty nurse?"

"Good heavens! She fawns and slanders, makes me sick. I hate women who kiss you with their eyes. It offends me like a dog's lick. No, honestly, something inside won't mend, won't care. Nothing matters. It has been steadily mattering less and less ever since Madelaine went out of my life. I was a fool ever to let her go. We stimulated, intrigued and pleased each other."

Lynette never heard the latter part of the sentences. She was a human caldron of outraged pride and wounded self-esteem. So she had kissed him with her eyes and it had offended him like a dog's lick. [Continued on page 44]

down, and marriage, and the responsible position of wife to an ambitious surgeon.

She was tremendously excited at meeting and ministering to the great film star.

He wore blue crêpe de Chine pyjamas with his monogram embroidered in black, and a blue crêpe de Chine dressing gown marvellously tailored; and his weary blue eyes were bluer than either. They attacked Lynette's green eyes with that direct and devastating charm that put him where he was with the women of the world.

"I am so glad to be here, nurse, and have people and things kept away from me for a bit. Are you going to look after me?"

"No," said Lynette candidly. "You are not on my floor; but Sister Melchett has damaged her hand."

"I want you to look after me."

It was grotesque the tremble his eyes and his voice put into her hands and into her heart. He was a stranger. She had never seen him, except on the screen, until that moment. She was a little alarmed at her own schoolgirlish reactions and yet a little thrilled at them, too.

"I am afraid you will have to talk to matron about that."

"Doesn't one 'special' a nurse?"

"We 'special' a patient; our exclusive services; but it costs much more."

"That doesn't matter," said the idol airily, with his warm, intimate smile. "You shall 'special' me."

Coming out, having drawn the charming green-grey curtains on a brisk, scurrying March evening, Lynette ran into the house surgeon.

"Hullo! What are you doing on this floor?"

"You heard about Sister Melchett?"

"I've just finished with her. She'll be all right."

"I'm specialising this case."

"I see," said young Doctor Virnett curtly.

Lynette darted into the nurse's sitting room.

"He's marvellous, and I'm specialising him," she thrilled.

Later on the Fifth Floor Doctor Martin Virnett, inwardly much perturbed, was talking with his usual urbane calm to the new great excitement's ex-wife.

"You're nervously exhausted to begin with," he was saying gently. "I am going to prescribe general massage and electric baths."

"You know what I'm in for, doctor? I'm not ill. I expect it sounds horrible and unnecessary to you—but I'm going to have my face lifted. I don't expect you to approve."

"It is not for me to approve or disapprove."

The star's lovely head stirred restlessly on the pillow. She said, with a tremor in her lovely voice:

"I'm getting old, doctor. Youth can't last for ever."

"You are very tired," said Doctor Virnett with charming professional gentleness. "We shall be able to relieve that."

"I expect you think it's rather horrible having your face lifted, interfering with Nature? I don't see how a medical man could really approve. How my husband . . . how Rob would laugh! I saw him the other day. He looked a baby. I felt an old woman. Life is hard on women, doctor. Their faces tell the time so quickly . . . and then it is always too late."

"You are very beautiful still," said Doctor Virnett with unusual simplicity and directness. "You have years of exceptional beauty ahead of you if you will only preserve it intelligently."

Her lovely eyes rested on him, quiet, disillusioned, unsurprised eyes of unusual candor.

"I am tired," she confessed. "I have forgotten how to relax and nearly forgotten how to sleep naturally."

"We will see that you relearn."

"You are kind, and it's nice here . . . and pretty. They say that German plastic surgeon man is marvellous."

"I believe he is, and very competent. You have nothing to be nervous of."

"No one must know what I am in for, doctor. I want to be ready for the spring. A woman feels so pitifully old in the spring, and I'm going back to the stage in a musical comedy."

"You are giving up the screen?"

"It is giving me up. I couldn't play mother parts while Rob—who is really older than I—"

Her big, soft eyes cringed. Watching her with the average medical man's immunity to human drama, Martin Virnett felt himself quicken to this one. Almost under her feet was the man with whom she was so obviously still desperately in love, about to make the same pathetic bid for further youth and for a prolonged physical springtime and for the same hearty and commonplace reasons—the necessity to gain a living and keep the old glamorous position with their public. Bad luck on human beings, that kind of life.

"You look sorry for me, Doctor Virnett," said Madelaine Moon suddenly.

Martin Virnett's smile was charming and evasive.

"I was thinking that some of my patients will be champing their bits. I must make my evening round."

Three days later the girl he loved with the desperate, watchful tenderness of the emotionally inarticulate was head over ears in love with Madelaine Moon's ex-husband, the star crooner of the screen, Rob Moon. He watched her emotional blooming and unhesitatingly diagnosed the cause. Before, she had been a pretty, fresh looking young woman

with exceptionally lovely coloring. Now suddenly, under the stimulus, interest and excitement of a heady love affair, she became really beautiful. He went his quiet, sympathetic, level-headed way with an angry death in his heart.

The dewy child he knew, with all her plastic opinions unformed, her innocence, her supreme ignorance of many aspects of life, was no mate for a forty-year-old screen favorite; and yet she was consumed and burnt up with him.

He took her out to the pictures in the evening, but she was kind and far, far away from him, wrapped in some rosy rapture of her own with Rob Moon as its centre.

HE WAS PUZZLED by Rob Moon. He was listless and depressed, a tired and disillusioned man of the world. The big German plastic surgeon had wrought a miracle with his handsome face. The last outward vestige of age and disillusionment had been erased. It was bland and smooth as the countenance of a happy, healthy young man of twenty-one; and yet the thoughtful, rather dour young doctor gleaned the impression that in some way middle-age and disappointment had been driven in and festered there unhappily and miserably. Only when Lynette Carver was in attendance on him he perked up, and became full of that irresistible charm and humor and whimsy with which his worshipping public associated him.

Martin Virnett, too desperately unhappy to make mistakes in diagnosis, knew he was not in love with his young love—not in the accepted sense of the word. She galvanized him to sudden, uneasy, magnetic life. He made a desperate effort to spring back to some lost self when his lovely young nurse was round.

Martin Virnett had seen men and women who were going

to die with just that strange submissive attitude of indifference to life. He was very, very puzzled.

Madelaine Moon had reacted quite differently. Her operation was completed too; and it had restored her to her pristine beauty and tranquillized her. She stayed on, subjecting herself cheerfully to dieting and treatment and general massage; but Martin Virnett got the impression that for her it was a period of mental and physical reconstruction. She was recharging herself with courage and reorganizing her mental and emotional life.

It is doubtful if in her whole existence she had ever been more exquisitely beautiful. She grew attached to Martin Virnett in her prolonged convalescence and she talked of Rob Moon and her life with him. There was no question of her attachment to him. It betrayed itself in every phrase.

"He's so young and gay," she said over and over again; "just a lovely, careless boy. Youth triumphant. You can't blame him that he demands and enjoys a boy's triumphs and conquests and easy, new emotions. I had to let him go."

Puzzled, young Doctor Martin Virnett listened to the charming, gracious creature and visualized the unhappy, attractive face of the man in the room below.

The nursing home had become accustomed to its two celebrities and the odd situation. They afforded little excitement. No visitors, telegrams. Not even many flowers.

"It's panned out better than I hoped," lisped the under-matron to the matron. "When I heard Rob Moon was coming here I thought I would as soon send Eros to spend a week at a girls' school."

"That little idiot Lynette Carver is obsessed with Moon," said the matron irritably. "And she can have a real man like Martin Virnett if she lifts her little finger. I could



Suddenly she thought of Scotty's mother, still so pretty, and charming in her gentle way. Could that be why she had stayed—all these years? Caught by emotions that were too strong for her?

When Scotty came upstairs, she was sitting at her vanity brushing her hair. She heard him moving quietly about the room, but she pretended not to notice, keeping her head down and the brush sweeping rhythmically up and down. She could see him, though, through her hair in the mirror, and she watched him with a new resentment in her eyes as he took off his tie and laid out clean clothes. He kept glancing at her, too, and after a moment, he came over and stood behind her, looking—ridiculously, since he was so huge—like a small boy who had been whipped for something he didn't understand. It made her cross to see him looking so helpless and—simple. If he was hurt, why didn't he do something about it? Anything, but just standing there taking it, looking like a—simpleton.

She turned half around, meaning to tell him so, when he bent down suddenly and she felt his warm breath, then his lips on her bare shoulder. Her brush stopped short, halfway down.

"Lorna, Lorna," he muttered, "don't you go—"

The last words were smothered in her hair. She pushed it back and looked up, but he had turned away and was already halfway to the door, his old striped bathrobe slung over his shoulder. She stared after him. What he had said sounded like, "back on me, too," but she couldn't be sure. That was ridiculous, anyhow.

She asked him when he came back, but he insisted that he didn't remember. "I was thinking, though," he said, "that it would be nice if you could take Mary Hunter up

on her invitation to drive down to Montreal with her. Gosh, about half our class are down there, old Tim, poor old soak, and Dot and Polly and Gail. You could have a dozen places to stay."

She looked at him, surprised. "What's the idea of bringing that up?" she asked. "I thought we decided that we couldn't afford it? It would be bound to cost quite a lot, even if I drive down with Mary."

"I know, but I guess we could stand it. I thought that you—well, that maybe the change would do you good."

She turned around and eyed him. So he thought she needed a change! That was just another way of saying that she had been cross and disagreeable. He was always asking her if she had a headache or something, if she was short with him. It burned her up. Well, there was no doubt that she needed something, and maybe a change was it. She hadn't wanted to go—to leave Scotty alone with nobody to get his breakfast and see that he had clean shirts, but if that was the way he felt about it, she'd go. And she'd come back when she was good and ready!

Thinking about it soberly when she was in bed that night, she added another reason. If she was away from Scotty for a week—two, perhaps, she would find out just how strong this attachment really was; she'd get her emotions separated from the routine and intimacies of daily life and have a chance to look at them. Yes, it would be good to go.

The day she was to leave arrived and she had said goodbye to Scotty in the morning. In spite of herself, she had half hoped that he would say, "I'll miss you, dear," or something that would melt the frostiness that had persisted between them since that night, but he had only kissed her perfunctorily and said, "Well, so long. Have a good time."

She had finished straightening up the house, and was just putting the last things in her hatbox when she noticed that there was a white ribbon sticking out of her suitcase. She bent over and opened it again, and suddenly her busy fingers became still. It was the bow on the shoulder of the nightgown she had worn on her honeymoon—her wedding nightgown. Her fingers moved slowly over the lacy yoke and she stared at it unseeing. Then a sob shook her and in a moment she had thrown herself on the bed in the midst of her packing, and the tears streamed down her face. Scotty had been so sweet. She relived again her own delicious embarrassment the first time she had put that gown on, remembering how Scotty had turned his face away while she slipped it over her head, then carried her so gently across the room and tucked her in bed. Big Scotty, so gentle, so unbelievably tender. He had made it sacred and beautiful, as though they were lighting a candle together on the altar of their newly made vows.

She grew angry at the tears she couldn't stop, and kept telling herself fiercely that, even then, it hadn't been real. It was only because she hadn't known. Like Santa Claus and the reindeers it was only a beautiful myth, and they made fun of kids who cried because there wasn't any Santa Claus. She sat up and wiped her eyes and tried to force herself to think of the things she would do in Montreal, and the friends she would see—Polly, Gail, Dot and Tim, "poor old soak," as Scotty called him. He had been their best man, and in his own way had been almost as big a man as Scotty in college—captain of crew and ice hockey, but the girl he had been engaged to had ditched him for somebody else the year after they were out. He was having a tough time getting over it. It would be fun seeing them all again.

What was the matter with her—crying like an idiot when she was going to have such a good time? It was just breaking a habit that was hurting her; that was what Scotty had got to be—a habit.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. V. CHAMBERS



"WELL, I NEVER thought I'd make that one," said Polly Pitcher, taking in the last trick of a three-no-trump contract with a sigh of satisfaction.

Lorna thought it was a wonder herself. One of the girls was giving a party for her and Mary Hunter, and there had been more gossip and reminiscing than good bridge. Somehow it wasn't as much fun as she had thought it would be. She kept wondering what the laundryman would do when he came on Thursday, and whether Scotty—But she insisted doggedly that she didn't care one hoot how Scotty was getting along.

"It's my deal; cut, will you?" said Mary Hunter. "Say, I saw Tim the other day," said Polly, shuffling the other deck. "He looks wretched. I do think Gwen gave him an awfully dirty deal, don't you?"

Lorna said, "I certainly do." She thought, "Gwen waited a year—She'd given herself a chance to find out how Tim would appear. She'd been able to get away, then, because she hadn't lived with him—hadn't got herself all tangled up with emotions—"

"I thought I'd die at what Scotty said to Gwen when she was up last month," said Mary, dealing two cards to the same person.

Lorna looked up quickly. "What was it? I don't think I heard it?"

"Dear me, this seems to be a misdeal," Mary complained and gathered the cards in again. "Why, you know she was sporting that big square-cut diamond of Bill Van Undersleider's. He was rated about fourteenth nationally in tennis, you know, and he wins all the tournaments around their home town. Scotty looked at the diamond and then at Gwen, and said, in positively the most sarcastic voice I ever heard, 'Well, you better hurry up and marry him before he isn't a hero any more.'"

Lorna felt herself become still and cold in the midst of the general laughter, like a stone tossed into a swift stream, the water rushing all around her. Scotty had said that? Not a hero any more? She had never imagined he had such a thought. The voices went on babbling around her. Scotty had said that—but not to her. Not a hero any more.

Lorna was preoccupied on the long drive home, but as they came into the suburbs of the city she said suddenly, "I hope Scotty is home when I get there."

Mary took her eyes from the road long enough to give Lorna a swift, oblique glance. Lorna caught the slight raising of Mary's eyebrow and knew it was because her voice had sounded strange. There was something humble in it, something of the self-revelation and recriminations that she had been struggling with since that day of the party. It didn't make it any easier for her, but she had been seeing Scotty's side of it.

"Lorna," Mary said slowly, "I wasn't to tell you until we were nearly home. [Continued on page 70]

"The poor young fool," said the doctor, "would not admit it until too late."

A love story dedicated
to husbands everywhere

SECRET BANNERS

by MADELYN E. RALPH

LORNA looked over the top of her magazine at Scotty, or at least all she could see of him. There was an open sheet of newspaper standing up out of the chair, with four square fingers coming around the top left corner. She knew, without being able to see across the room, that the fingernails were cut off straight across the tips; he never would fix them decently or pay any attention to things like that. Below the paper were two long legs, the muscular calf of one crossed up over the other knee. A hand, coming out from behind the paper, was methodically rubbing the elevated foot, a big shapeless thing in a blue sock with a darn in the toe. She knew there was a darn because she had put it there; it had taken her half an hour, but she had done it. It made her cross just thinking about it, and she hoped it hurt his old foot.

Sore feet! Could anything be more—more—well, less inspiring. Scotty McClain had no right to have sore feet. Scotty McClain—every time she said the name over to herself she could hear the old stadium roaring and ringing with it, herself a tiny speck in that mad crowd, so proud that she was bursting, aching with it, and feeling different, somehow removed from the rest, because Scotty was not hearing those thousands of voices, but only hers. After the game, his coppery hair still damp from his shower, his lean Scotch-terrier face all ruddy and glowing, he would come to her.

That last year in college had been just a pageant for the two of them—football season ending, Scotty flashing, diving and pivoting through his last game while the whole school went wild. February, leading the Senior Ball with Scotty, her honor because she was the chosen partner of the president of the senior honorary society, the biggest man on the campus. All eyes on them, envious, admiring, wistful. Spring—moonlight, picnics, Scotty pitching the baseball team to victory.

Their wedding, the day after commencement. She lived in the city at the foot of University Hill, so it had taken place there. Half the school had stayed over for that wedding. The church was jammed with crowds closing in outside to see them come out. She remembered the smudgy face of the little Italian candy vendor who hung around the gym peering adoringly up from under a policeman's blue arm.

The roses had been in full bloom for the reception afterward. How she had prayed that they would be! Through a mist of tulle veil and the sweet fragrance of lilies of the valley she could see the ushers lining up to have their pictures taken. She could hear her brother telling her uncle,

She felt all eyes on them—
envious, admiring, wistful.



"The first one is Andy Jessup, tackle on the team; the next fellow was captain last year—all Canadian; then that's Jim Hartman, president of the Junior Class and editor of the year book—" How funny some of

them looked in their morning coats and white piqué waistcoats. Scotty beside her, a little uneasy too, but big and smiling, hugging her arm close—simple and unspoiled as he always was.

It has seemed like the beginning of the grandest game of all; Scotty fighting gloriously as always, but for her now—she beside him, helping, encouraging, loving him. Together they would conquer obstacles, scale the heights. Banners would still be floating around Scotty's gallant head, although college days were over and the shouting crowd dispersed.

The paper rustled and Scotty stuck his head out from behind it. "What'll we do tonight?" he said.

She didn't answer him at once. She was looking at him, thinking. He had changed. It was hard to say where or how. He was a little less bronzed and rugged—but it wasn't that. He looked stepped on, that was it—stepped on, as though he were trying to bear up under it. He wasn't Scotty McClain, the Flying Scotchman any more. He was—she was—just a sporting goods salesman—with sore feet! She wanted to laugh—

"Like to go to the movies?" he suggested.

"Movies—on Saturday night?" she echoed impatiently. "Aren't we ever going to have any fun any more? All the gang will be down at the Statler."

"I just thought maybe if we could do something sitting down," he said half apologetically, still rubbing his foot. "I've been on my feet all day."

She got up and slammed her magazine down. "You and your old feet!" she cried. "I suppose when you were playing football you asked the other team not to play very hard because you had a sore toe."

She was breathing hard, and she glared at him the more resentfully because a small inner voice kept whispering that she was being deliberately unkind—unfair. To silence it, she flounced around and stalked over to a window and viciously adjusted a shade.

"Oh, Lorna—" She heard his voice, reproachful and hurt but not angry. She felt a little ashamed and turned half around.

"We'll go to the dance," he said.

She was sorry but she couldn't admit it. "No, we won't, we'll go to the movies," she said. Her voice sounded sullen; she knew it did, but she couldn't make it any different.

Scotty sighed. "Go on upstairs and start getting dressed," he said. "I'll be with you in a few minutes. I won't have to dance much if I don't feel like it—always plenty of stags around."

LORNA WENT slowly up the stairs of their little house, noticing as she went that the paint was getting worn off the steps because they had never been able to afford the carpet they had planned on. As she pulled off her dress and started her bath water, she kept thinking about Scotty and herself. It seemed that they could never get through a day without a scene like the one that had just occurred. She hated bickering and petty quarrelling and yet—and yet—

Was it her fault if she was so unhappy that it was all there, just waiting to burst out? Wasn't Scotty to blame for that? It was he who had changed, who had broken down all her ideals of him, failed to live up to what they had expected of each other when they were married. She was the same, but he had laid down—flopped. Reverting to type, that was what they called it. His father had been like that, a small wage earner all his life, content with his little job, coming home every night to his good dinner and settling down afterward with his pipe and his paper, while his wife washed the dishes and later brought in her basket of darning. Just a colorless, ordinary man. She had thought Scotty was different.

There had been other boys before Scotty—could be more if she wanted them, if she were free. She thought about that for a minute, trying to imagine it. She had been absently going over the dresses in her closet, trying to find one that would do, but suddenly she was still. She couldn't imagine it. There was something that prevented her.

She felt a moment of sheer panic. It was a hateful idea. You couldn't love a man that much—not when all your ideals were gone, when everything you had cherished and dreamed of had turned to—to ashes. It wasn't fair. She wouldn't let it be so.



The highly diverting love story of two young people in Paris



JULIAN
MICHAEL

Illustrated by Julian Michael

Smiling, her husband followed her glance to the cabinet where ten blue and gold ribbons, in successive stages of fading, lay proudly displayed; then he frowned.

"But it is not so easy," he reproved. "The lilies of the valley I have not yet completely conquered. Despite all I do, the little bells still drop off. And there rest but four weeks to master this problem before the Exposition. Moreover"—anxiety clouded his face—"the competition, it is close. I have heard it whispered that the House of Dufour has something in its beard."

His wife threw up her hands.

"Heaven grant that monster Dufour has not discovered our secret!" she prayed. "Come," she added with bright uneasiness, trying to turn her husband back into his kitchen. "Come, show me your latest lilies of the valley."

But at the mention of the Dufour name, the boy at the table had perceptibly started, and his father's eye, catching the movement absently, fell upon the cloth-covered object and the scattered draughtsman pages. He frowned fiercely.

"Ah-h! What is this? And this?"

Laying his sugared blossom carefully upon a shelf, he pounced upon the table, "What is this?" He tore the cloth from the model, stared, and picked up a blue-print, in fingers trembling with sudden rage. "What is this, I say?"

"See for yourself," retorted the boy coolly, disregarding his mother's frantic gestures.

Purple-faced, the pastry master stared from blue-prints to the half-finished model; then with one grand sweep he brushed the clay to the floor, where it smashed into a hundred shapeless fragments. Tearing the sheets across again and again, he hurled them with a: "Pf-f! Bah!" upon the

ruined tower. White to the lips, his son watched. Madame burst into tears.

"Voilà!" cried Monsieur Fleury, finding his voice at last. "Voilà!" Savagely he pulled at his grey-and-russet mustaches. "Was it for this I sent you last year to the Academie Julien? Non, mille fois, non! You went to learn art for the pastry trade, not architecture. We Fleury's work in sugar, not clay. We make flowers, Cupids, lovers' knots—not towers. You! You are not worthy of the great name of Gustave Fleury."

Quite speechless, Gustave Fifth gathered up the ruins from the floor and with trembling hands laid them back in the drawer. Then, still marble-white, he spoke:

"Mon père, for this I can never forgive you. You but waste the precious years before my majority, when I shall in any

case abandon your disgusting trade. This I have decided."

A gasp from Madame Fleury, a muffled roar from monsieur. Their son continued in a low, steely voice:

"Yes, your disgusting trade. I would learn a man's work. I am sick to the soul of sugar, sugar, always sugar. All life you see only through sugar. What is a wedding to you? Not"—the dark eyes glowed—"not the solemn alliance of two young hearts—no, only a great cake covered with silly ornamentations! What to you is a christening? The entrance of a new pilgrim upon the journey of life? No, an indigestible mass of flour and sugar, hidden under pistache cabbages and almond-paste babies. What is the whole business of the House of Fleury but to persuade greedy stomachs to overload themselves? What are we? Froth, froth, sugar and whipped cream on the surface of life—while real work waits to be done in the world. Competition baskets—bah! Sugared roses—bah! Secret of the House of Fleury—bah!"

FOR MANY seconds, only the old clock spoke; then madame, wiping her eyes, broke the terrible silence.

"But Gustave, *mon fils*," she faltered, glancing fearfully at her purple-faced lord, "what is it then you would do? What is it your desire to become?"

"An architectural engineer," answered the boy promptly, his eyes lighting. "Oh, *maman*, to design bridges—great, strong, enduring bridges over which your grandchildren and my grandchildren and our great-great-grandchildren may still pass. Bridges. And dams—beautiful, useful dams. And sometimes, for pleasure"—he glanced ruefully at his secret drawer—"towers, light, strong, everlasting—like our own great Eiffel Tower."

Lost in his eloquence, Gustave turned glowing to his father, whose face had now faded from purple to red.

"Never!" choked the master chef. "Never! Bridges—dams—towers. Horrible! Never!"

"Bien!" bowed his son coldly. "Bien, my father. Two more years, since I must, I serve you here in this so sickening shop. And then—it will be goodbye for ever."

"Oh, my son! My husband!" wept poor madame, throwing her black apron over her face, as young Gustave and old stood facing each other with dangerous eyes across the table.

But at that moment the little shop-bell tinkled and the door opened.

"Ps-st! A client!" breathed madame, dropping her apron and by some feminine miracle donning her professional smile. "Bon jour, monsieur!" she sang warmly, advancing to her post.

"Bon jour, monsieur!" boomed the master of the shop, somewhat less skilfully, as he retired to the kitchen, while Gustave, muttering a sulky echo, shot a look of venom at the unsuspecting customer, and fastened on his white waiter's apron with trembling hands.

It was the fat monsieur with the passion for pralines, explaining as usual: "For my little daughter. So *gourmande*, this little one!" And madame, as usual, nodded sweetly, measuring the rich chocolates into a blue cornucopia and tying it with a deft loop of gilded twine which she slipped over the pudgy fingers with a gracious: "To the good health of the little mademoiselle, monsieur!" The rotund figure would exit with ponderous dignity, but once outside, as Gustave well knew, he would stuff three pralines into his mouth at once—the greedy swine! Viciously the boy wiped off the round white marble tables, arranged the gilded chairs, stacked the plates, added another dozen three-pronged forks to the gleaming pile.

His mother gave him a glance of uneasy affection.

"Gustave," she began in a low voice, her eye on the kitchen door, "why have you not told me before—ah, *bon jour, mademoiselle!*"

For the bell had tinkled again; this time it was the flat-chested young American miss, beautifully gowned and trim of foot, darting bright, restless eyes about the shop and pointing a manicured hand childishly as she rasped in her throaty, foreign voice: "Ca! Et ca!"

However, manners or no manners, she bought several pounds of orange-peel chocolates per week, and winter or summer consumed huge portions of ice cream; so madame, tying another blue and gold cornucopia, only smiled affably when, with a pert gesture, the impossible creature stole two bonbons from a fresh tray and clattered out, leaving the door wide open to the rain.

"How *mal élevée!*" breathed madame, as Gustave, snorting in disgust, closed the door again, then once more she turned to him, affection softening her eyes. [Continued on page 46]



by Harriet Eager Davis

IT WAS nearly tea hour in the Fleury Pastry Shop, that most delectable spot in all Paris. Outside, a drizzling rain dripped against the glass show window, misting the neat gilded letters: *Maison Fleury—Fondée 1840*. But within bloomed fairyland, warm, odorous, gay, like a delirious small boy's dream of heaven. Atop the counter waited the sugary fancies of a master artist—maple towers topped with cream; flaky "hearts of France;" chocolate mounds studded in tempting nut-bits; modest cinnamon "potatoes" reserving their unique taste, only for the knowing connoisseur. While inside the counter's shining glass, mysteriously preserved in transparent sugar, bloomed real flowers—violets, rosebuds, lilies of the valley from the forest of Compiègne—all perfect, all edible, a very gourmand's conservatory.

They were the pride of the House of Fleury, these candied blooms. From that epochal day, four generations ago, when Gustave First, pastry cook by profession and amateur chemist by hobby, had stumbled upon the formula for immortalizing real flowers in sugar, down to the present Gustave Fourth passionate artist of the cone and the spatula, no rival had yet guessed the great family secret. And daily for years devotees had flocked to the little pastry shop nestling so cosily under the grim grey shadow of the Palais Royal, while Parisians, homesick in the dull provinces, ordered Fleury cakes wreathed in Fleury sugared flowers for their christenings, their fête days and their marriage feasts.

On this rainy spring afternoon, while Gustave Fleury the Fourth, his portliness swathed in white and a chef's cap askew upon his fiery head, hung his last spatula above the marble-topped table in the kitchen, and madame his wife powdered her plump and still pretty face before ascending her smiling throne behind the till, their son, Gustave Fifth, sat hidden in his working alcove. His dark head was bent over a box of sugared roses, which his long brown fingers were carefully transferring to a yellow basket of spun sugar on the table before him, but between each move he glanced impatiently at the clock. Suddenly he frowned and made as if to sweep the whole fragile confection to the floor, but glancing fearfully at the rear door to the kitchen he only sighed and went on poking a tiny rosebud through a crevice in the sugar straw, laying an exquisite spray of crystallized leaves here, a bright, candied petal there.

But at last, handiwork completed, he drew from an obscure drawer several sheets of architectural blue-prints and an object wrapped in damp cloth, the half-finished model in clay of an intricate miniature tower. His eyes brightening, Gustave Fifth picked up a pastry spatula and began to add another tier of tiny, delicate cross-bars. His grave lips smiled and he glanced no longer at the timepiece or the kitchen door.

"Dong, dong, dong, dong!"

"Gustave!"

The chime of the clock and the voice of his mother broke simultaneously into his dream. He threw the cloth over his model, but not before madame's quick, luminous eyes had caught the proof of his guilt.

"Gustave—quick! Your father!" she breathed in fright, but it was already too late. From the kitchen stepped the master, his huge form dwarfing even his wife's ample stateliness, his white cap awry with excitement, blue eyes flashing above the big, grey-and-russet mustaches.

"Regard!" he cried, and held aloft in one big hairy hand a stately fleur-de-lis of royal purple, so exquisitely mummified upon its slender stalk that one would have sworn it still bloomed.

"A marvel, *mon cher*," cooed his wife. "And exactly what you sought for your competition basket. You will win again this year: it goes without saying."

Behind her back she motioned nervously to Gustave but the boy sat stubbornly still.

Monsieur Fleury nodded, complacent.

"Yes," he agreed, his big fingers caressing the flower delicately. "I plan a great sugar basket of intertwined fleur-de-lis and lilies of the valley—royal fleurs-de-lis for France, lilies of the valley for good luck."

"What an exquisite idea!" cried his wife, once more waving a desperate hand at her son. "This will make your eleventh *Grand Prix*."



M. DUFOUR



"I know my father is a marvel," said Mariette.

"Second only to mine," said Gustave, earnestly

HONOR AMONG PASTRY COOKS

Every chatelaine should make the welfare of her townspeople who are victims of the times, her own especial care and responsibility

FINANCIAL AID

RELIEF..

into garments by relief labor; it is hard to say just when a garment is exhausted, for rags can be made into rugs or quilts and still give useful service. It would be possible, with a small cash allowance for clothing, to permit retail buying from such charitable groups. An allowance would also enable the housekeeper who can sew, to buy cloth and make clothes for her family. She can do this quite as cheaply as it could be done in a central depot, and she will make more suitable and better fitting clothing than she could buy.

It would make easier the running of a clothing depot, too, for the distribution of relief clothing is done under terrific pressure each fall, when cold weather arrives and every relief family needs extra clothing immediately. Unavoidable hardships are always involved for some unfortunates whose applications come in last, and a certain amount of fraud is successfully practised since demands cannot be checked as carefully when everyone is working at top speed. The system of allowing individuals to buy reconditioned or new clothing made through charitable agencies would also repay the charitable agencies in part for their outlay and so make possible more extended service.

ANOTHER GREAT advantage in the provision of cash relief is that the sum allowed for shelter might be used by the house-owner to pay taxes and insurance, as well as by the tenant to pay rent. In the past there has been much suffering on the part of the house-owner on relief and a serious loss to the governments, because relief regulations did not permit him to receive a rent order. A cash allowance for shelter, with no distinctions as to owner or tenant, might bring back to the governments in the form of taxes a large percentage of the amount expended for this item.

So far I have stressed the mental and moral aspects of the proposal for cash relief instead of relief in kind. There is an economic side as well. Out of a total relief expenditure of \$25,659,908.20 in all nine provinces of the Dominion, paid under the Relief Act of 1932, up to March 31, 1933, only 7.54 per cent was given in cash. This amount, \$1,935,174.16, includes subsistence allowance to men in camps and cash relief to settlers in unorganized districts as well as some cash relief given in cities. The other 92.46 per cent of all direct relief for the Dominion, or \$23,724,734.04, was given in the form of orders for food, fuel, shelter and clothing. Figures for the cost of the administration of the distribution of this relief are not available, as the number and diversity of the agencies involved make it almost impossible to collect proper statistics.

Relief given in cash could not lower the total expenditure for direct relief, but it could lower the costs of administration. These costs might be estimated as between 3 per cent and 5 per cent. This means that on the expenditure of over \$25,000,000 for the Dominion, the municipalities must have spent as well, from \$750,000 to \$1,250,000 to distribute it. Some saving in this expense would be well worth while. Cash relief would effect a re-

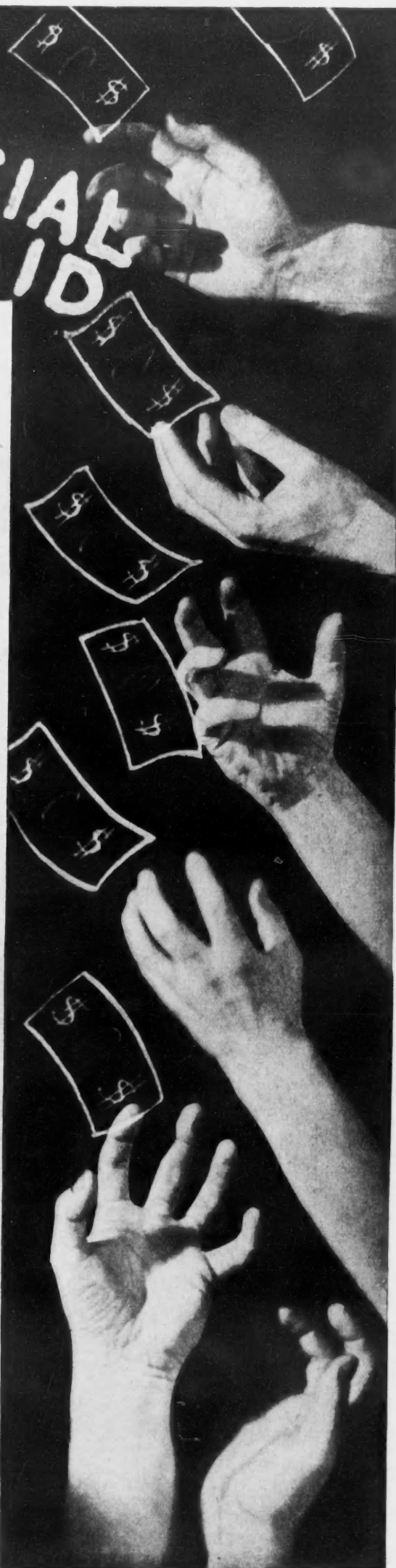
duction in the staffs now employed, particularly among those who count milk and bread tickets and fill out the grocery, fuel, rent and clothing orders. The inspectors who see that these orders are not abused could also be dispensed with, fewer forms need be printed, and when it comes to the internal ramifications of the auditing and checking of orders of all sorts, only actual experience can show how great the saving may be.

In England, where extensive relief is given in cash, distribution is through the employment bureaux, and is contingent upon regular visits to the bureau, which stamps a man's employment book certifying that he has asked for work and none is to be had. What we speak of as the dole, originated in a scheme of contributory unemployment insurance, which has since been extended to include persons who have never had work, and who, therefore, were never able to fulfill the original contributory clauses. This dole was given for only 156 days each year, irrespective of whether the applicant had any means of support or not. There has since been added a transitional allowance, designed to provide for those with no other means of support during the rest of the year, and to qualify for this allowance an investigation must be made by the local charitable authorities as to the extent of the applicant's means.

The distribution of cash relief, here in Canada, might easily be developed. The agreements made by the Dominion with the provinces, covering the past year, provided for unemployment relief for "food, fuel, clothing, shelter, or the equivalent thereof," so that the decision as to relief in cash or in kind rested with the provinces and their municipalities. The provinces giving cash relief under this agreement were, Prince Edward Island, which gave \$24,611.00 or 88.38 per cent of all its direct relief in cash; Quebec, which gave \$451,376.99 or 8.07 per cent; Alberta (\$75) and Saskatchewan (\$1,186.14), which gave only a fraction of one per cent; and British Columbia, which gave \$1,457,925.03 or 43.26 per cent. At the present time these agreements have lapsed and the whole question is presumably open for reconsideration. With extensive adoption of cash relief, further co-operation might be promoted between the existing provincial employment offices and the civic relief departments. No more investigation services should be needed than are already in use.

The amount of this cash relief might be estimated by each municipality and based upon local prices and assessments under the four headings—food, fuel, shelter and clothing, for families of different sizes. This amount should be, most decidedly, below the amount which a man could normally earn at steady work. This fact, together with some frequent check-up on the recipient by the employment office, would ensure that when a man got a chance to work, he would take it, both from a desire for more money, and from a very real fear that his allowance might be cut off if he refused.

THE STRONGEST argument in favor of relief in kind is, that this is given [Continued on page 72]





VOUCHER SYSTEM

A frank and pungent discussion of one of the big problems of present day life---the cash versus the voucher system of relief

DIRECT

by ISHBEL ROBERTSON CURRIER

TEN YEARS ago, I volunteered for social service work through an intense sympathy for those unfortunates who needed charitable help. Today, I find to my distress that my sympathy is almost entirely overlaid by exasperation.

Last winter I watched a man chopping an ice drain for the city just in front of our house. At the end of an hour he had cleared about two feet of drain. When I went out I said to him, "It's pretty cold today. I should think you'd keep warmer if you worked harder."

"Aw, I'm just doin' this for my rent," he said, "I'm not gettin' paid for it."

There was a woman who brought back a new coat to the clothing depot and, on being asked why she wanted another when this was such a good fit, replied: "Well, the woman next door got one with a fur collar, and I guess I've got a right to as good a one as her!"

And a thin little child playing in a dusty backyard, with four bottles half full of sour milk sitting along the back step, said, "Naw, I don't drink milk. I drink tea. And them are last week's milk, anyway. We won't have none left this week. Ma's got it all fixed."

They all tell the same story. Our paternalistic system of relief is destroying in our people the qualities of industry, self-respect and honesty, which may be irreplaceable in future years.

It is time that the Dominion realized that these families now on relief are many of Canada's best citizens. Unfortunately, public opinion still regards relief as charity extended by the municipality from a sense of pity, and not as a duty to humanity extended from a recognition of our responsibility toward our fellows. The enormous growth of civic relief in the last few years has developed from the foundation of the charitable agency. As a result, there is a feeling of degradation involved in any request for municipal assistance. This is aggravated by the method of supplying that assistance—the provision for the relief family of a grocery order, a fuel order, a rent order, a clothing order, and not one cent of cash for their own free spending.

In striving to protect our needy families from want, we are also trying to protect them from themselves. As with a child whose parents repress him with constant "don'ts," allowing him no small responsibilities or weekly money for his own spending; so with the adult, the result is unhappiness, depression and anger, and often the development of lying and petty thieving. That is what our present method of relief is doing to our "reliefers."

Honesty and thrift are most desirable virtues, but what happens to them under these conditions? Thrift is encouraged in a negative way by making the relief provisions as small as possible, but there is no advantage to the relief family in trying to stretch what they receive over longer than the regulation period. Extra milk, extra coal, or extra

clothing must not be exchanged for anything else. The practice of relief families selling milk or coal or clothes which they have saved out of relief orders is most severely frowned upon by the authorities. Much of the energy of relief agencies is directed toward preventing the recipient from obtaining money by any such means.

The hardship which this complete lack of money works in individual cases is incalculable. Insurance policies must be dropped, property must be lost, and innumerable small deficiencies must lower living standards. The temptation to outwit the relief agency, and a certain feeling of injustice because of the impossibility of obtaining any benefit from the exercise of self-denial, both drive the recipient toward subterfuge and dishonesty.

YOU MAY say: "Why don't these chaps do odd jobs and earn some money to spend?" In the first place, there are not many odd jobs to be found, and in the second, the amount a man earns is, in almost every case, deducted from his relief order. If he tries to conceal his earnings, his relief is often cut off abruptly while an investigation is made. It is not surprising that this danger, together with the smallness of the gain involved, effectively deters men from looking for odd jobs.

If we are to give adequate relief, as we all acknowledge we must, let us give it in some more acceptable manner. The fairest and most advantageous method for the recipient, and the most economical for the governments, is the provision of a cash allowance. See how many of these destructive consequences will disappear under the simpler method. There is no longer any need for subterfuge or dishonesty. A man may buy his cigarettes or pay his taxes openly, and self-respect is preserved, since all cash looks alike and the grocer and fuel dealer need not know that a man is on relief.

It would hardly be advisable to make a definite allowance for luxuries, but one based upon the minimum cost of a balanced ration plus fuel, shelter and clothing would permit a family to save on essentials, denying themselves if they wish, in order to indulge in long-desired luxuries ranging all the way from a permanent wave to an ice-cream cone. This possibility alone can restore more initiative and thrift among our relief families than any other single change in our system.

The distribution of clothing differs from the other essentials of relief because much of it can be used at second hand. Groceries cannot be eaten twice, nor fuel burned twice, and although a house can be rented twice by housing two families instead of one, this practice is not approved of by most relief organizations on account of the moral and physical disadvantages of overcrowding. But clothing can be collected from the rich and given to the poor; it can be made over and mended; cloth can be bought by charitable groups and made up



A new study of the vivacious and gay Lupe-Velez.

Elizabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Catherine the Great"—directed by Korda, who also made Henry VIII.

And now Dorothea Weick is with Baby LeRoy and Alice Brady in new picture



GOSSIP :: by Elizabeth Hope

and majestic cloud effects of Mexico. It is possibly the most beautiful interpretation of a tragedy I have ever seen in the movies.

And so back to Canada to a preview of "Moulin Rouge," the new Constance Bennett picture. It would not be in keeping with my idea of this job of reporting movies, to deal with my personal bewilderment at the antics of Constance Bennett being French. For surely the chief rôle of a movie reviewer is to ignore personal reactions, and report what the thousands of you will find when you go to see a film.

If you like Constance Bennett you'll love the picture. It's a trifle difficult to synopsise, for Constance plays a dual rôle—that of an American girl affecting a French behaviorism because she has made a hit in France, and another American girl imitating the phony French ways of the star. Complicated? Just a trifle! But Constance plays both; her gutturals, her posed hands, her beseeching eyes, and her languorous "Babee" are truly wonderful.

It's this way. A young American wife who was once in vaudeville, wants to try the stage again, but her producer husband (Franchot Tone) won't hear of it. He is going to star a great French musical-comedy success. The wife learns that this star is none other than her old partner in the sister vaudeville act of five years previous. She is persuaded by the star to bleach her hair and impersonate her. Then the husband falls in love with the new star, never recognizing his wife in the entrancing French star—and the poor wife, in spite of her thrilling success, finds only misery for her troubles. But the "optimism of Hollywood," as Eisenstein calls it, triumphs into a satisfactory ending. There are some lavish dance numbers.

With enthusiasm I turn to "Eskimo"—a really thrilling

story of the Far North. All the characters are true Eskimos except the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Thus while the film is a "talkie," the strangely musical voices of the Eskimo must be translated into captions. However the cadence of the voices makes a charmingly haunting accompaniment. The story shows life in the average Eskimo village, and though I have never been there to see, it seems strangely realistic and genuine. We are shown hunting and fishing—some thrilling whaling sequences, in which the camera follows the diving whale in the small rowboat to get some remarkable shots.

Mala, the beautiful Eskimo lead, lives his life according to the strange moral code of the Eskimo. And everybody is happy, until a northern post of the R. C. M. P. is set up to bring the majesty of British law into the lives of the "savages." Naturally the ideas do not harmonize, and Mala is dealt with harshly.

I can unhesitatingly recommend "Eskimo" as an evening's entertainment that will bring an enriching of the understanding. It is a rarely worth-while picture.

WARNER'S HAVE done something unique in "Fashions of 1934" from the viewpoint of this particular reviewer; they have staged the most spectacular dance number and the most unmoral picture I have seen. "Unmoral" in the sense that every single one of the cast is a crook—but, withal, a most entertaining and polished crook! It's a picture that's crammed with action and should prove one of the biggest hits of the year.

This firm—the firm which started the vogue for theatrical shows—realizing that that theme has been "done to death," has turned the spotlight on a brand-new vehicle for spectacular girls, gaiety, and gorgeousness—the creation of

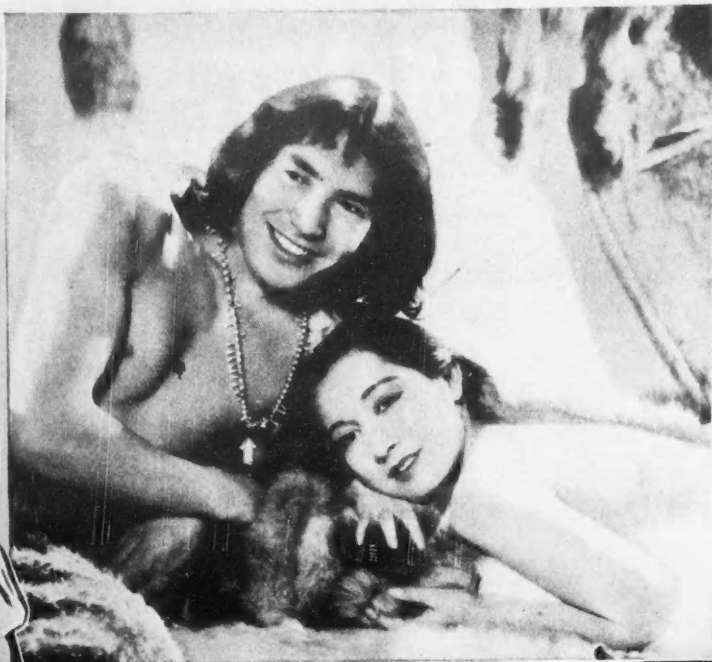
fashion. Of late there has been a growing feeling that Hollywood sets the styles of the world, far more than Paris, and that, before long, it will be acknowledged as the fashion molder of the world of smart women. "Fashions of 1934" will help this tendency along. The clothes are enthralling; the continuity is swift and modern; the situations amusing.

It's true that William Powell has the rôle he has played so often—that of a nice man who is always getting a get-rich-quick idea. But he does it so well that most movie fans will enjoy it any time it is served to them. Powell goes to Paris to steal the original dress designs from the big couturiers and sell them to firms in New York. With him is Bette Davis as a fashion artist and Frank McHugh as a general pal. They meet a depressed ostrich-grower and Powell promises to put ostrich plumes on the fashion slate for a considerable sum. This brings him to the staging of a spectacular review starring Veree Teasdale, an American Maggie McGuire, who is posing as a Russian Grand Duchess. Busby Berkeley has staged the most impressive dance sequences—one of them with ostrich-plumed girls rowing a galley boat on a sea of silk. It will, I assure you, leave you mightily impressed. After this, we'll be attending a number of fashion shows in the movies; and very pleasant evenings they'll be, probably.

SPEAKING OF this tendency to repeat successes, we are obviously going to have a number of vaguely historical pieces. Korda's King Henry VIII, voted the third best picture of the year in America, and given the place of honor in England was such a profitable undertaking, that costume dramas are going to be released until all the exciting stories of dead royalties are used up.

Korda himself who directed

[Continued on page 72]



Garbo as Queen Christina, is magnificent, if not historical in interpretation

"Eskimo" has three attractive young people as leads in a noteworthy play

Jean Harlow is coming with Marie Dressler in "Living in a Big Way."



MOVIE

THE OTHER DAY I was in New York. Naturally I went movie-hunting—not for the shows that would be in Canadian theatres in a week or so, but for such as would probably never come our way.

Fortunately for me, there was a thrilling evening awaiting me in one of the small "arty" theatres where the unique films come—films that the big theatres do not want. In a low ceilinged hall, through the haze of cigarette smoke, I sat entranced through Eisenstein's "Thunder over Mexico"; and terrified through Jean Cocteau's "Blood of a Poet."

To say I was terrified at "Blood of a Poet" may sound foolish. But that was the dominating sense. For I felt every instant as if I were getting more and more insane. In that crowded little hall, the strange, powerful sequences of the utterly unintelligible story had the strange effect of creating a definite fear in my mind.

"Blood of a Poet" is a modernistic film. There is no sequence. It is all symbolic. Yet excerpts of it are so strangely powerful that they linger in the mind for weeks afterward. It is a silent picture, of course, filmed by the artist-writer-poet, Jean Cocteau, in France. It is his strangely modulated voice which intones the strange explanations.

Take the beginning. A painter, sketching a "modernistic" face, suddenly finds himself staring at the live, livid lips—that's a nice alliteration—of his drawing—lips that are trying to mouth something. Horrified, he rubs it off with the palm of his hand—to find the writhing lips moving in his hand! He clamps it to the mouth of a Venus statue, and the lips look horrible set in the white marble. The statue tells him to climb into the mirror. One falls with him through endless black spaces to watch all kinds of unintelligible, symbolic goings-on in various rooms of an old hotel.

I understand there was a riot in France when the picture was first shown. I don't know what would happen in a Canadian theatre. Would we, polite and stolid, sit through it in pained surprise—or would we rush, yelling, into the street? The latter was my impulse.

"THUNDER OVER MEXICO" is magnificent. The Great Russian director was invited to Hollywood to make a picture, but found himself unable to "reconcile himself with the optimism of Hollywood." So he took his Russian gloom and grandeur of thought across the border into Mexico and made an epic. The story is one of those inevitably tragic peasant sagas—a silent picture—set against the strange desert growths



WIND

work in the fields all day without complaint, guiding the heavy plow fearlessly behind the sweating rumps of iron-legged horses. He could tramp the tilled rows hour after hour with the hot sun searing his shaggy head and no weariness in him. He could do all that Oleg demanded of him, and more.

But his mother's soul was a part of him, too, and her gypsy blood was red wine in his veins. Often he walked alone at night, seeking forgotten fens or climbing high hills where he might gaze at the piles of shadow which marked the Outside. More often he ran like the wind across starved fields, to stir the blood in his lean body. He could sing with the voice of a young bull, that one, and his laughter was wild and shrill as an eagle's screech.

One night, confronting Oleg in the low-ceilinged kitchen of the gaunt house, he had said quietly: "Some day I'm going away from here, to see what the Outside looks like." But he stayed, and grew to a strong, black-eyed youth of nineteen years; and now he was speaking again with that same glint in those black eyes, and saying: "I am going to marry Anna."

Oleg studied him now and thought: It's a good thing, perhaps. When he is married to her, the women of the Valley will change the tune of their gossip. Then they'll be saying: "He was a wild one in his youth, that Peter, but Anna Stefan will steady him. They'll make a fine pair. They'll drive the ghost of the gypsy woman out of that old house, and out of Oleg's memory, too."

But Oleg was not so sure.

Peter Murik was walking home from the village. His father had said: "There are things to be bought, if you're bringing a wife into this house. And there's Father Feodor to be spoken to." And Peter walked the long road with a song in his throat and a fine feeling of satisfaction in his puffed chest.

On one shoulder he carried a thick pack from the store, and he was thinking: I'll put new white curtains in the window of that upstairs room, and a new carpet on the floor where the boards are loose. I'll make a strong table with drawers in it, for her to keep her small things in. That house won't be the same when she comes into it, and after she's lived in it a while it will be more different still.

Then he remembered what she had said that morning, and he laughed. "You'll never have another love, Peter? None but you. I'm afraid, Peter"—and she had leaned her cheek against his, and trembled in the grip of his big arms. "I'm so afraid. Sometimes a man can't help what his heart does."

She had been thinking of the red-lipped one then, and of Oleg. But those were the foolish fears of a girl in love, and she would soon learn better. She would soon be too happy for such thoughts.

For an hour he had been walking steadily, with the sun beating down on his bare head. Now he shifted the pack

to his other shoulder and stopped at the edge of the road, listening to the gurgle of fast water running over stones. Smiling, he laid his pack in the deep grass and leaned on the loose wire fence which followed the roadside.

Walking is not so easy as making love to a blue-eyed girl, he thought; and listening again to the chatter of the brook, he swung his lean body over and descended the pile of rocks beyond. And a moment later, having drunk enough to burst the belly of a weaker man, he began the hard climb back.

When he reached the fence, he was needing breath and not looking where he put his feet. He was thinking of the blue-eyed one, and suddenly he cried aloud in pain, and would have fallen had not his hands caught the wire. Scowling down, he found his foot impaled, and with a moan he crawled through the fence and lay full length in the grass.

When he sat up at last, he unlaced his shoe and tugged it off, baring the blood on his foot. And then he stared at something else, far down the road.

IT WAS A strange meeting, that. For quite some time the girl strode with long ground-eating steps and her whole body in motion, along the fringe of high grass at the edge of the sand. Watching her, Peter thought: She is not of the

Valley. Most of the Valley women are ugly, with bent bodies and hard faces. This one isn't.

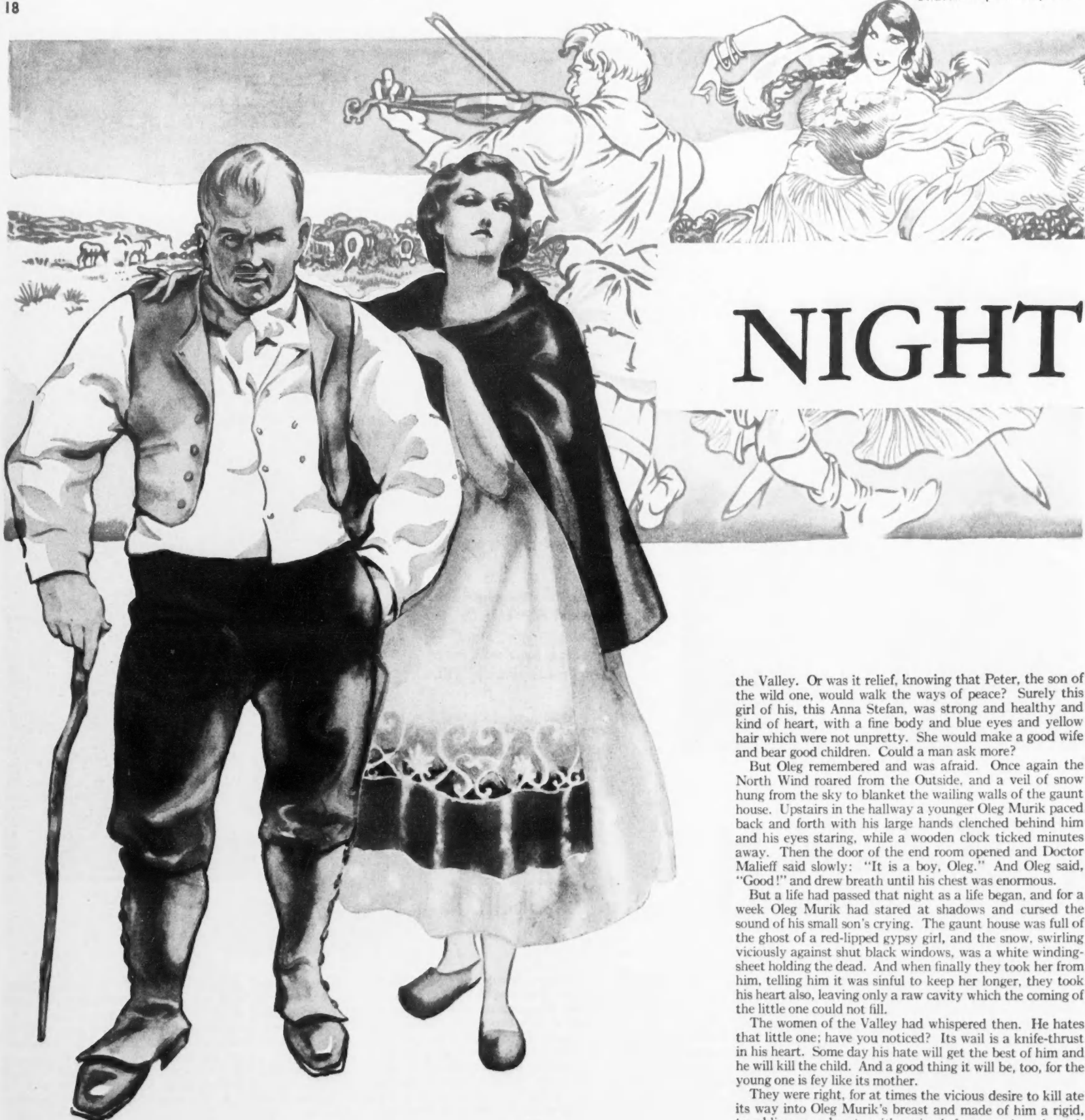
Coming nearer, the girl changed hands on the laden basket she was carrying and walked more slowly. She stared at him wonderingly and said, stopping before him: "Did you hurt yourself?"

"I stepped on this," he confessed, reaching down to hold up a curled snake of wire.

"It's rusty," she exclaimed quickly.

"It hurts." Then he smiled.

[Continued on page 30]



NIGHT

PETER MURIK stood with his hands clamped on his hips and his legs spread wide, and said:

"I am going to marry Anna."

Like that it came, and his father turned slowly to stare at him before making reply. Then Oleg Murik said simply:

"She loves you?"

"And I love her," Peter smiled.

"You're young yet."

"But old enough to live my own life."

"Have it your own way," his father shrugged. "A woman will not go badly here."

As simple as that it was, but not so to the women of the

Valley. Already, seeing Peter and Anna together, they had recalled the day when Oleg Murik had returned from the Outside, bringing with him as his bride the black-haired, black-eyed gypsy girl who was to be Peter's mother. "Peter is a son of that one. There will be trouble. Wait and see." And they had resurrected her and condemned her anew. Had she not come with red lips laughing and wide eyes blazing with an unholy love for her man? And was it not sinful to love like that?

Oleg Murik recalled the red-lipped one, too, and scowled with the memory of her. Disappointment it may have been that clouded those hard eyes of his. Disappointment that a son of such a woman should choose to mate with a girl of

the Valley. Or was it relief, knowing that Peter, the son of the wild one, would walk the ways of peace? Surely this girl of his, this Anna Stefan, was strong and healthy and kind of heart, with a fine body and blue eyes and yellow hair which were not unpretty. She would make a good wife and bear good children. Could a man ask more?

But Oleg remembered and was afraid. Once again the North Wind roared from the Outside, and a veil of snow hung from the sky to blanket the wailing walls of the gaunt house. Upstairs in the hallway a younger Oleg Murik paced back and forth with his large hands clenched behind him and his eyes staring, while a wooden clock ticked minutes away. Then the door of the end room opened and Doctor Malieff said slowly: "It is a boy, Oleg." And Oleg said, "Good!" and drew breath until his chest was enormous.

But a life had passed that night as a life began, and for a week Oleg Murik had stared at shadows and cursed the sound of his small son's crying. The gaunt house was full of the ghost of a red-lipped gypsy girl, and the snow, swirling viciously against shut black windows, was a white winding-sheet holding the dead. And when finally they took her from him, telling him it was sinful to keep her longer, they took his heart also, leaving only a raw cavity which the coming of the little one could not fill.

The women of the Valley had whispered then. He hates that little one; have you noticed? Its wail is a knife-thrust in his heart. Some day his hate will get the best of him and he will kill the child. And a good thing it will be, too, for the young one is fey like its mother.

They were right, for at times the vicious desire to kill ate its way into Oleg Murik's breast and made of him a rigid, trembling man-beast, with animal fury surging through him. At such times he would stand wide-legged, his hands clenched and his eyes smoldering, while maledictions tumbled from his lips. Then he would leave the house and walk in the fields, or stride mightily along the Valley Road, until the smell of upturned earth or the clean touch of rain-soaked grass drove the madness from him. So in time the women had cause to whisper again, and found themselves muttering new thoughts.

He no longer hates that Peter, have you noticed? They are together always, those two. And why not? Helga Stromm, who takes care of the boy, says he will be another Oleg for sure. Wait and see.

Again they were right, for Peter grew from a bawling infant to a black-haired lad as wild as the North Wind which had brought him. He had his father's strength and fortitude and his father's deep-rooted moods. He could

by HUGH B. CAVE

:-:

Illustrated by Frank Matteson

Franklin, though this fellow Shaw's testimony counted, too. The police have nothing against Shaw but his face. He stuck to the story he told in the police court. And Franklin has been remanded to the Grand Jury. As the spring term of the Grand Jury has expired, Franklin must stew in jail till the Jury meets in the autumn. This means an unpleasant summer for Franklin, but as I keep telling you, the case against him is mostly founded on circumstantial evidence. I'm pretty hopeful, my dear. I'm going to see Franklin this morning."

Adrienne did not speak for a few moments. Then she said, gravely:

"Uncle Dick, I want you to let me go with you to the jail today and tell Franklin all I learned in Ashtabula. It will cheer him up a bit to hear it from me at first hand. Then I promise you that I won't go again all summer. I do want to respect Roland's feelings."

Sheridan assented. An hour later they were in the jail building, waiting in the superintendent's office for Colby. He entered, escorted by a guard who withdrew to a corner of the room. Colby was rather pale and harassed looking but his head was high. Adrienne started forward to meet him. Then she stopped, stared at him with intent eyes, and fell into a fit of half-hysterical laughter.

"My dear," Sheridan admonished her.

"It's his hair, Uncle Dick," she explained; "Franklin's hair. It's changed even since I went to Ashtabula. It's certainly changed since we first saw him. Look how lanky it's getting. Don't you see that this devil of Liggett's saw to it that Franklin was given a permanent wave? Anyone who has been in beauty parlors as often as I have should have known that Franklin's curls are not natural. Some people, you know, won't curl for more than a few weeks. Franklin is evidently one of them, thank goodness. The real Franklin Colby had tightly curled hair. Miss Stebbins told me that, over and over. In his little boy pictures it's frizzy. Look at Franklin's hair, and guess what it's going to be when the grand jury meets! Straight as a string. Uncle Dick, we must have a photograph taken right off, and then another just before the trial."

The guard was craning forward, looking interestedly at Colby's hair.

"Why—why I thought it was just the hot weather," Colby murmured, "if I thought at all."

"Well, we've got a point here," Sheridan said. "I suppose Franklin, your enemy thought you'd be dead long before your hair had time to straighten."

Adrienne glanced at the guard, who said:

"Say, I won't let a peep out of me about this."

"Uncle Dick," Adrienne said, her voice lowered, "I've

another proposition to make. My last—truly. You don't want me to appear openly in this case. And then—there's Roland. Now, my friends know that I'd half planned to go abroad with a party this summer. Well, let me start with the party and then quietly leave them to investigate this Swiss clue."

"What!" cried Sheridan.

"Uncle Dick, I'll be miserable at home, truly, trying to keep my hands off—and everything. I am certain that only by finding out what became of the real Franklin Colby after he left Ashtabula can we get on the track of Henry Smith. Somewhere overseas, Franklin Colby and Henry Smith joined forces. If we can find out where and when and how, then we'll get this ghastly affair untangled."

"No, Mr. Sheridan; she shouldn't go alone," Colby protested.

But his face was alight with hope.

With a look at Adrienne of mingled pride and exasperation, Sheridan said:

"Perhaps if you leave home I may recover the illusion that I am running Franklin's case. Go with my blessing."

THE DAY BEFORE Adrienne sailed, Sheridan drove with her, Smiley Smathers and a nurse, to the gate of the surgeon's house and rang. After a few minutes, Simms opened the gate to them, his face portentous. When they had reached the house, Adrienne went inside with Smiley, while the nurse sat on a bench and read a newspaper. Simms drew Sheridan aside, rolled up his sleeves and indicated some heavy bruises.

"I've worse than that on my neck and body," he said; "some scrap, I'll tell the world." Assuming his reportorial manner, he went on: "According to orders, I prepared last night to watch outside, just as I had the night before. About two o'clock I stepped behind the bushes in front of the surgery. I thought I heard footsteps on the grass. I couldn't see a thing and I couldn't hear anything more. The next thing I knew, someone seized me and began to throttle me. I think he must have keen eyes and could see that the bushes were thickened by my body; or maybe he saw the top of my head. Anyhow I was fighting for my life."

"I have pretty good muscle, but this man was just as strong as I am and maybe more so. We were in some ways evenly matched though he was taller. I tripped him and that freed my throat. We went to it on the ground. It was the lack of room between the bushes and the wall of the house that gave me an advantage. All the same, he was getting the best of me when I yelled for Cummings. Of course Cummings wasn't there but this fellow must have believed me, for he loosed me and was off like a shadow. I

couldn't tell which way he went. He knows these grounds better than I do."

"But his description, man," cried Sheridan.

"An X-ray couldn't tell you that," Simms replied. "Mr. Sheridan, he not only had a mask on, but a kind of cowl and long cloak. I can only tell you he was tall and broad and quick as an eel."

"And you've no idea how he got in?"

"If he'd climbed I'd have heard him. He must have a key to the gate."

"We'll hope he comes back," Sheridan said.

"If he does, he'll find me with a piece of lead pipe."

Meantime, Adrienne had entered the house with Smiley, who edged over to the right-hand wall of the hall, pointing as he did so to the surgery.

"Smiley is afraid of that room," he said; "all knives, all shining, all teeth, all eyes."

Adrienne glanced in at the surgery with its gleaming tiles, operating table, glass case full of operating tools.

"I don't wonder you don't like it," she said. "Come along and we'll find some food."

Smiley led the way to the kitchen and opened the ice chest. He helped himself to some fruit. Adrienne waited while he ate, and then she said:

"Now, Smiley, don't you want to show me where you slept?"

"Doctor doesn't let me go upstairs except to bed," Smiley demurred. "The bogey man is there daytimes. Downstairs at night and upstairs in daytime. Smiley knows there was a man upstairs who wasn't a bogey man."

"Did you see him, Smiley?" Adrienne asked.

Smiley looked cunning. "Smiley isn't so silly as they think. If I tell you I saw him, you will tell the doctor and they will whip me."

"No, no," cried Adrienne. "No one will whip you, Smiley. The doctor has gone."

"The doctor never whipped me," Smiley said.

"Who did?" asked Adrienne.

Again Smiley looked cunning. "If I tell you, I will be whipped."

"Whoever whipped you has gone," Adrienne said.

"The nice curly man gone?" Smiley asked.

Adrienne hesitated. "Do you mean the man who used to walk with you in the garden or the other man who slept upstairs?"

"The man who used to tell me stories in the garden."

"He went away," Adrienne said, "but, Smiley, they let him take all his things. They didn't let you take all your things away. Only perhaps you have forgotten where you hid them."

by
Maude
Radford
Warren



Begin this thrilling
novel today, every-
thing is here to give
you a very complete
picture of what has
already happened

"The next minute somebody
seized and throttled me."

Adrienne follows a strange tale of hidden loves and forgotten intrigues

Illustrated by

Dudley

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Summers

FRANKLIN COLBY, found outside their grounds by Richard Sheridan, a lawyer, and his niece, Adrienne, is said by Dr. Liggett to have driven to his house Henry Smith, an invalid. Smith is found dead and Colby is accused of his murder. Colby says he can remember nothing previous to his arrival in the surgeon's house. Hardesty, the district-attorney, to whom Adrienne is engaged, and Bristol, Hardesty's uncle, say that Colby is guilty. But Adrienne and her uncle believe he is innocent, especially after Sheridan is satisfied that Colby does not know how to drive. Sheridan intends to act as Colby's counsel. Hardesty is angered at Adrienne's faith in Colby. Adrienne concludes that not only has Colby not murdered Smith but that he is Smith. From Liggett they get the address of Palgrave, the attendant, who may be able to help Colby, but they cannot find the man. They return home with Simms, a detective, whom they engage to watch the surgeon's house.

Sheridan receives an anonymous letter warning him that if he becomes Colby's counsel, the secret of his elder sister Adela will become public. He tells Adrienne that Adela married a criminal and disappeared until she came to him when he was an assistant district-attorney and asked his help in behalf of her son, young Pierce, accused of murder. Sheridan told his chief, Baldwin, that he must resign. He defended Pierce but Baldwin prosecuted him fiercely and the boy was hanged. Adela killed herself. Palgrave is found drowned. Simms reports from the surgeon's house that Liggett has taken Smathers away, and that an elderly woman, Ann Hernden, has brought laundry to the house. When Sheridan and Colby question her, they realize that she knows more than she dare reveal. Colby tells Sheridan that when he came to consciousness in the surgeon's house he saw Ann Hernden and the policeman, Clark. Adrienne decides that she will go to Ashtabula, the city from which Colby is believed to have come, and will find out there what is known about the real Colby.

Before she sets out, she receives, in answer to her advertisement in the newspapers, information from Palgrave's stepdaughter, Cora. Cora reveals that through Palgrave's gambling propensities, he came into the power of a man who made him work for Dr. Liggett. When Palgrave needed money to pay for an operation for Cora, he got it from the sale of diamonds given him by Colby, about whom, and Smith, there was so much mystery that everyone was cleared out of the surgeon's house before the two came. On the day of their arrival even Palgrave was not present. He was told that he must not let Colby know that Smith was in the place. After Smith's death, Palgrave told Cora that Colby was being "framed" by a man who held not only himself but Liggett in his power. The Sheridans put Cora in a hotel, for safety. Then Adrienne sets out for Ashtabula. There she meets Cornelia Stebbins who tells her about John Colby and his Russian wife, Tania, and their child, curly-haired, melancholy Franklin. After Tania died, John Colby took his boy to Switzerland.

When Adrienne reaches home, her uncle tells her that Cora Palgrave and



Ann Hernden have disappeared and that Liggett has gone abroad under an assumed name.

AFTER SIMMS, had gone, Adrienne said: "Uncle Dick, why do you suppose Liggett has run away?"

"He may be going under orders. This master of his may be afraid that Liggett's reluctance to testify may come out under my cross-examination. Or perhaps he is going because his conscience insists that he shouldn't help Colby to the death chair."

He led the way into his study, and as they went, Adrienne said:

"Franklin is certainly sleeping late."

Sheridan made no reply until they were seated, and then he asked her for the account of her researches in Ashtabula. At the end he said:

"Good enough. And now I have two items of news for you that I wish I didn't have to tell you. For one thing, Cora Palgrave has disappeared."

Adrienne gave a dismal cry, and Sheridan said:

"Now, now; she hasn't disappeared in the way Palgrave did. She's just been taken away much as Ann Hernden was. There's no point in harming those two women. I'm sure they're alive somewhere. You must merely look on their disappearance as a blow to the defense."

"Very well, Uncle Dick."

"The other thing; Franklin isn't here. The inquest was held yesterday. It was Liggett's evidence that told most against

At the head of the stairs
he ran forward, moaning.

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"No, Smiley hasn't forgotten," he said, lifting his eyes to the ceiling.

"I'll give you some candy, Smiley," Adrienne said, "if you will show me your hiding-place."

"No, no," he said. "Smiley never shows the hidie hole."

"Come upstairs, Smiley," Adrienne coaxed, "and show me where you used to sleep."

She went into the hall and followed Smiley up the staircase. At the head of the stairs he ran forward and opened the door of his former sleeping room. At the sight of the stripped bed, he paused, moaning:

"All gone," he said; "nothing for Smiley to sleep on."

"You are going back to the nice new place," Adrienne said.

She opened a box of candy and began to eat, saying, "Smiley, I will give you all this if you will show me your hidie hole."

Watching her avidly, Smiley said: "You will not tell the bogey man?"

"I won't tell anyone."

"They used to search Smiley's room," he said, "but they did not think of the panels."

He led the way along the hall and through a room at the left from which a stairway rose to the attic. This room was roughly panelled in pine. Smiley went to one of the panels and pushed it back.

"You eat the candy, Smiley," Adrienne said, "and let me get the things out for you. I'll wrap everything up in a package and make the nurse let you carry it back."

"I'm going to watch you so that you won't steal my things," Smiley said.

Adrienne gave Smiley the candy, and propping back the panel with a stick, she began to explore the interior. At first Smiley watched her narrowly as she brought forth spools of thread and screws, an old purse, an ink-bottle and a broken comb. When she carried these treasures to him, he lost his doubts of her and played with them contentedly, munching the candy. Then Adrienne seized on various scraps of writing that looked like letters, slipping them into her bag. Under a bit of newspaper she found a Swiss five-franc piece. She gave it to Smiley, asking:

"Where did this come from, Smiley?"

"It was in his pocket," Smiley replied. "His face was all blood and the coat was on the chair. I got it and soon they saw me and whipped me; the bogey man hit me."

"You won't be whipped any more," Adrienne promised.

She had almost finished her search when among a pile of trash she found a soft green leather case bearing the initials "F.C."

"Did you get this out of the man's pocket, Smiley?" she asked.

"No; it was in his fingers and I undid the fingers and the fingers said, 'Smiley, you may take this.'"

Adrienne made a bundle of Smiley's treasures, not including the scraps of writing and the green case. As they went downstairs, she asked:

"Where did you see the blood on the man's face?"

"In the white room with the knives; and blood on the doctor's apron. They didn't know I had the silver money but the bogey man knocked me down for looking in."

"Never mind, Smiley," she said. "Come now and we'll find some flowers in the garden. For half an hour she played with him, and then Sheridan drove him and the nurse back to his new home for the mentally defective.

After their luncheon, Sheridan and Adrienne examined the papers which Adrienne had hidden in her handbag. Most of them were valueless—scraps of receipts or bills. But on one fragment was printed "Banque Fédérale de Lausanne." Above all, there was a letter, so worn with frequent reading that it was frayed, and some of the words were almost illegible. The letter ran as follows:

"Darling, darling,

"I know we have said our eternal farewell, and I know it is forbidden to speak together again or write. But after we had parted there was so much that we had left unsaid. A little of it I can say in this letter. I believe I can trust Heinrich to get it to you. Keep it and read it every day. I love you to the depths of my heart, Franklin, and I

know you love me to the depths of yours. Love like ours means eternal union. If I were not afraid of risking that union by suicide, I would end it all, not accept your sacrifice just so that I can have a few more months of comfort and that the child's education shall be secured. But I know I must think of our boy. And I am afraid that if I cut my life short here I might be separated from you in eternity. Besides you have decreed this separation and this sacrifice, and I know your wisdom is greater than mine. But oh, darling, darling, it is all so different to what we thought it would be.

"Darling, my love is yours for ever. The very first time I saw you with that glorious crest of dark curly hair, those deep eyes, I lost my tranquillity. I wanted to know who you were. After we met and before you loved me, I liked to be with people who talked of you. When you found that you loved me, I was already yours. Oh, our love, our love! So sure have I always been of yours for me that I was not afraid that you should know I cared. We are of the small company of great lovers. That we are to be parted means that we suffer as most of them did. But we are surer than they of quick reunion. It is this thought and it is my memories that make me able to endure the separation from you.

"Beloved, when first we were sure we cared I used to seek



"How did you find out I was here?" he gasped.

for you in places where I knew I could not find you. But then I so often met you in places where it seemed as if mere chance could not have brought you, that I used to fancy we were animated by one soul. I shall try to believe this now so as to be certain that we are always together. Oh, but I wish I could see your face so dear, so dear, showing love, and perhaps, because people were near, trying to conceal love. Our happy secrets. I find consolation of a sort in remembering them. I know that we have gone on a journey from each other and that we shall return. Every night, every morning, I shall say, 'Love; come quickly.'

"Every day I shall send you my love to strengthen you. Perhaps we shall meet in sleep. I don't know whether or not it is true that astral bodies can go out to seek each other, but if it is so we shall be together often. I feel strong enough from leaning on your strength and love to give you strength to bear the parting. I close this now, but for us there is no goodbye. Beloved, keep me with you always.

Your Petronilla."

Adrienne's eyes were wet when she had finished the letter and Sheridan cleared his throat several times.

"Well, Uncle Dick," said Adrienne at last, "and how much forrader are we?"

"We are more definitely fastened than ever in the idea that your objective is Switzerland," Sheridan replied. "Colby and probably Smith have been there recently. Not necessarily in Lausanne; they may merely have had bank accounts in Lausanne. And we know that Petronilla is English."

"And how do you deduce that?" Adrienne asked.

"Because she wrote 'different to' instead of 'different from.' She is not French or she'd write in French or else sign her name Pétronelle. Petronilla is an English name; not at all common, but very English."

Adrienne was suddenly aware that her heart was heavy. At first she supposed this was because of her keen sympathy for those two lovers so devoted and apparently so hopelessly parted. But presently she was aware of a curious sense of dissatisfaction and deprivation. She certainly did not love Hardesty as this Petronilla loved Franklin Colby, nor did Hardesty's love for her have anything of the ecstatic and noble quality which breathed throughout this letter. She and he could not be said to belong to the legion of great lovers. Perhaps they were too modern; perhaps this Petronilla was not modern. Was the real Henry Smith, she wondered, as capable of undying devotion as the real Franklin Colby? She shook away her thoughts. With love, for the present, she had nothing to do. She would push aside everything but the quest to which she had committed herself.

ADRIENNE WALKED slowly along the lovely curve of the shore at Montreux. Simms' cousin had cabled that Liggett was staying there in a certain pension. She had watched this morning until she had seen him go out. Now she was following him. He walked listlessly, stopping at last at a seat that faced the water. Adrienne approached, and sitting beside him she said, gently,

"Dr. Liggett, I must speak to you."

He sprang to his feet, his eyes dilated.

"How did you find out I was here?" he cried. "Does—do many people know?"

"No one but my uncle and the man we employed to find you. It was my uncle who cabled you that Cora Palgrave had disappeared."

"Has any trace of her been found?" he asked, feverishly. "The message said that she was probably in hiding."

"We hope she is; we believe it," Adrienne said. "There would be no point in her death at the hands of this man in whose power you are; this man who is determined that Franklin Colby shall die. And Doctor Liggett, you know who that man is."

"I have never seen his face," he replied, "and if I did tell you the little I know or guess I should be murdered. But I admit to you that I came here to hide so that I need not testify against Colby in the autumn. But I'm not sure that I can even stick to that."

Adrienne put her hand on his arm.

"Please, won't you tell me something of the past of this man we call Franklin Colby?"

"Back of Switzerland, I know nothing of him," Liggett said. Then he smiled feebly. "That was an admission but I shall make no more. As I have said, if I were to tell you what I know I should be killed."

They parted then, and Adrienne went that afternoon to Lausanne. She visited the English-speaking clergymen to discover if they had known, some eighteen years before, one John Colby and his little son, Franklin. Two of these had been in Lausanne less than eighteen years, but the Church of England clergyman, an old man, Mr. Frederick Lisle, did remember. He said that for two years John Colby had lived in Lausanne and had attended his church, and then he and his son had left the city and he had not heard from them. The little boy had attended school in the Institute Quinche.

Adrienne visited the institute, interviewing the principal and his English wife. Both remembered the boy, and the wife spoke of his sweetness and his melancholy. He was a delicate boy, not liking games. The one thing he loved to do besides reading was climbing. Once, [Continued on page 73]

"That Coated Tongue may indicate *serious trouble*—"



DR. AGASSE-LAFONT is one of

explains DR. EDOUARD AGASSE-LAFONT,
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Dr. Agasse-Lafont

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So start now . . . to enjoy the thrill of health you've been missing! Just eat two cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—one before breakfast, and one before supper or at bedtime.

"I was troubled with indigestion and headaches"



"An indoor job with no outdoor exercise helped to develop a real case of constipation," writes Miss Quinnetta McLean, of Montreal. "I was troubled continually with indigestion and headaches . . . felt tired and lousy almost all the time."

"A friend told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. After ten days I realized I had found the real cure for constipation. My pep returned . . . I haven't had indigestion since I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast."

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John and Jane

How they tormented each other! But even they succumbed to the skilful plan evolved by their desperate parents . . .

SOME TIME ago, a thought-provoking item went the rounds of the papers. It told of a couple who loved each other and whose marriage had been highly successful until their two children began to grow up. This boy and girl proved as congenial as a football hero and a checker champion. They simply could not live together. An unending procession of riots, scrimmages, jangling and discords became the daily programme. Finally, the situation became unendurable. The father took one child and the mother the other. Two separate homes were established. Each catered to the individual tastes of one scion.

The incident might be passed over, with a caustic comment concerning the utter spinelessness shown by the parents in question, were it not for one fact. The situation is duplicated in an enormous majority of the homes which shelter adolescents. Nature has a habit of catapulting uncongenial children into the same household. It is a live problem: "How can John learn to live with Jane?"

There is no panacea which will cure all cases. This is merely the story of one remedy which actually worked. At the time that item went its rounds it had begun to look as if we might have to surrender to circumstances ourselves. The daily friction between our own John and Jane was rapidly becoming intolerable. We could not go ancient Chinese and drown the girl; neither could we go communistic and turn the boy over to the State.

Our trouble had begun years ago. Never was a baby sister welcomed more enthusiastically than was Jane. John smothered her with kisses, offered her his treasured red engine and, adoringly, handed me her tiny garments when she had her bath. He had prayed for a baby sister and I have always suspected that dad joined in the petition.

For a few months our home knew the harmony of which poets sing. Then Jane developed a personality and the thirty years war was on. The first outbreak came just after she had learned to walk. She chased John with a stick. This following an idealistic scene during which John had been holding her hands, stepping carefully backward and encouraging:

"Turn on, sister."

He was too much of a gentleman to retaliate in kind but he came to me with the outburst: "I want a little baby who will stay little."

On another occasion when Jane had persisted in "bopping" down his block houses John complained to me in dignified tones:

"Mother, take your baby. She bovers me!"

She has been "bovering" him ever since. At first it was merely amusing. Soon it developed into a daily annoyance to which we became somewhat accustomed as we did to the jazz which emanated from our neighbors'

radio. Then complications arose so rapidly and the situation became so tense that we sensed serious danger ahead. The separation of that other couple brought matters to a head for us. At once we faced the obstruction in our home life, determined to find a way through, over or around. We would not dodge, crawl or compromise any longer.

We considered the possibilities of separating the children. Dad and I would stay together. That fact was not even debatable. But what about a boarding-school for one? A long trip with Aunt Helen for Jane? A winter at Uncle Jack's for John?

We decided that any one of these courses would be cowardly and unfair. Besides, they would settle nothing. Out in the world each child would rub shoulders with antagonistic personalities. Success, for them, would depend upon their ability to carry on under such trying conditions. If John could not live with his sister, how could he fraternize with his fellow workers? How adapt himself to the moods of the man at the head? How keep on genial terms with whatever public his work brought him into contact? How could he even harmonize with his own wife if the law of opposites held and he were attracted to a girl whose temperament differed from his own? The same line of reasoning held for Jane. We were back to our original premise. Brother and sister must learn to live together. But how?

We analyzed the reasons for the existing discord. Some of the recent squabbles could be accounted for on psychological grounds. Nature rears a barrier of sex antagonism to guard that age. No normal male pre-adolescent has the slightest use for anything that curls its hair and screams at a mouse. The difficulties due to the fact that Jane is a girl and John is a boy did not concern us. Nature could be trusted to remedy all that in due time. We knew that, at eighteen, John would have no antagonism for the feminine sex. Quite the contrary.

Beyond this were the fundamental differences of temperament. We faced the problem of managing a home which sheltered opposites. We concentrated on this puzzle, determined to evolve a programme which could be put into immediate action.

John was a solitary dreamer. One or two chums was all that he wanted in the way of companionship. He was musical. He had the normal ruthlessness which characterizes the male.

Jane was highly dramatic. She had little music in her make-up. She was gregarious, altruistic and energetic.

A FAMILY CONFERENCE was called for a frank discussion of the difficulties. Fortunately, no barrier had ever arisen between us and our children. Jane and John were accustomed to thinking things out for themselves. Our home had not had a "do it because I say so" dictatorship. They gave uncomprehending and unquestioning obedience, when necessary, as an emergency [Continued on page 28]



What makes skin Smooth Wrinkle-free?

TWO REASONS!

- 1 Active Oil Glands in Under Skin
- 2 Natural Moisture in Outer Skin

You have Two Skins. You need
Two Creams—a different
cream for each skin

THE APPLE TELLS THE STORY



SMOOTH—GLOSSY

1 At its peak, the inner and outer skins of the apple are both firm and smooth—perfect!



SOFT—SPONGY

2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunk away from the outer skin.



WRINKLED—DISCOLORED

3 Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunk under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

READ the story of the apple above!
Amazing that your skin, too, is
subject to changes like that!

But there *is* a way to keep it youth-
ful...smooth...gloriously free from
dreaded lines!

That way is to give each of your
two skins the different care it needs.

*To Avoid Wrinkles, keep your Under
Skin firm*—Long before the first lines
show on your face, changes are taking
place in your *under skin* that will surely
produce them.

Begin *early* to help this under skin.
When its oil glands begin to fail, you can
supply the oils that keep it firm and
young. You need an oil cream that goes
down into the under skin. That is exactly
what Pond's Cold Cream does. This deli-
cious oil-rich cream penetrates to the very
under skin, brings it just the oils it needs.
Your skin feels toned, renewed—way
down. Actually firmer—and fresher. Soon
you can see the little lines smooth out.
You feel and look years younger!

Use this satiny cream for cleansing, too.
Because it goes so deep, it removes every
particle of dirt and make-up—frees your
pores thoroughly. No wonder it is so re-
freshing! So invigorating!

*To Correct Dryness—
What to do for your Outer
Skin*—Here it's an entirely
different need! Not oils but
the natural skin moisture
is needed to keep this
outer skin from growing
rough and dry and chapped.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is made espe-
cially for the outer skin. It is *greaseless*.
Instead of oils, it contains a marvelous
substance that prevents loss of skin mois-
ture—actually replaces lost moisture.

You can test this yourself by a *single
application* of Pond's Vanishing Cream on
dry, chapped skin! The roughness is
smoothed away! Your skin is soft—pearly

looking. And Pond's Vanishing Cream
will keep it that way. It will hold powder
and rouge smoothly for *hours*!

Send for the samples offered in the cou-
pon below. Or go right out and buy your-
self a small jar of each of these famous
Creams. In a few days begin to know the
joy of what they can do for you. See your
skin growing clearer, smoother, lovelier!

UNDER SKIN
WHERE
WRINKLES START

OUTER SKIN
WHERE
DRYNESS STARTS

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt, of Washington, though not yet 20, has started her Pond's
régime. Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.



For Your Under Skin—Pond's delicious Cold
Cream. Or, Pond's new Liquefying Cream if you
prefer a cream that melts more rapidly into the skin.



For Your Outer Skin—Pond's
Vanishing Cream, greaseless.
For overnight or daytime soft-
ening and smoothing. Holds
powder for hours.

MRS. ROBERT McADOO tells you how to follow the Two-Skin Treatment Society Women use—



1 "First Pond's Cold Cream—or the Liquefying Cream,
which melts a bit more rapidly—spread generously
over face and neck. I wipe this off with Pond's Tissues.
With it comes every particle of make-up. The Cold Cream
once more—it penetrates into my skin and I can feel it
being refreshed. The Tissues again take the surplus off—
the skin looks clear and fresh.

2 "Now the Vanishing Cream—to be left on all night to
soften my skin. In the morning, every trace of dryness
has disappeared.

3 "Mornings, and at any time during the day when my
skin needs cleansing, Pond's Cold or the quick Liquefy-
ing Cream again. Remove with the Tissues. Then the
Vanishing Cream as powder base. The powder goes on
so evenly and the rouge stays on for hours."

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A modern girl
propounds a very
modern problem
—and a solution

They Won't Let the Woman Pay!

by ISABEL TURNBULL DINGMAN

JOAN WAS not her usual sunny self. She had very little to say and stirred her tea abstractedly, staring gloomily into space. Thinking to cheer her up, Aunt Mary asked: "What are you wearing to the Canoe Club dance?"

"You would bring that up!" she exploded. "For the first time in years I'll not be among those present, and I'm burning up about it."

"What's wrong with Tommy?" enquired her aunt. "Is he sick, or peeved, or something?"

"Wish I could give it a name," she groaned. "He's got a bad case of unemployment, with complications of pride, stubbornness and general mulishness. It makes me so mad I could yell."

"You'd better get it off your chest," urged the older woman.

"Well, I don't blame the poor dear in one way," she began. "He hasn't had a job for a year, through no fault of his own; but you know what the demand is for young engineers. His savings faded away about a month ago, and now he hasn't a cent. His mother and dad can give him a roof and food but that's absolutely all. He was very down in the mouth when he told me we'd have to stop going places, but it didn't worry me any."

"Look here, darling," I told him. "You spent plenty of money on me when you had it. I owe you lots of good times. In the present crisis I still have a good job and some money in the bank. We'll keep on going out as before, but henceforth it will be my treat."

"My dear, the man acted as though I had insulted him. 'No girl is going to pay my way to shows and dances,' he grunted. 'I may have sunk pretty far, but I'm not that low yet. We don't go anywhere unless I can pay for it, and heaven knows when that will be.'"

"Do you mean that we're going to stay home and look at snapshots all winter?" I asked. He shrugged and said:

"If you prefer, go out and get yourself a beau who can pay for more exciting pastimes." Of course I told him that I

didn't want anybody else, and would stick to him through thick and thin, and he seemed to be cheered up. Even if I wanted another man, which I don't—Tommy's a perfect lamb—I'd feel like a mean little cat running out on him now. But I ask you, what's a poor girl to do? Feet itching to dance, heart throbbing with eagerness to see the latest talkie in company with her beloved, money burning a hole in her pocket, and he makes noble gestures. Noble! Dumb and selfish, I call it."

"Is Tommy's attitude unusual?" asked her aunt. "Surely there must be other couples with the same problem."

"Of course there are," she said. "Bob Reid and Jess Baker are the most sensible—he lets her pay for him, and makes a joke of it. Two or three other boys I know will let the girls go Dutch. But somehow, most of them shy at letting the girls pay for them, too. Say, it's like a gigolo and no red-blooded man would be that."

"Did you ever pay Tommy's way when he had a job?"

"Not very often; but a few times when he was broke I paid for shows. I always took him to dinner on his birthday, and twice I bought tickets for Junior League dances. He didn't fuss then; just said he'd make it up to me. Why can't he let me make up now for some of what he paid for?"

"It's an entirely different proposition," Aunt Mary declared. "Makes me think of a story I heard about some dear ladies who offered to teach knitting to unemployed men in a hostel. They pointed out that wounded soldiers during the war used to knit, and thought these men might find it pleasant and profitable too. Well, they nearly hit the roof when the suggestion was passed on, and the well-meaning ladies thought them very ungrateful. But it's all a matter of keeping up morale. Wounded soldiers had proved they were men and heroes; they could enjoy knitting without loss of self-esteem. But the unemployed men felt useless and unwanted anyhow, and flared up at the idea that womanish jobs were all they could handle. Your boy friends didn't mind being treated occasionally when they had money and jobs. But when they haven't and don't know when they'll get on their feet, they're very touchy. Looks as though you'd have to leave the lads their pride. It's all they have to sustain them."

"It's certainly awful," Joan agreed. "I search around for some word of encouragement, but what can you say besides ringing the changes on 'Something is sure to turn up.' I feel as helpless as when I go to a funeral and want to console the bereaved. All you can do is give them a watery smile and pass on."

"It's the war-time position all over again," her aunt pointed out. "You were playing with dolls and didn't worry about keeping up the morale of men. But your generation has the task on your hands now, without the aids of excitement, mob emotion, and the fortifying feeling which the men had that they really were doing a big job. And you can't hope to lead a normal social life in abnormal times. Adjust yourselves to new conditions. Get organized to meet them, since other couples are in the same boat. You might have a How to be Happy on Nothing Club. Figure out things to do that will be fun and not cost much. We used to have fun in our own homes when I was a girl. Surely bright young things like you can do something besides mope."

"I've already been thinking about it," Joan agreed. "The idea of active young people mooning around in pairs, night after night, is so depressing. But if you get a few of them together, it's a party. Certainly there's no use keeping on as we've been doing, and ending every evening with a fight."

IT WAS TWO months before she came for tea again. She kissed her aunt heartily, then said: "You see before you a reformed character. I'm the world's leading exponent of simple pleasures, fun around the fireside and all that kind of thing. And I can report that it really has its points. Shortly after I was here last, four couples of us formed a bridge club, the boys in it being out of work. We decided to meet once a week and each put in five cents an evening. After bridge the first night, we rolled up the rugs and danced to radio music. It was so much fun that Edna asked us over before the next club night, we had some progressive games and danced some more. It turned out that we meet about three nights a week. Sometimes we have moccasin tramps, so the boys don't even need to spend car fare. Then we all went to a church club in a body one night, and enjoyed ourselves so much we joined. They put on a [Continued on page 43]

**"Do you mean
to say that's
a movie camera?"**

**"It sure is...and a
good one, too.
Eastman makes it."**



Ciné-Kodak Eight

Makes movies
for 10¢ a shot*

"Imagine getting
movies like
these the first
time you tried!"

"Pretty simple,
wasn't it?
All I did was
press the button."



WHAT fun it is to make movies...
movies that capture, and *save*, the
joy of living. Gay, fleeting childhood,
happy vacations, life's big events—now
everyone can keep them in movies.

Ciné-Kodak Eight is a full-fledged
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* A "SHOT", in Hollywood movie parlance, is
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the average news-reel shot—on a roll of film cost-
ing \$2.50, finished, ready to show. *If it isn't an
Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*

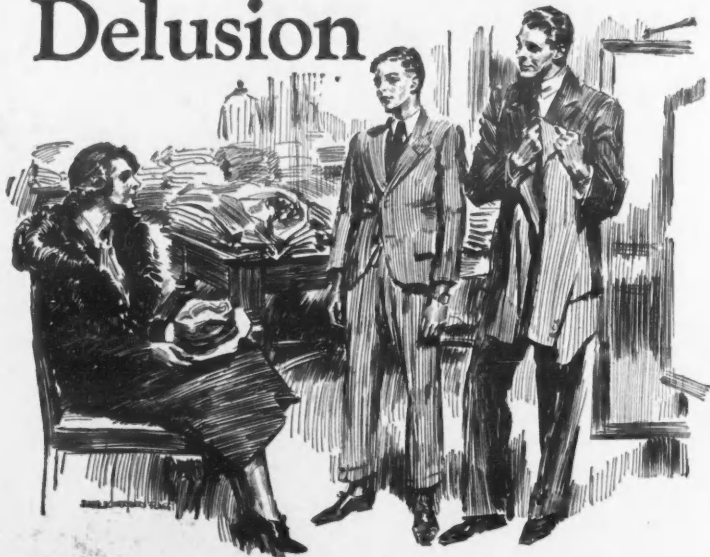


"Sure, he says
I make swell
movies and there's
nothing about it for
me to break."

"Does your dad
know you've
got his camera?"



The "Growing Pains" Delusion



"Looks to me as though you have been enjoying a lot of growing pains since I sold you that suit."

CONTRARY to widespread belief, children do not suffer pain just because Nature is making their bones longer and their muscles stronger. It does not hurt to grow.

Whenever a child suffers from so-called "growing pains," a thorough investigation should be made by a physician. "Growing pains" come from definite causes. Among them are improper nourishment, muscular fatigue following over-exertion, exposure to cold or inclement weather when not suitably clothed, improper posture which may induce flat feet, round shoulders, round back, flat chest, pot-belly, curvature of the spine. Tuberculosis of the joints is a rare cause.

One of the most serious causes of "growing pains" in childhood is rheumatic infection. Indeed, if it is disregarded, it may lead to permanent damage to the heart.

The onset of rheumatic infection is often so insidious that its danger to the heart may be unsuspected. This infection may cause a sore throat, as well as pains in the legs, arms or elsewhere; occasionally St. Vitus' dance. Sometimes it is accompanied by a steady, low fever. A child with rheumatic infection may look anemic, may be listless and may have no desire to romp and play. He may have little appetite and may lose weight.

While sunshine, rest, fresh air and nourishing food often help Nature to effect a cure if the disease has not progressed too far, do not delay having a needed medical examination if your child has "growing pains." He may be in great danger—the danger of permanent heart trouble.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER,
PRESIDENT



CANADIAN
HEAD OFFICE
OTTAWA

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

John and Jane

(Continued from page 24)

measure, knowing that eventually they would be given a real reason for the demanded act. They had been allowed to make their own mistakes, when those mistakes would not prove fatal or leave permanent scars. There was a solid foundation of confidence; a belief, built by instance after instance from babyhood up, that dad and mother always acted unselfishly for their best interests; that they had common sense coupled with experience, and that they could see the viewpoint of the present generation.

Grievances were stated frankly. Courses of action were suggested. We all agreed that, in order to fit brother and sister to meet the world as well as to preserve the sanctity of the home, harmony must be secured. Their suggestions, in the main, concerned ways by which the listener could make himself acceptable to the speaker. Neither had a constructive programme for himself.

This is the definite programme which grew out of the conference.

First, each is given one evening per week for the entertaining of particular friends at home. Jane's evening comes on the night when John is at Scouts. John's evening coincides with that for Jane's Campfire Girls.

Second, each is given a roped-off space in his life. Jane is pledged to a policy of non-interference as far as John's music is concerned. She is helped to understand that this interest of her brother's corresponds to her own dramatic urge. When he sits down at the piano, in an unlighted room to play and recapture his soul, Jane is not to slam on the lights and execute an Indian war dance; nor is she to dial jazz on the radio.

On the other hand, John is not to put an extinguisher on Jane's dramatics. If it gets on John's nerves when his sister begins to declaim, to act out a happening of the day or to relate an amusing story, he is not to throw sofa pillows or to drown her out with his school yell. Neither is he to sit on the sidelines and jeer. He is to pick up his belongings and get out of earshot. Each has a room stocked with books, games and other occupation-makers. He can easily fill the period until the dramatics end.

Third, teasing is absolutely prohibited. This is classed in the same category with building bonfires in the basement and using the legs of the piano for fancy carving. No teasing. That is a law. At first outbreaks appeared frequently but penalties had been duly fixed and it has gradually died down.

Fourth, property rights are to be respected. No mustaches are to be drawn on Jane's paper dolls. No violets are to be painted on John's Roman shield.

Fifth, no personalities are permitted at the table. Jane is not to be told that her new dress makes her look like something the cat dragged in. John is not to be asked, sweetly, if he is understudying for Rudy Vallee with those matching socks, handkerchief and tie.

A DEFINITE programme was mapped out for the parents as well as for the son and daughter. This included:

First, absolute fairness. Jane is to have no grounds for the accusation: "Oh, yes, John is your pet. The little darling boy can do anything. You like him better than you do me. I am going to run away, and then you

will be sorry that you petted him and were so mean to me."

If Jane is given new roller skates, John is presented with a sum of money, equal to their cost, for his basement gymnasium fund. If John is permitted to see an outstanding movie on a school night, Jane is also allowed some lapse from regular routine. If John has a new tie, Jane has her coveted string of beads. If I bake John the butter-scotch pie which he prizes and Jane detests, she has her favorite chocolate dessert the next day.

Second, emergency occupations are planned which will serve as a sanctuary in times of nerve stress.

Jane came home one day, when the wind blew east, ready to snap at anyone. She had missed two spelling words, had to stay after school and had spilled ink on her favorite middy. Moreover, she had seen several playmates going blithely to a party for which she had not received an invitation. Clashes would have followed had not mother directed casually:

"Go and look in the bottom drawer of the old dresser in the 'sunshine corner' of the attic."

This corner had been made gay with paint, paper and favorite pictures. Jane found a new paper doll, an orange, several wholesome but appetizing biscuits, scissors, paste and a waste basket. After she had spent a solitary hour, nibbling and snipping, she was again ready for civilized society.

Third, when one complains to us of the other, we always listen quietly and admit the fault. Then we manage to slip in a counter-suggestion concerning some kindness which the aggressor has shown to the aggrieved. It works out like this. Jane speaking:

"I hate brothers. I wish that I had a bulldog instead. I am going to pull all of the books out of John's bookcase and throw them under his bed. Mean old thing!"

"What has he done now?" is the quiet query.

"I was singing my doll to sleep and he began to hum that horrid song, 'Do you ever think when the hearse goes by?'"

"That wasn't nice of him," is the frank agreement, "but boys will be boys. They just can't understand how girls feel about dolls any more than men can understand how women feel about babies. John doesn't mean to be unkind. Remember last week when he left his stamp collection and walked over to Chestnut Avenue for you, so you wouldn't have to come home alone from Helen's party, past that big dog?"

"All the other girls wished that they had such a nice big brother," Jane remembered. "I won't bother his books this time."

Mother makes it a point to talk things over with John when he is alone and in a receptive mood. She speaks of the "no teasing" edict and reminds him of the fudge that Jane made for his Scout patrol. He agrees not to interrupt further lullabies.

Fourth, we practise non-interference in minor issues. If we hear John bargaining with Jane to make her a toy table if she will keep his room in order for a week, we turn a deaf ear instead of handing out a lecture on chivalry.

We are still hammering it out along these lines. We have not yet attained the ideal of absolute home harmony any more than the League of Nations has attained absolute and eternal world peace. There are still skirmishes along many borders but they are farther apart, less violent and more amenable to arbitration.

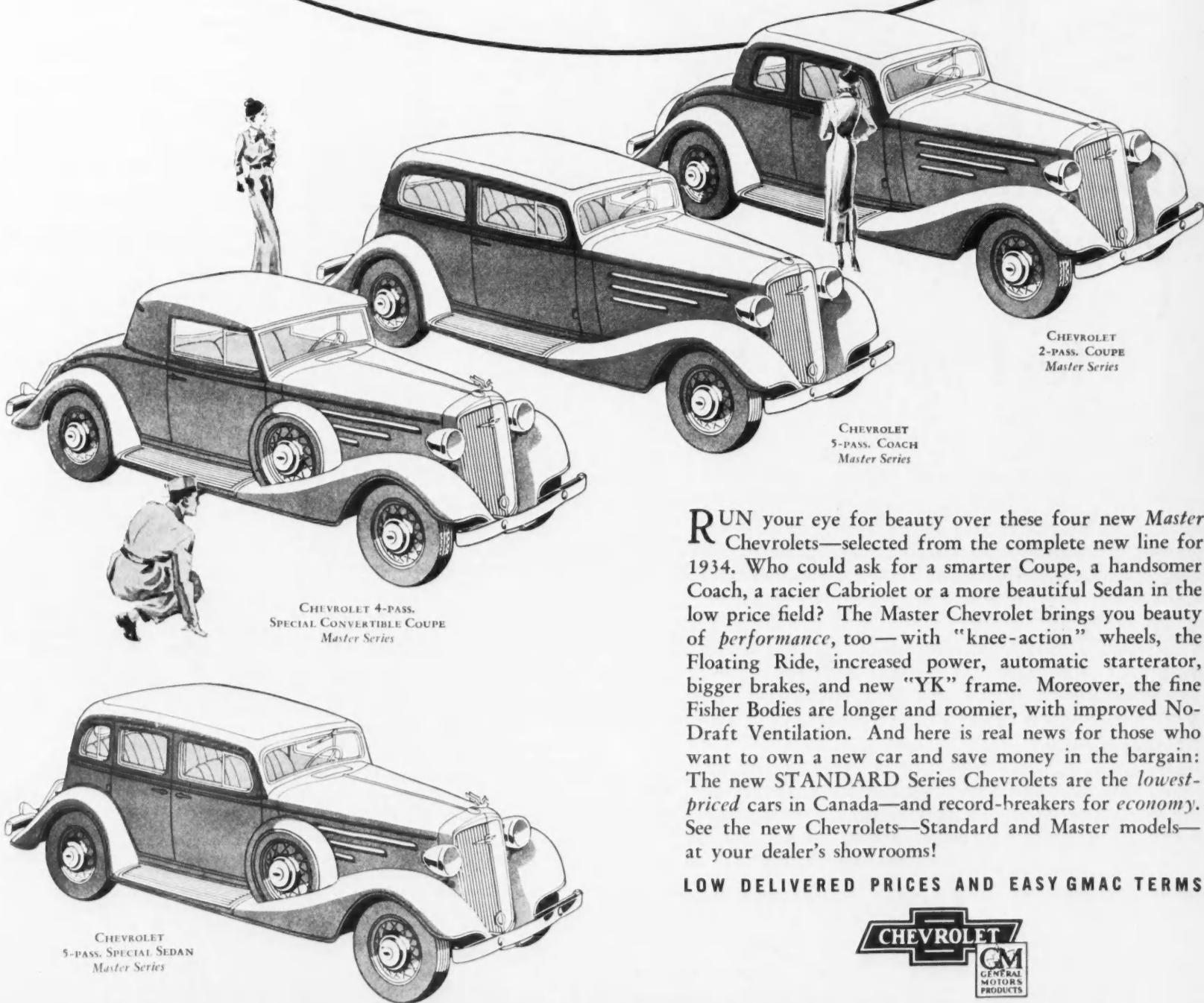
Recently, too, we have noticed a by-product of our twofold programme. We find that Jane and John themselves are acquiring tact and getting along better in the neighborhood, at school and in their clubs. It is not too much to hope that harmonious homes of their own are waiting them beyond the skyline.

Another arresting article on child training will be presented next month

Choose Your Model...then

Take a Floating Ride in the New Chevrolet

*and you'll never be satisfied
with any other low-priced car!*



CHEVROLET
2-PASS. COUPE
Master Series

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5-PASS. COACH
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CHEVROLET 4-PASS.
SPECIAL CONVERTIBLE COUPE
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RUN your eye for beauty over these four new *Master* Chevrolets—selected from the complete new line for 1934. Who could ask for a smarter Coupe, a handsomer Coach, a racier Cabriolet or a more beautiful Sedan in the low price field? The Master Chevrolet brings you beauty of *performance*, too—with “knee-action” wheels, the Floating Ride, increased power, automatic starterator, bigger brakes, and new “YK” frame. Moreover, the fine Fisher Bodies are longer and roomier, with improved No-Draft Ventilation. And here is real news for those who want to own a new car and save money in the bargain: The new **STANDARD** Series Chevrolets are the *lowest-priced* cars in Canada—and record-breakers for *economy*. See the new Chevrolets—Standard and Master models—at your dealer's showrooms!

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*Registered Trade Mark—Patented 1931.

The GOSSARD

Line of Beauty

THE CANADIAN H. W. GOSSARD CO., LTD.
366-378 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada

Chicago New York San Francisco Dallas Atlanta London Sydney Buenos Aires

Night Wind

(Continued from page 19)

"But it's my own fault. I was after a drink down there and forgot to look where I was going."

The girl stood with her hands hipped and the basket dangling from one wrist. The basket was of sweet-grass and full of fruit and nameless red things which Peter had never seen before. But both the fruit and the red things matched the colors of her dress; and the sun, slanting down on the dusty road and on Peter's shock of black hair, made her clothes so bright that they seemed smeared with fresh paint. Yet she was not dressed well at all, for her orange blouse fitted too tightly and was too short, revealing a gap of white undergarment where her plaid skirt climbed to meet it. And her stockings were torn, and her shoes were as worn and shapeless as his own, with knotted laces wound about her slender ankles.

Still Peter stared up at her, and found himself saying: "Do you live near here?" "Yes," she said. "Wait a minute."

Before he could protest, she was gone, climbing the wire fence and balancing her way down the cairn of rocks to the whispering stream below. He himself had scrambled and slid most of the way down, lunging from boulder to boulder, but this one leaped cat-like from one place of security to the next, pausing lithely before each downward motion.

At the bottom she knelt and dipped a handkerchief in a shallow pool where white froth bubbled over a horseshoe of moss-carpeted rock. Then she returned, balancing herself gracefully with one sure hand, holding the other close against her with the wet handkerchief clenched in it. This time she climbed through the wires instead of over them, and without speaking she sat beside Peter and took his bare foot in her lap, and calmly proceeded to wash the deep wound in the heel of it. And while she was doing this, he demanded suddenly:

"Who are you?"

"Gerda," she smiled. "Why?"

"You're being very good to me."

"The wire was rusty," she shrugged. "You might get blood poisoning."

He said again: "It's my own fault. Instead of looking where I was going, I—What are you doing?"

The girl had turned his foot in her hands and leaned over to press her lips to the wound. Her hair was all at once a black silk mop cascading over his ankle, as soft and warm as the caress of her breath. Redness crept into his face and he said quickly:

"Wait, please. It's none too clean."

"I've just washed it, haven't I?" she smiled.

"But—"

"It's a deep wound, and if I don't draw the poison you might be sick with it."

Peter said, "Yes, I might," because he could think of nothing else to say. He sat and stared at her, while the touch of her lips on his foot sent tiny tremors, not unpleasant, up his bare leg. The side view of her face was his to study, and the scowl on

his mouth was surely prompted by the abruptness of her act rather than by the pleasing contour of her features. For her lashes were long and black and the curve of her throat so gentle that he wanted suddenly to reach out and touch it, to test its seeming flawlessness. She was lovely in a warm, passionate way—lovely and dark and gypsy-like—with a wild beauty that troubled him. And he thought abruptly: I should not be here. I'm betrothed to the daughter of Grede Stefan.

Straightening then, so that her black hair swept his leg again and caused a sudden tautening of his muscles, the girl tore her wet handkerchief into strips and made a bandage for his heel. And at that he no longer protested, even to himself. He liked her nearness and the strangeness of her, and he said nothing as she gently finished her task.

"You haven't told me your name," she smiled, leaning over to pick up his discarded shoe.

"It's Peter. Peter Murik."

"You live here?"

"Yes. And you, too?"

"For a while," she said.

"Then I'll walk home with you." And he stood up with a great swing of his arms and a quick explosion of breath from his lips. "I'll walk home with you and learn where you live, and—"

"You mustn't."

"Why not? Do you live too far?"

"Our camp is three miles from here."

"Camp?" he frowned. "You're a gypsy?"

"A gypsy. Yes."

"Well, what of it? I can walk home with you. This foot will hold me up, little one."

"You mustn't."

"Why? You're not married, surely. You're not old enough."

She looked at him and laughed frankly at his scowling face. When she laughed, her eyes came out from behind their veil of long lashes, sparkling like wet tar, and they were black eyes like his own, and deep.

"Do I look married?" she challenged.

"No."

"And I'm not. But Zaiko loves me, and if you walked home with me he would be angry. He might"—she studied him appraisingly and moved her head up and down, puckering her lips—"yes, he might hurt you. He's bigger than you are and much stronger. Besides, your foot is hurt."

Again she laughed, but softly, as if she were well pleased with the abrupt scowl which stormed his face and darkened his eyes. Then she said very quickly, picking up her sweet-grass basket:

"But you're nice. Come and see me some time, if you're not afraid."

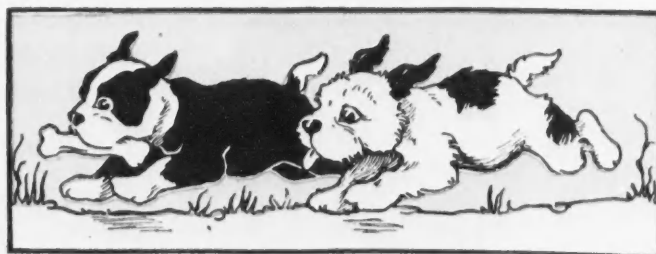
OLEG MURIK stared at his son and said, "Does it take so long to walk to the village and return? And does walking always put that empty look in your eyes?"

Peter turned away from his father's gaze and thought coldly: I'm a fool. Just because my mother was a black-eyed gypsy girl, I let black eyes eat into my heart. It's blue eyes I should be loving, and it's blue-eyed Anna I'm marrying. Aloud he said sullenly:

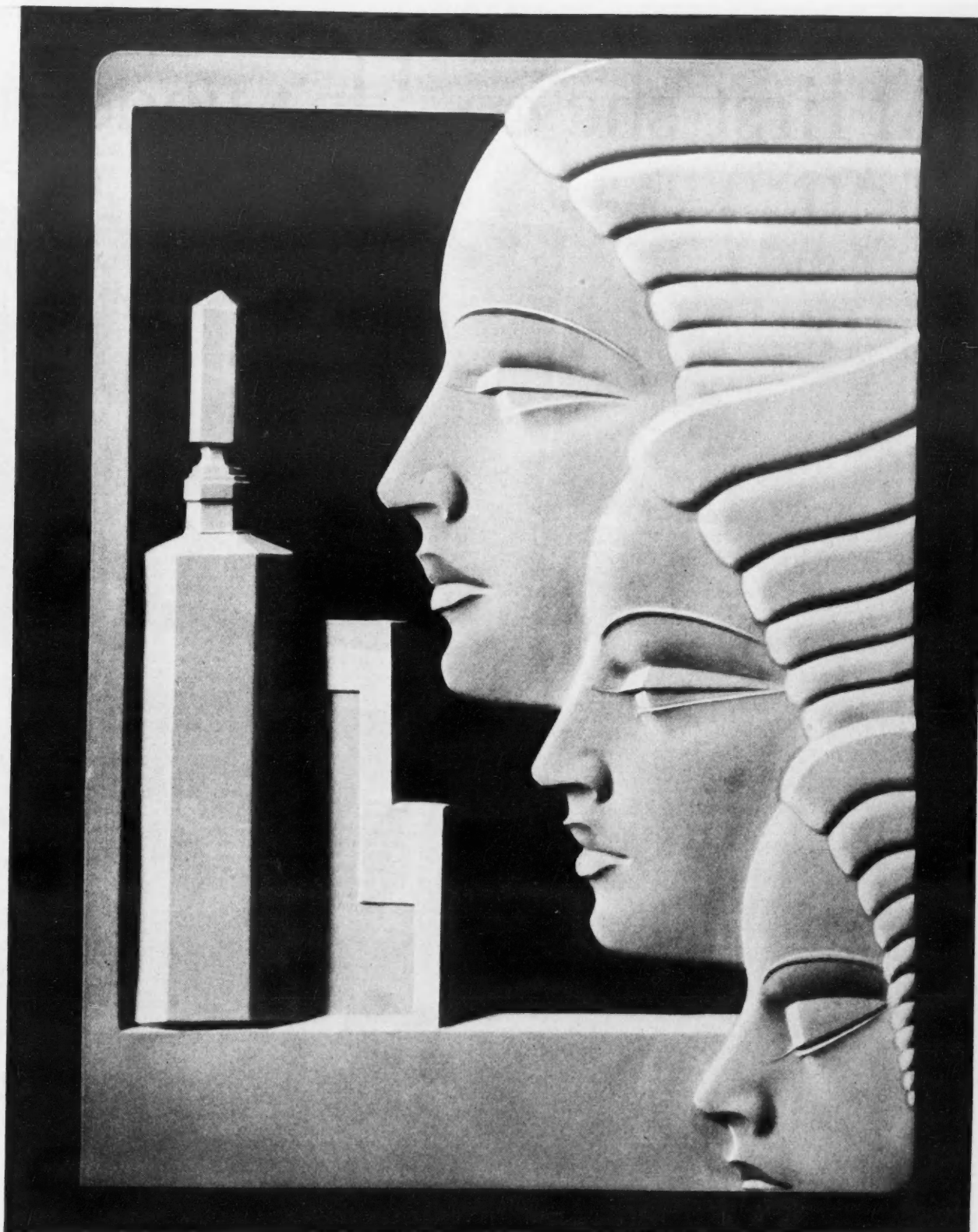
"Anna said she would be coming to sew these new curtains. I met her on my way home. As for the look in my eyes, it's because my foot hurts."

Oleg Murik sat and smoked his pipe, and said nothing. Even when Anna came he said nothing. But he knew that no pain in a man's foot ever caused that kind of a stare.

Continued on page 32



A
Department
for Style,
Health and
Personality



BEAUTY CULTURE

All beautiful women are a reproach to their sisters who cry "No time," or "More important things to consider." For what does a woman gain, if in keeping a relentlessly spotless house, or serving scientifically correct meals, or attending her clubs earnestly—she lose her own beauty? It takes such a few moments every day to groom one's skin, or brush one's hair, or know one's color harmonies.

Yet what thrilling dividends such a care brings. How proud young sons, and their fathers, are of mothers who glow with health and real beauty. How much more easily young daughters emulate mothers who give them reason for personal pride. A beautiful mother is one of the noblest works of God; and only beautiful mothers know just how much they have worked in their daily ritual to help their Creator.



Household tasks — indoors and out — how red and rough they made my hands until I discovered HINDS!



How much better my Chapped Hands feel already!

● "It's marvelous—simply marvelous! My hands were so sore and tender I was nearly frantic. The skin was chapped and rough and red. It had cracked open across the knuckles."

"But now the soreness is almost gone. HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM took it away almost instantly. The tight, drawn feeling has all disappeared. My hands actually look smoother and whiter already—and they're going to look nicer still!"

"For I'll continue to use HINDS. From now on I'm going to have comfortable, attractive hands in spite of housework and cold weather."

Just do this

After hands have been in water, after exposure and always at night, rub on a little HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM.

You'll see at once that HINDS does more than just give your hands a smooth "surface finish" that soon disappears. For HINDS is a rich cream in liquid form that pene-

trates. Its soothing, comforting ingredients go down into the skin to soften and enrich it—restore the natural oils that keep it soft, smooth and youthful.

Soreness eases up almost at once, roughness and redness quickly vanish. Soon you have a 'new' pair of hands—satin-smooth, white, appealing. And just a few seconds daily care is all you need to keep them so!

HINDS is excellent, too, for healing children's chapped hands and knees, roughened elbows. Men like it before and after shaving. It brings soothing comfort to the whole family for so small a cost. Ask your druggist for HINDS today.



TUNE IN on Hinds' HALL OF FAME Radio Program, featuring the biggest stars of opera, stage and screen. Every Sunday evening at 10:30 E. S. T. and at corresponding hours over Coast to Coast hook-up, including CFCF, Montreal; CRCT, Toronto; WBEN, Buffalo; WWJ, Detroit; WMAQ, Chicago; KSTP, Minneapolis; KOMO, Seattle; KHQ, Spokane.

Night Wind

(Continued from page 30)

More likely it was pain of another sort that came from the heart. And he wondered why.

Anna Stefan looked from one to the other of them and laughed quietly. She stood surveying them, and her blue eyes glowed with love for her man. Calmly she said:

"A pretty pair you are, mooning here in the kitchen. You'll light a fire if you want me to sit with you! And have you heard, Father Murik, that the gypsies are back in the Valley after all these years?"

As abruptly as that she said it, and without thinking first. Have you heard, Father Murik, that the gypsies are back in the Valley after all these years? Have you heard, Father Murik, that your wife's people are here again, but not this time bringing a red-lipped gypsy girl for you to love? Even God could not bring her back, Oleg Murik. Dead she is, and gone for ever, and your soul with her.

Oleg Murik sat still and stiff in his chair. His eyes closed slowly and remained shut. His lips moved, twitching, as if the torment inside him were fighting its way out. Then he turned and gazed significantly into his son's face, reading the reason for that hurt in Peter's eyes. And then, without uttering a word, he swayed to his feet and walked from the room.

"Peter, what have I done? What have I said?"

"Too much," Peter said, avoiding the girl's anxious eyes. "Have you forgotten he loved my mother?"

That night they were alone in the house, Peter and Oleg, and Peter said suddenly: "I'm going out."

For two hours he had been shutting his lips on the words and cursing himself for the desire. In front of him a fire fumed in the big kitchen stove, and pine logs hissed as the pitch boiled out of them. Blood boiled in Peter's temples, too, hurting him. His tense face was scarlet in the glow from the iron grate.

In more than an hour Oleg Murik had spoken no word. And Peter had been thinking: Does he know what's in my mind?

Even now, after Peter's abrupt speech, Oleg Murik said nothing. Had he turned and said simply, "Where to?" or even lifted his staring eyes to the level of Peter's face, Peter might have thrown open the torment in his heart. The words were there, waiting to be cried out, jumbled and incoherent and passionate. But Oleg sat and looked at the stove, and the words stuck in Peter's throat.

Peter went out, closing the door softly. Oleg sat staring. On the shelf above his chair a wooden clock ticked time away, as another clock, upstairs, had ticked a life away on the night years ago when the red-lipped woman had given Oleg Murik a son. Now the big man's thoughts were full of her, and the ticking of the clock went uncounted. Oleg sat staring, while before him the fire in the stove ate its heart out, and around him the bare kitchen became prey to cold and darkness.

Four o'clock it was when Peter returned, and the hands of the wooden clock pointed leeringly to the hour. Silently he entered, and scowled at the man who still sat motionless in the chair. Without speaking, he turned and strode to the stairs and climbed to his own room.

Alone, he stood at the north window, his hands flat against the cold frame and his body straight and stiff and his eyes wide, staring. It's Anna I'm marrying, he thought savagely, and his lips tightened to repress a groan. It's Anna I'm marrying, not the other one. The other one has gypsy blood in her veins and a gypsy heart. She'll be going away again before long. I'll be forgetting her. It's Anna I'm marrying.

He heard the stairs whisper as Oleg climbed them. The door behind him opened slowly and Oleg stood on the threshold.

"You went to the gypsy camp?"

"Yes."

"There is a girl?"

"Yes. A girl named Gerda."

"You're a fool," Oleg snarled. "You're mad."

The door closed, and heavy footsteps beat down the corridor. Presently another door shut dully. Then Peter began slowly to unlace his shoes.

NEXT DAY, Anna Stefan said quietly: "Peter, what has happened?"

"Nothing has happened," Peter shrugged, and thought bitterly: Oleg is right; I'm a fool. There is no other girl in the Valley as fine as this one. She's strong and healthy and good to look at. She's one to be proud of. She loves me and I love her. What more can a man want?

All morning he had made himself work without rest, laboring relentlessly in the hot sun and sometimes gripping the plow-handles so savagely that his hands burned. Working, he had no time for thinking. And when thoughts did come, he drowned them with the thunder of his voice, bellowing furiously at the shaggy, thick-rumped horses before him.

And the girl, pacing beside him and talking to him of their marriage, had seemed to guess nothing of the turmoil within him, yet suddenly had turned with her low-voiced question: "Peter, what has happened?"

Now she studied him gravely as he stood ankle-deep in rich blackness, and she said, smiling slowly:

"You haven't stopped loving me?"

"No," Peter declared, and thought: It's true. I haven't.

"Then you're thinking of unhappy things."

"What things?"

"I don't know." And she leaned closer to kiss him, laughing a little at the stupid expression of his face. "But you're not my Peter today. You're ugly. I'm going to help Oleg."

He gazed after her, dully, as she walked back to the house, but he did not see how abruptly the laughter left her lips. It was for his benefit, that laughter, and there was no trace of it remaining when she entered the kitchen of the gaunt house and found Oleg Murik at work.

"It is a great trouble," Oleg said, smiling, "when a woman comes to live in a man's house. First, the windows must be stuffed to keep out draughts, and then the stove must be made over, and—"

"Something is not right, Father Murik," Anna interrupted quietly.

"Not right? With your lovemaking, little one?"

"With Peter. He is changed."

Oleg stopped his work and turned to peer at her. A long while passed before he did more than look; then he wiped his hands hard on his thighs and walked toward her, placing his hands on her shoulders.

"You've noticed it, little one?"

"Have I done something, Father Murik?"

"It isn't you, little one."

"Then what? What has happened?"

Oleg released her and walked slowly from the room, leaving her to gaze after him with bewildered eyes. In a moment he returned, and placed in the girl's hands a small photograph, much fingermarked and yellowing with exposure. Anna looked at it and saw black eyes glowing and full lips laughing, and Oleg said deliberately:

"She is Peter's mother."

"She is beautiful," the girl said softly.

"And a gypsy. And she is Peter's mother."

Anna Stefan stared into the big man's face, startled by the sudden steel in his voice. She saw his lips clamped tight and his broad forehead creased. She stared at the whole of him and saw his body rigid and his legs wide-spread and his hands clenched hard. Frightened, she said quickly:

"What do you mean?"

"It's gypsy blood he has in him," Oleg bellowed. "There's no peace in it. There's love and passion and madness, but there's

Continued on page 52

At first she couldn't understand it...



● **October 1st:** Here's our friend moving in again. The neighbours before were so snobbish. She never had any fun. Here everyone seems friendly. Looks as if she'll have a grand time now!



● **November 4th:** Lonely already... and puzzled. At first everyone was so nice to her. Now she's left sitting at home with a book. What can be wrong?



● **November 5th:** Snubbed again! And they're whispering about her. She hears them say: "It's too bad no one can tell her about perspiration odour in underthings. Why doesn't she use Lux?"



● **January 20th:** Now she's happy. Everyone likes her. And in the back of her mind she's thinking: How nice this is. No more lonely days. And all due to Lux. If I'd only known sooner how easy it is to Lux undies after every wearing. I'll never offend with second-day underthings again.

Avoid offending... protect daintiness the modern Lux way

● We all perspire, especially in overheated rooms, though we may be unconscious of it. Underthings quickly absorb perspiration... and the odour clings. That's why it's simply not safe to wear undies a second day. Long before we're aware of it ourselves others notice the penetrating hint of perspiration odour. They're bound to whisper about it behind our backs—finally avoid us.

Don't ever run the risk of offending this way. It's so unnecessary. Just Lux your underthings after every wearing. It's delightfully easy... the new 8-times-finer-Lux dissolves so quickly it takes only 4 minutes or less. And the rich, abundant suds whisk away every trace of perspiration odour.

Gentle Lux saves colour too... keeps garments new-looking far longer. Avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali. These destroy delicate fabrics, fade colours. Remember; if it's safe in water, it's safe in Lux.



LUX for winter wardrobes...

Smart knitted-suits... soft clinging sweaters... colourful woollen fabrics... all these need the safe Lux care which has protected woollens for over 25 years. Baby's woollies, too... keep them soft and fluffy with Lux.

*Lux underthings
after every
wearing*

DO BANKERS' WIVES WEAR THE BRIGHT Cutex Coral-Cardinal-Ruby Nails?

CORAL WITH SABLES

Mrs. Charles Morgan
New York

The brilliant, smart New Yorker—Mrs. Charles Morgan—contrasts the deep brown of her sables with the Cutex Coral on her nails. "The brighter shades in polishes," she says, "are entirely correct. I see them everywhere today, even more than the paler tints."



"OF COURSE," said these three prominent ones

RIGHT down to their finger tips, the banking ladies are practically the standard for correctness in every American community.

And now that even they have gone in for bright finger nails (see above), there's no need for the most timid of you to hold out against your instincts any longer.

So, if you've been secretly yearning to wear Cardinal nails with your new navy spring suit—go ahead! Or lovely Coral nails with your gray chiffon—it's perfectly safe!

But don't be foolish and speculate with uncertain, inferior polishes. Buy a polish that can be trusted. Buy *Cutex*.

The 7 smart *Cutex* shades are made by the World's Authority on the Manicure and have preferred color rating. They'll never streak, peel or blotch.

And whatever you do, remember the big idea is Variety. So check over your spring wardrobe and see that you have the right shade of nail polish for every single costume.

You may as well buy up all the *Cutex* colors in sight. It won't put you in the red (except as to finger nails)—and just see if it isn't a great big paying investment!

Natural goes with all costumes, best with bright colors—red, blue, bright green, purple, orange, yellow.

Rose is lovely with pastel pink, lavender or blue frocks. Smart with dark green, black, brown.

Coral is a perfect shade to wear with white, pale pink, beige, gray and blue gowns. Also with black or brown.

Cardinal contrasts excitingly with frocks in black, white or pastels. Good with gray, beige or blue.

Garnet is smart with gowns in tawny shades, brown, black, white, beige, gray or burnt orange.

Ruby (new) A real red red you can wear with any costume when you want to be gay.

For the complete manicure use *Cutex* Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN • Montreal • New York • Paris

CARDINAL WITH PALE BLUE

Mrs. Ernest Kessler
Philadelphia

The young and lovely Mrs. Kessler is wearing a tea gown of pale blue from Jessie Franklin Turner—with softly flaming *Cutex* Cardinal nails. "I wouldn't feel dressed without the right tint on my nails. And the deeper the tint, the smarter, I think."



RUBY WITH DARK GREEN

Mrs. D. A. de Menocal
Boston

With a smart, dark green frock and béret from Paris, Mrs. de Menocal wears deep *Cutex* Ruby nails. "The trick is to vary your nail tint with your gown," Mrs. de Menocal says. "It's absolutely the latest way to achieve accent and individuality." Very easy to do, too.



Generous Bottle of *Cutex* Liquid Polish and new Color Wheel giving correct shade of polish for every color gown—only 10¢

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 4T-3
Post Office Box 2320, Montreal, Canada

I enclose 10¢ for the new *Cutex* Color Wheel and generous bottle of *Cutex* Liquid Polish in the shade I have checked:
☐ Natural ☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby

MADE IN CANADA

CUTEX Liquid Polish—only 35¢

Once there was a woman



who thought
she wasn't
bothered with
perspiration
odor in winter

IT NEVER occurred to her that she could be mistaken. Of course, she knew all about underarm perspiration and its dangers!

"In summer I perspire freely," she reasoned, "and then I have to use something for perspiration odor under the arms."

"But in winter I never have a trace of moisture under my arms or on my clothing, so my daily bath is all I need".

How many victims there are of this old-time belief that because there is no underarm moisture, there is no odor?

And how the people who have to come in contact with these victims wish they would adopt the year-round Mum habit, as so many thousands of discriminating women have already done!

Mum is so sure. It's so quick and easy to use—takes only half a minute. Then dress at once. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Just thinking you're free from underarm perspiration odor doesn't make you free. Use Mum and be sure of yourself, winter and summer. Get a jar at any toilet counter. Mum Mfg. Co., Montreal, P.Q.



**TAKES THE
ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Mum also gives to women comforting protection from another frequent source of unpleasantness.

losing fifteen minutes sleep. You'll discover that those minutes are well lost.

The first exercise is a simple balance exercise, which strengthens the muscles of the legs. Stand erect with the heels together, raise the heels and bend the knees while raising the arms sideways. Return to original position, and repeat.

The second does wonders for the waistline, and also conditions the bust, back and shoulders. Stand with the feet one foot apart, arms extended over head, hands clasped. Swing down to touch the floor outside left foot. Return to position and alternate with right foot. Knees should be straight and feet firm throughout. Repeat with rhythmic swinging.

The third is performed lying on the floor on your back. For legs, waistline back and hips, it is unexcelled. Lie flat with the whole spine touching the floor. Bring one knee up on your chest and raise the other leg straight up in the air. Change the position of the legs and repeat the motion alternately, kicking hard into the air.

The fourth continues the good work of the last exercise. It stretches the spine and reduces the abdomen. Take the same original position, flat on the back, with arms at sides. Raise both legs together and swing back, lifting the hips and back with them until the toes touch the floor behind. Repeat. Do not attempt to do this exercise until the body is sufficiently supple.

The fifth takes care of shoulders, spine and abdomen. Lie flat on the back, arms at sides. Raise hips and abdomen so that weight of body is supported by shoulders, head and feet. Keep chin and neck unwrinkled while doing this exercise.

The sixth reverses the movement of number five. It is especially good for round shoulders and what is known as a "dowager's hump." Spine and waistline, too, are conditioned. Lie flat on floor, face down. Press back shoulders and raise the head, while rotating the arms outward. The shoulder blades must come together if the exercise is to be of benefit. Hold, and return to former position. Repeat.

Those Finishing Touches

THE SMALL extra details which complete a woman's toilet are so important. In them you will find the answer to many things. Why, for instance, the memory of one woman will linger hauntingly with you, while that of another fades swiftly into forgetfulness. The Frenchwoman knows full well the value of these outward expressions of charm. Watch her seated before her dressing table, as with creams and scented lotions, perfume and cunningly applied make-up she skilfully wraps herself in glamor.

A delicate fragrance of skin and hair, smooth, white hands and beautifully kept nails—a feeling of fastidious perfection which itself endows a woman with poise and gracious charm. Therein lies her secret.

Take sufficient time for finishing touches.

The Frenchwoman perfumes from the inside out. After her bath she sprays her body with a light, fine cloud of perfume. Toilet water or eau de Cologne, which can be bought very reasonably in bulk, may be used in this way. The nicest way to apply it is with an atomizer. You'll feel indescribably elegant.

Then there are sachets. Don't forget sachets. Keep them always among your clothes so that they will impart their elusive fragrance. Better see that your perfumes match, or if this can't be managed, that they are faint enough to blend unobtrusively together. Many women like powdered orris root sachets for this reason. Another refreshing fragrance is obtained by mixing together one ounce each of lavender flowers, lemon peel, cassia and coarsely powdered cloves.

Your hair is important—it must be smoothly shining, and there are delightful preparations to help make it so. A new and very chic creation contains just enough oil to act as a dressing, so that the effect on the hair will not be drying, and yet will not make oily hair oilier. This exquisite flower blend can be bought, if you like, with its own atomizer.

And speaking of hair, there's been invented a blessed temper-saver in the form of a Cellophane cap you slip over your coif-

fured head and powdered face. It prevents the slipped-on dress from wrecking a perfectly good piece of art work. If you want to make one for yourself, you can see by the illustration that all you require are Cellophane and adhesive tape or a few stitches.

A hint of eye-shadow for mystery. Select your color in relation to the color of your eyes and of your frock. Green if you're wearing green, you grey-eyed ladies, and blue with blue. Purple will make a brown-eyed lass very enticing. When applying your rouge, remember to place just a little on the chin—it looks more natural—and on the lobes of the ears. Stage and screen actresses know the value of rouge for enhancing the eyes. They place a touch at the inner corners to make them look more brilliant.

And finally, as the provocative signature

to your toilet, a spray of the perfume which is individually yours. A fresh, flower perfume, fragrant as a spring breeze; a subtly blended bouquet like a dream of lilt-ing music; heavy, oriental perfume, redolent with exotic allure. Choose from among hundreds of skilfully created scents the perfume that is "you." A whiff behind the ears, the least bit smoothed on the eyebrows, a touch on the fingertips. Spray it, if you like, as one chic Frenchwoman does, along the hem of your frock, so that a faint scent will stir with your movements.

One's sense of smell very soon becomes dulled to the scent of the perfume one is wearing. When this happens don't make the mistake of applying more. The fragrance you yourself have become accustomed to, is still apparent to others. And the effect you have carefully built up will be completely ruined if perfume is applied with a too-generous hand.

Here again, of course, the best results are obtained when you use an atomizer. For then the perfume is broken up into infinitesimal drops and is distributed in a fine, even spray. Purchase your perfume as you would the silk for your dress. Just as you respond to certain colors—certain fabrics—certain designs—so there are perfumes which make friendly appeal to you.



OF THE FASHIONS

will look very svelte—very svelt indeed!

This latter style has a look of the wind-swept school about it. You've heard of the new wind-swept fashions, of course? Paris is all agog over them, and New York gives them a hearty "Aye." So it's more than likely our new summer evening frocks will cling slimly to the form in front and flow in graceful drapery behind. Don't ask me how it's managed. Such things are couturiers' secrets. But the effect when we move will be reminiscent of a figurehead on the prow of a Viking vessel. And that, too, is the effect given by many of the new coiffures. The hair is cut in layers, and the ends of the hair are given a twist upward rather than under. There is nothing studied or "set" about it. The hair flows back from the brow like the waters of a wind-tossed stream. Only a skilful hairdresser can give you the clever cutting, thinning and waving such styles require.

But, of course, you want to know all about the hair styles that are illustrated here. Aren't they charming? They are worn by five famous Hollywood movie actresses. And movie folk know the A.B.C.'s of beauty, naturally, since that is part of their trade.

Each large studio retains its particular hairdresser, and he designs personality coiffures for the players. Sometimes, with a new-comer, he will create a dozen different styles in as many days, until he achieves what he feels is perfection. And then the director may cast her in a rôle which requires an entirely different personality. And so he starts all over again. Hollywood studio hairdressers know the fallacy of regarding a coiffure as just so much hair to be dressed. They build a hair style around a face, a character, sometimes around a mood or a temperament, so that the one blends unnoticeably in with the other, complementing and enhancing it. Following their lead, the modern woman demands something more than "a beautiful head of hair."

The coronet bob shown from two angles at the bottom of the page on the left, is a cunning combination of long and short hair. If you've been clever enough to save your shorn tresses through the years, here is your reward. Have it made into a braid like Judith Allen's, if it is thick enough. Otherwise simply twist it into a coil. The "natural hair" is worn as a long bob, parted on the side and waved loosely. The ends are curled so that they cluster softly in the nape of the neck. Then the braided coronet is pinned on at the centre-back and swung across the middle of the head. Don't you think that the wispily curled fringe is a masterly touch? It balances the low clustering curls at the back and offsets a falling-off-the-brow tendency the coiffure might otherwise have. Incidentally, Norma Shearer, who also favors the coronet coiffure when she wants to look particularly gracious, has learned a useful trick. She had her plait stitched on to an elastic band, so that after the front of her hair is arranged, all she needs to do is to slip the plait over her head. The creation shown is recommended for evening occasions.

Should you be blessed with regular features and oval-shaped face like Gail Patrick's—whom you may remember as a long-haired brunette, but who has recently bobbed and lightened her hair—you'll want to play around with the delightful coiffure she wears, the one with the massed curls at the side of the head. It is shown again, front view, displaying to full advantage the unique treatment. From the left side part, the hair is massed into tiny flat curls covering the entire left side of the head. To right of the

[Continued on next page]

by
NORA
WHITTON



is the sign of a good soap

DO YOU believe in signs? Well, I do. When I see a woman with a clear, fresh, healthy complexion, I know she's young, be she sixteen or sixty.

I know other things about her, too—that she has the common sense to look after her skin, the patience to give it regular care, the wisdom to choose the right toilet soap.

When I see such a woman I feel in my heart that she uses Palmolive—the Soap of Youth. For the *secret* blend of olive and palm oils in Palmolive gives just that satin smoothness of the cheek . . . that fine texture to the skin . . . that clean, natural look.

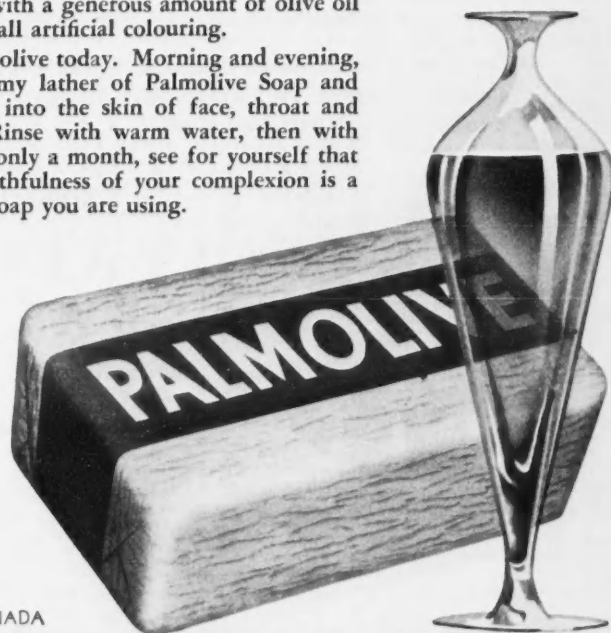
Palmolive, you know, is a most unusual soap. Cleansing very gently, it floats accumulations away . . . leaving skin refreshed and cool. It acts in this way because it is a *natural* soap, made with a generous amount of olive oil—free from all artificial colouring.

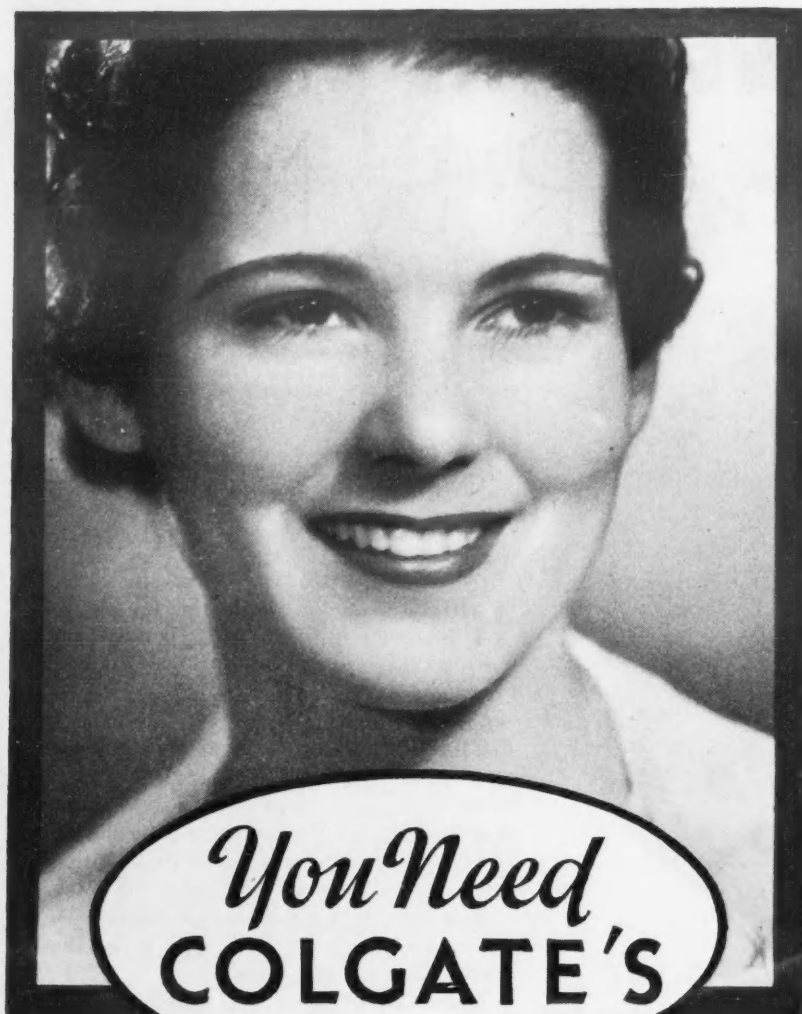
Try Palmolive today. Morning and evening, work a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water into the skin of face, throat and shoulders. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. After only a month, see for yourself that the new youthfulness of your complexion is a *sign* of the soap you are using.

REMEMBER—
into each cake of
Palmolive goes
an abundance of
olive oil.

7c.
PER CAKE

MADE IN CANADA





You Need
COLGATE'S

to keep your teeth white

IT TAKES more than ordinary toothpaste to keep your teeth white and attractive. That's why more people use Colgate's than ever before. Because Colgate's cleans in 2 distinct ways.

FIRST: It creeps into those tiny crevices where the toothbrush cannot go — cleans your teeth thoroughly.

SECOND: Besides cleaning your teeth, Colgate's polishes them with the same safe ingredient most dentists use.

Give Colgate's a chance. Buy a tube today. Use it for only 10 days. Then see how much whiter, more charming your teeth look. And, too, Colgate's delicious peppermint flavour will keep your breath sweet and fresh.

"COLGATE" ON DENTAL CREAM
MEANS THE SAME AS "STERLING"
ON SILVER



KEEPING AHEAD

HAVE YOU SEEN the new coiffures? They're so beautiful as to give you an irresistible urge to speed away to your pet hairdresser for a genuine 1934 model. Many a woman I've seen depart down town these last two or three weeks, with a determined "I'm going to be different" look in her eye. Follow her, and you'll find that inevitably she slips into the warm, perfumed atmosphere of a *maison de beauté*. For nowadays when the first false thaw entices the bear out of hiding, a woman thinks less of hats than of permanents. Yes, indeed, far from being "shorn of our glory," as poky masculine minds would have it when short hair first struggled into vogue, we're finding out every day new and more fascinating ways of wearing our tresses.

And do those same poky minds approve? They certainly do—especially if the means of enchantment are saved cannily from "housekeeping." It's surprising what a really scheming female can do with a limpish looking purse.

So I give you, ladies, the 1934 coiffures. Some of them are streamlined like the lithe new cars that are dazzling the world. Only it's "wind-swept" when hair's referred to. Some of them are sculpted to the head, with flat little curls and serenely curving waves. Others, deceptively casual, run to wisps and bangs—oh, so engagingly careless. Almost all do elaborate things with the back, whether the hair is long, short, or neither one nor other. You see, the influence of the shallow hat is still with us. Those debonair creations we've been wearing—and will be again this spring—have whipped the imaginations of those who design coiffures to inspired visions of loveliness. Brims that curve upward, or that aren't there at all, require some active assistance from one's coiffure to be truly chic. And none know that better than the artist hairdressers.

Many women have formed a habit, these last two seasons, of having their hair "sculpted" to suit their new chapeaux. But to my mind that idea is fraught with danger. Alack for the fair lady whose hat wears out before her devotion to the new coiffure! Must she be doomed to wear always the same style of millinery? Or should she heroically sacrifice the well-loved coiffure to conform to the brand-new lines of a brand-new hat? A delicate point, my sisters.

But in all sincerity and regardless of the tyranny of

fashion—without which we women would be but poor things—the new coiffures are ravishing. Your scribe thinks so because they afford so much scope for personal choice and suitability. Consider, if you will, your forehead, hitherto swept bare of such vulgarities as dips and curlicues, appearing before the world with a fringe. Not, of course, an old-fashioned, brow-beetling one, but a frivolous, scanty, wispily curled fringe that looks, oh, so *déagé* beneath one of the new off-the-face halo hats. If your brow has acquired furrows and the halo hat is the one and only for you, wear a fringe by all means. Only remember, it will inevitably thrust the lower part of your face into the spotlight; so if you've a heavy jawline or it is too small, better find some other way of wearing the halo hat.

The centre-part has come back to us—if, indeed, it ever went away. It is one of those classic styles that are always good for regular features and faces inclined to be oval. Brush your hair smoothly to your head if you—fortunate you—are of the madonna (aesthetic or exotic) type. Or have it waved and brush it back in two shining wings each side of the part, off the ears, and you

Photos by

Paramount





The Fashion Shorts are a regular feature of Chatelaine

Now you can cut your own, lads 'n' lassies. I mean you can be your own barber. There is a stunning new contraption, something like a razor blade, that you fit into the ordinary safety razor, run through your hair, and do all that thinning out that every head needs, now and then; and generally, when it's done by a barber, you find he's been in league with a mattress factory. I used it. It's as safe as a razor, and you don't see the men-folk all gashed up, do you?

Oh, oh! Watch your sleeves. The new spring dresses simply must be three-quarter length, or you'll hide your head in shame.

In the new dress openings I notice a lot of things—plenty of taffetas for blouses, bows, coat facings, metal chain closings wherever you can clank 'em in, much fullness around the buzzum, my dears. Frills, and revers and the like; and heaps and heaps of dotted prints. The new confetti ones are alluring.

I never saw such a cotton fever that's sweepin' over us. Why, you're just as old-fashioned as a horse-'n'-buggy if you haven't at least a couple of cotton blouses to wear with your winter suit. And as for spring, everything is going cotton-conscious. Saw some awfully cute linen dresses, too. Am I just longin' for the warmer days to jump into one!

Won't the men be mad! 'Cos we've taken the last thing they really owned from them—their shirt-tails. Yes, the newest shirtwaist blouses have long, split tails just like daddy's. And do they tuck in nicely under our trim skirts!

Belts are simply getting around us in every possible manner—belts on dresses, on suits, on coats. I think they're neater than ever. Lots of cute ideas in buckles; and patent leather, twisted and braided, is very interesting.

Daisy, daisy, tell me true, whatever are you goin' to do? No, I'm not going to inflict poetry on you, but I must tell you that there is a deep-laid plot to set us forth any moment now in daisy-embroidered dresses, lovely heavy silk crêpes, with colorful daisies (and other small flowers) embroidered with wild abandon.

We can revel in all kinds of lingerie touches around our throats, these days, and be perfectly style-secure about it. If you feel it's too bread-and-buttery-miss, try one of those dashing organdie jabots that I can still feel around my neck, when I sneaked it on for a minute! It was organdie all right, but, oh, so high hat. Cross-barred with silver threads, if you please!

It looks as if off-the-face hats are going to be bigger and smaller than ever. And do take care of your forehead—smooth out them thar lines—and remember, if the worst comes to the worst, hie you to a barber and get a bang cut! It does help out, when a bright thought furrows the brow.

curled forward on to the cheek, and there are the minutest curled bangs cut just right of the part.

Alice in Wonderland grows up with a sophisticated shift of her comb. This is how Carole Lombard has treated the Alice coiffure. Her hair is drawn straight back off the face, and the tortoise-shell bands are placed at the nape of her neck and just over her ears—holding her curls close to the neckline.

Do you see how chic the new curled dip is? It is shown at the bottom of the page, to the right. A short layer of hair is cut, and the

ends are curled upward—very dashing and very new, my sisters. Judith Allen, who wears this coiffure, has the rest of her pretty, soft hair waved off the face, grouping the long ends in a cluster of rolled curls at the back of the neck. The hairdresser has achieved a diagonal wave effect at the back, and at the front, just at the part, a tiny tendril or two twirls forward on to the temple.

Voilà, mesdames! What do you think of them—the new spring coiffures? If they don't lead you to a hairdresser's within the next few weeks, I'm no prophetess.

One Reason a Dog's Teeth Seldom Decay

Students now offer the answer to these puzzling questions; why puppies eat mud; why dogs' favorite delicacy is a bone. What we have learned from our four-legged pets about fighting tooth decay. What people must do that dogs do not.



An attractive smile must depend on glistening, healthy teeth. Many women forget that fact until too late.



Breeders of show dogs see that the dog's diet contains plenty of minerals and vitamins.

How an artist of a century or more ago would depict the tortures of toothache.

As everyone knows, the wildest delight of any true epicure in the dog world is a huge, juicy bone. After the meat is eaten, the bone itself is chewed and chewed, and that, in the opinion of many people, is one reason why dogs have good teeth. Bones are mainly composed of calcium and phosphorus; the same minerals which build strong, hard teeth. Many believe that the dogs' appetite for bones is merely nature's scheme for obtaining the minerals needed.

Human beings should include an abundance of mineral-containing foods in their diet also. Milk, cod liver oil, and cheese are especially rich in tooth- and bone-building minerals and the necessary vitamins.

Of course, chewing hard substances like bone also exercises the dogs' gums and keeps them healthy and may offer one more explanation of a dog's freedom from tooth decay.

The active cause of decay, in the human mouth, according to dental authorities, is acid-producing bacteria. These germs cause fermentation of the food particles that remain on teeth and under gums. In so doing, acids are formed which start decay. The germs which produce these acids live in the coating of film which covers teeth. This film forms after every meal. It creeps into every tiny crevice. Film actually glues germs to the teeth. For years we have studied ways of removing film. Recently a discovery

was made in The Pepsodent Company's laboratories—a new and different cleansing and polishing material. This new material is twice as soft and therefore a great deal safer than the polishing material generally used in tooth pastes.

This new cleansing material is contained in Pepsodent Tooth Paste exclusively. Because it is softer and therefore safer, Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety in tooth pastes. At the same time it stands unsurpassed in removing film and polishing enamel brilliantly.

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IF you could only keep them WRAPPED in "CELLOPHANE"

● Is it any *wonder* that a woman's hands show *age* before they should—generally long before hair or face or figure?

Try Campana's Italian Balm and see how genuinely good it is—how soft and smooth it keeps your hands; how free from signs of aging. Remember this: Italian Balm is the invention of an internationally famous Italian skin specialist—a secret, scientific blend of 16 ingredients, unlike anything you have ever tried before and *guaranteed* to banish the blemishes of housework, officework and weather *more quickly* than anything you ever used!

Send for a **FREE** Vanity Size Bottle—or get a long-lasting 35c, 60c, or \$1.00 bottle, or 25c tube, at your drug or department store.



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"CANADA'S MOST ECONOMICAL SKIN PROTECTOR"

Bright news notes from a
Canadian on Fifth Ave.



FASHION SHORTS

by Kay Murphy

YOU'LL "suit" yourself any day now, m'lassies! For it's going to be a suit spring. The double-breasted reefer suit is cunning, with enough thick seams and leather buttons to please even the most sophisticated Young Salt.

So now you take along your ashtrays with you. At least, I saw an afternoon dress t'other day that had huge metal buttons that unclipped—the bachelor-button type, y'know—and were used as ashtrays. I can't say I cared for the idea very much; it makes one too darned popular around cigarette-flipping time. Which should bring a little peace to a lady!

Oh, I was in love with a wreath of brown violets that a blonde head sported the other night at the theatre. In fact, saw a lot of head ornamentations. A large gold leaf motif, tucked into the back hair, was reproduced again on the front of the belt—as a buckle, indeed!

And didn't my blood pressure zip up and down at a recent showing of lounging pyjamas. The darling of them all, to my thinking, was a very tailored white jersey jacket over pale blue trousers. Naughty—and very nautical.

Quite a few hand-knit sweaters are ramblin' in from across the pond, for early spring. The bramble knit is scrumptious—all hairy and hoary, and yet wondrously soft.

A word about the new hosiery shades. Blend them with your darker costumes and contrast them with your lighter ones. Deep browns with deep brown outfit; and bare-leg sun-tans with those rarin' Tyrolean greens, and Bavarian rusts.

Well, gals, it looks as if the mysterious allure of Garbo has overcome the frank curves of La West. For in "Queen Christina" there are simply divine styles, all definitely along the basque lines. Quaint, but very wearable.

Yum yum; the fruit prints in the newer dresses are just gobs of strawberries, 'n' cherries, 'n' currants (red and black), 'n' gooseberries! And isn't the new calyx neckline a honey?

Keeping Ahead of the Fashions

(Continued from page 39)

parting, the hair sweeps back from the forehead with a low dip formed by one wave. Across the back the hair is curled up

to form a coil across the back of the neck. The effect, as you perceive, is stunning. A comb of brilliants is tucked into the curve that terminates the flat curls.

Another one-sided hair style is that worn by Anita Page, shown to the left at the top of the triangle. Her hair, of course, is long. It is parted fairly high on the right side and is waved in smooth, undulating waves across the head, dipping forward on to the left temple. On the right side the hair is drawn back in soft waves, brought smoothly around the back to the left, and there is dressed in a loose coil low in the neck. A few ends are

its dampening effect on the hair, will set a wave. A waving lotion, of course, contains special properties for holding a wave and if you use a good one of vegetable, rather than chemical content, you should not have any difficulty with dandruff. You can also use steam to keep the wave in place. Many women steam the wave in their hair for two nights and use a wave-setting lotion on the third, and find this very successful.

Excessive Perspiration

HOW CAN I prevent my face from perspiring? If I get the least bit warm or excited, my face perspires. Another thing that worries me still more is that I have fine fair hair all down the side of my face. It seems to me it shows terribly, but I have been afraid to try anything in case it gets worse. What should I do? I am so self-conscious of it and am sometimes simply miserable over it.

EVERY TIME, after you have washed your face, rinse with ice-cold water, pat dry and then apply an astringent. The excessive perspiration is due to lazy functioning of the pores of the skin and the stimulating effect of an astringent braces the skin and helps the pores to function normally. Pat the astringent on briskly with absorbent cotton and if you are away from home during the day, keep some with you in order that you may repeat the process at mid-day.

I think that you are worrying too much over the fine fair hair at the side of your face. Everybody has it to a certain extent. It is just that you are particularly conscious of it at the moment. I am quite sure that nobody else notices it, and I certainly wouldn't try to remove it. If it were dark, that would be different—you would bleach it so that it would be colorless, but since it is fair and fine there is no reason to suppose it is noticeable. Believe me, I know. We are all of us apt to get a complex about some minor detail which so far as other people are concerned does not exist.

Background for Amber

I HAVE a lovely string of amber (Chinese amber). I have been wearing them with a brown dress. I would like you to tell me what other colored dresses they would look well with, as I want to get a new dress and to wear the string occasionally. It is so pretty. I have dark hair and brown eyes.

I WOULD suggest either a dark green or a deep creamy beige for your new dress; either would be a delightful foil for your amber beads. You could wear them, too, with a deep, dark blue, particularly if your skin is fair and not inclined to sallowness. I can understand your wanting to wear your amber. It is beautiful and can enhance the plainest frock.

They Won't Let the Woman Pay!

(Continued from page 26)

nice little play down there, and two of our boys got parts. This made us all get the dramatic bug, and we do play-reading once a week now. We get copies of plays from the library, enough to have one for each two people and we just read the parts, not trying to learn them or put in action. You'd be surprised how much fun it is. We're even considering putting on a play at the end of the winter, in our house—those big double rooms would be fine for it—and we'll invite various people who have entertained us. I don't think the boys realize that we girls engineered it all, but they seem to like it, and they never complain about eating our food or taking up our time. It's just our filthy money they won't touch."

"It's nice all the girls have homes."

I HAVE reddish gold hair but it is gradually getting darker and losing its shine. I oil it regularly and brush it a great deal, but this makes no difference. I wonder if you would suggest something for me to use to keep it fair.

IT SEEMS to me as if your hair needs a tonic. You did not tell me what the condition of your scalp is like. Is it inclined to be oily or dry? If it is inclined to be oily—and I expect it is—you should get a tonic made especially for oily hair.

I think, perhaps, that a henna rinse would improve its color. Use the pure Egyptian henna if you like, or a good prepared product. To make your henna rinse, put a handful of Egyptian henna in a little cloth, tie it up and put it in a pint of cold water. Let it come to a boil, and then take the bag out and let the liquid simmer for five minutes. When lukewarm, use it as a final rinse for your hair. Let it dry on the hair. The strength of the henna rinse is something, of course, you will have to decide for yourself, but being a purely vegetable rinse it will wash out if you wish.

Individuality

WILL YOU kindly tell me how I should wear my hair? I have a round full face, rather high cheekbones and a short thick neck. My hair is medium brown and very fine.

Secondly, what colors should I wear? I am about five feet, three inches tall and weigh 116 pounds. My eyes are yellow-green, although certain shades of blue make them appear blue. My complexion is brownish with no natural coloring.

I'D SUGGEST that you wear your hair brushed up and back with no parting but having the hair waved so that it dips over one temple, thus avoiding horizontal lines. The effect is charmingly careless and should lend itself well to fine soft hair. Or I would suggest that you part your hair rather high up on one side and brush the hair sideways and back, waving it over the temple and again over the ear. On the side of the parting there might be an end curled around in a curl over the temple and another wave over the ear. The hair on both sides in this particular style covers the ears. Both styles are suitable for a rather round face, as they tend to lengthen it. Don't let your hair lie flatly to the head.

With regard to your best coloring, tones of green should suit you very well indeed. Reseda and bottle-green will make your skin look whiter in tone. Warm tones of beige, biscuit, deep rich red, turquoise and nigger brown should also suit you. There is a new shade of bronze green which should be very becoming to you. Dull, rather deep shades of blue can be worn, but see that they are not too bright, or too pale and washed-out-looking in tone.

"Oh, but they haven't," Joan explained. "One of them, Bess Burton, lives in a boarding house and was going to move some place she could entertain. But when the landlady heard about it, she offered the use of her living room once a week. Good customers like Bessaren't to be sneezed at these days."

"And are the boys still out of work?" "Yes, so far. But Tommy is peppier than he was, and studies a couple of hours a day so he won't get too rusty. The other boys are quite cheerful too, and I really think their chances of jobs will be better than if they had got all dreary and down-in-the-mouth."

"And do you still think Tommy is a maddening mule?" enquired Aunt Mary.

Joan grinned. "I'd still like to box his ears, but I can't help feeling proud of the mutt. And do you know the one couple I told you about that I thought were so sensible. Well, as time went on, you could see him sagging visibly; she began to treat him horribly and now they've had a complete bust-up. Evidently it does something to a man when the girl makes grand gestures instead of him. And I guess we girls still react to caveman stuff. We like a boy who puts us in our place, and won't let himself be wheedled."

DON'T BELIEVE IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE "MIDDLE-AGED"

Chances Are It's Only "Acid Stomach"—Now Easily Corrected—That You Have!



THE SIGNS OF ACID STOMACH

| | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Nervousness | Loss of Appetite |
| Neuralgia | Frequent Headaches |
| Indigestion | Feeling of Weakness |
| Auto-Intoxication | Sleeplessness |
| Nausea | Mouth Acidity |
| Sour Stomach | |

WHAT TO DO FOR IT



TAKE—2 Teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

Authorities now tell us that one of the penalties of middle-age is acid stomach. A rebellion, of the stomach, after years of faulty diet.

Check up on any of your acquaintances who have reached middle-life. Note how a great many of them will complain of a "weak stomach," frequent headaches, nausea, sleeplessness, and afternoon fag—depletion.

Few will know what the cause. But most will have acid stomach.

Thanks to modern scientific knowledge this condition need not be chronic. It is quickly and easily correctable, if you know the way. And it is a simple way, for all you do is this:

How To Get Rid Of It Quickly, Easily

If you have Acid Stomach, you can easily trace it. Headaches, stomach pains after eating, "gas," "upsets," nausea are the usual indications.

Now—to get rid of it, all you need do is this:

TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

Try It—You Will Be Amazed

Try this and, chances are, it will make a great difference in your life. For this small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts to neutralize the stomach acids that cause your distress.

After-meal pains and discomfort go. You feel freedom from dull headaches. That "afternoon fag"—you think is depletion or "nerves"—disappears. You feel like another person. Everywhere people

are doing this. Everywhere doctors are advocating it.

Get REAL Phillips'

When you buy, be sure to get the REAL article—Genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. Always ask for it by the name PHILLIPS—for all "milk of magnesia" is not alike in effect. So take care to see you get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the kind doctors endorse—judged the most reliable neutralizer of stomach acids known.—25c and 50c sizes.

Also in Tablet Form

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

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PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

Hands chap more and age faster than your Face

but it is
easy to keep
Hands softly
smooth,
appealingly
young —



DIFFERENT SKIN—just feel. Draw your finger hard across your forehead. Unless you've just powdered, you can feel the oil that keeps this skin soft, smooth. Then touch the back of your hand. This is non-oily skin, unprotected skin—it chaps easily, roughens, soon looks old.



Soft, white, young hands win love

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This lotion goes into skin cells more quickly, more completely than any other lotion tested. Try it yourself at our expense—

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HOUSEWORK, winds, winter weather—these all help to dry out the sensitive, non-oily hand skin because they take away the precious moisture Nature intended should keep it smooth and young.

But it is possible to put such moisture back into the skin—

Jergens Lotion is especially compounded to go right down into the thirsty inner skin cells.

Restores moisture to skin

It does this more quickly, more completely than other lotions tested in recent scientific tests.

That is why Jergens never feels sticky!

You'll marvel at the way a single application of Jergens Lotion soothes and relaxes rough, chapped skin. One of its famous ingredients is just what skin specialists prescribe for softening and smoothing the skin. Another is wonderful for whitening.

If you go on using Jergens Lotion regularly, you'll soon be having the most flattering things said about your smooth, soft hands! You can get it wherever beauty preparations are sold—two sizes, 50¢ and \$1.00. Also in the ten-cent stores in the handy, smaller bottle.

Annabelle Lee tells

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Send a stamped envelope for a personal reply from Chatelaine's Beauty Editor

I AM troubled with excess underarm perspiration. I have tried various deodorants. They all stop the odor but I always have unsightly wet patches on my clothes. None of my girl friends have them. I've been putting shields in my dresses, but with such things as sheer blouses—well, the shields show, and that looks about as ugly as the other. Mother says maybe it's because I'm so healthy, but that isn't much consolation, is it?

IN ORDER to keep the underarms free from perspiration, you should first keep them at all times free from hair, using either a razor or one of the standard depilatories for this. Each night take a warm bath. A bath brush attached to the faucet is a good thing to use, because you can gradually let the water run cold and thus allow the pores to close. Again in the morning, if you have a shower, have a lukewarm shower turning to cold. If you haven't a shower, use the bath brush again and scrub yourself vigorously, first with lukewarm and then with cold water. Dry with a rough towel and powder with a good deodorant powder, patting it particularly under the arms. See that your garments do not cling too closely under the arms. Use a good perspiration preventive once or twice a week. If you use the strong type, remember this is not to be used until forty-eight hours have elapsed after shaving or the use of a depilatory.

Coiffure for Thin Face

I HAVE a very thin face. How should I wear my hair to make my face look more round? When first washed, my hair is red, wavy, and now I wear it in a long bob and back, showing my ears. Does a thin person look better with a short bob?

I AM going to suggest that you part your hair rather low down and brush it slantwise back and across your forehead, and waved deeply over on to the temple and again over the ear. On the other side, the hair is waved again forward on to the temple and over the ear. The wave coming in just this position adds width to the head, and the slanting line of hair across the forehead is unusual and very distinctive.

Blonde or Brunette?

WILL YOU please tell me the right shade of make-up to use? I have hair like the enclosed sample, fair skin and medium brown eyes. Just what type would you call me? Am I a light brunette?

YOUR HAIR seems to me to hold golden lights and is more blonde than brunette. You therefore fall into the brown-eyed blonde category which is a very attractive type. Choose a light shade of lipstick and rouge—one with an orange cast rather than a blue tone. For your colors, choose a golden brown for your neutral tint; this will echo the golden glints of your hair. Shades of beige are becoming if they tone with the skin; wallflower color schemes and soft fresh shades of nasturtium will suit you if they are not too rich. Woodland tints of brown and mossy green should be very becoming.

Make-up and Colors

I HAVE some freckles and yet tan a little in the summer. My skin is inclined to be dry. What creams should I use and what color of

powder, rouge and lipstick? What colors in clothes would you advise?

YOUR SKIN is inclined to be dry, so you should use a nourishing cream at night.

With your coloring I don't think the freckles are a disadvantage at all. You could use a bleaching cream on them now and again if you like, but at this time of year I expect they have faded out to quite an extent. The color of your powder should be a creamy rachel and your rouge and lipstick should be along deepish orange tones—almost a geranium. I cannot give you the actual names of trade colors because they vary with every make of rouge. But see that you get a rouge and lipstick along orange tones and use a darkish color rather than a light.

As to your best colors, greens and browns are outstandingly yours. Soft wood-greens, soft mossy-greens should suit you, and also the deeper, more vivid shades. Peacock could be used and jade. Dark green, too, would be excellent for you. Deep creamy beige would be very becoming and you can wear dark, deep blues, also the very lovely turquoise. In the summertime you will be able to wear yellow and shades of maize and gold, amber too.

What to Use

I HAVE very little money to spend on myself, but as I am thirty-six I realize I must choose wisely or be sorry. My problem is this. Would you please give me the names of good cosmetics to use? There are so many advertised and as they are all the very best, I am at a loss. I use creams, of course, and rouge, powder and a very little lipstick. My complexion is clear and healthy. I do my own housework, so am indoors about the stove. My hair is dark, very thick and very straight. I wear it combed off the face and cut quite short. Can the hair be set with anything other than wave-setting lotions? They seem to cause dandruff.

FOR YOUR staple preparations you need, first a cleansing cream, even if you use it only occasionally when your skin feels too dry for soap and water. You can use a cold cream for this purpose if you like, and a cold cream has certain nourishing qualities and can therefore be used as a nourishing cream also. The second thing you require is a skin tonic to stimulate circulation. This should be used always after using cleansing cream, and also after washing. Cold water splashed on the face acts as an astringent to a certain extent, but a skin tonic contains certain astringent properties that are very beneficial to the skin. The third thing is nourishing cream which, as I have said, may be your cold cream if you like, or may be another cream designed especially for nourishing. You don't have to leave on a great deal at night, you know. Massage the cream into the skin gently and wipe off the superfluous amount which is left on the skin. Use a hand lotion to keep your hands soft and smooth. You can use this same lotion as a powder foundation on your face, and also at night on your neck and arms before retiring.

Keep your hair and scalp healthy by frequent brushing, massage and regular shampooing. To a certain extent, anything that dampens the hair will make it malleable for wave-setting. Even water will do this. But water used day after day on the hair is not good for it. Any hair tonic, because of

NUMBER TWELVE IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

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"Spring Was in the Air"

(Continued from page 9)

She fawned and slavered, . . . did she. Madelaine should see him with his face strapped up like a kicking horse, not shaved for two days. He cared about Madelaine, who had once been his wife. Madelaine was rested and *soignée* and young looking and most incredibly beautiful. Only an hour ago a visiting hairdresser and manicurist had ceased their expensive ministrations. Breathing lightly and savagely Lynette ran upstairs.

The lovely star sat dreaming in the soft light of late afternoon by the open window. Spring was in the air. It reached fluttering silken fingers even up from the noisy London street.

"A friend of yours has just been brought in and is asking for you, Miss Moon," said Lynette Carver quietly.

"A patient? An accident?"

"I'll show you," Lynette offered tensely.

"A man or woman? And how on earth did they know I was here?"

"I don't know," mumbled Lynette.

She was in an angry, incoherent dream; just hoping they would not meet the matron or the under-matron and conscious of little else.

She opened the door and said to Rob Moon with professional cheerfulness.

"Visitor for you."

The listlessness vanished from his face. It was suddenly beautifully and alarmingly alive and vivid. He had risen to his feet and was staring.

"Madelaine!"

"Oh, Rob! Rob! you aren't ill? What has brought you here?"

He never hesitated. It came rushing out with the headlong, almost tearful relief of a small boy who confesses guilt or secret terror. The single sentence was a terrific unburdening.

"Oh, Madelaine, I've had my face lifted . . . and I've felt old and finished ever since, darling."

Then Lynette turned and ran. Amnesia, hysteria, some neurosis. She ran down the stairs in her pale leaf-green shantung uniform. When she realized herself she was leaning up against the pillar box at the bottom of Harley Street with the tears pouring down her face and a policeman watching her warily.

THEY PUT her to bed and made her heroine of the hour . . . but Martin Virnett never came near her.

"Overwork and nervous exhaustion," said the old doctor who happened to be visiting the nursing home when Lynette meandered back, still weeping, and collapsed in a pale green and white heap on the front door mat.

"There's more in this than meets the eye," said the matron sagely. "Apparently Lynette Carver took things into her own hands and staged this beautiful reconciliation, and then just passed out after the effort."

"Apparently she seized Madelaine Moon and shoved her into Rob Moon's room on some pretext and they just fell into each other's arms and that was that," lisped the under-matron.

"Sounds very idealistic and simple, but I have an idea it wasn't quite as simple as that. What led up to it? Just a sudden inspiration?"

"How should I know? His manager was there. And has he broadcast the glad news. Really, it's rather revolting. All those photographs of them taken together. I suppose it's splendid publicity. What the public loves."

Then, on the eve of her remarriage to Rob Moon, Madelaine Moon called at the nursing home—with a ridiculous £300

diamond bracelet for Nurse Lynette Carver. It was inscribed inside:

"Blessed are the peacemakers."

Madelaine tried to see Lynette, and was told she was going home for a long rest at the end of the week.

Lynette refused flatly to see her. The matron and the nurses, the whole world might go mad about her diamond bracelet.

"I am afraid," said Madelaine Moon gently, sitting in the soft April twilight of the matron's private sitting room and talking to a bewildered and apologetic matron and under-matron, and a completely silent young Doctor Martin Virnett. "I am afraid the poor little girl crashed for Rob. Rob thinks that's the trouble, too. She's at that age. It's a trouble he's always up against."

"I think you're wrong, Mrs. Moon," said Doctor Martin casually. "She was amused by your husband . . . but she's going to marry me."

"That's splendid; then why all this fuss about taking the diamond bracelet, and seeing Rob and me? We are both dying to thank her. Why won't she come to our wedding?"

"We're both coming," said the doctor. "Looking forward to it immensely."

"Then why won't she see Rob and myself?"

"I'm sorry," said Martin, very gently. "She doesn't like your husband very much. That's why."

"Good gracious!"

"It can happen."

"But of course. Nevertheless, we both feel we owe her all our happiness. We'd like you both to be present at our wedding."

"We shall be," smiled Doctor Martin Virnett. "And a thousand thanks and good wishes."

Madelaine turned round at the door and said with puzzled earnestness and sincerity: "Do you know, I suppose it sounds odd, but I just can't imagine the woman who wouldn't fall for Rob. Do you really mean that nurse didn't like him?"

"Really," said the doctor, smiling. "Incredible, isn't it?"

Later he wandered into Lynette Carver's room and sat down uninvited. Lynette lay with her face turned to the wall, and on the bed lay the diamond bracelet in its open case.

"I told Mrs. Moon we were coming to their wedding tomorrow," he mentioned negligently, "so you had better get a good night's sleep."

"I hate Rob Moon."

"I doubt that. You thought you were frantically in love with him. Mrs. Moon thinks you were mad about him. I told her no. I told her you rather disliked him."

"I meant to humiliate him."

"Yes, I thought that might be at the bottom of it."

"And I brought them together . . . and they keep sending me flowers . . . and being photographed together; and now this diamond bracelet. I feel so mean and horrible . . . I can't bear it."

"I'm afraid you'll have to; live down what is in your own heart and knowledge. I hear you're going to run away from it. Leave here?"

"Yes. I never want to see the place again."



"You've been a little fool," said the doctor. "Why not build on it again, in the same place. Face up. Wear the diamond bracelet. Come to their wedding. Accept the part of their good fairy. Moon will always think you were madly and crazily in love with him, and your better and finer nature won and that is why you suddenly brought them together. He thinks that's why you're ill. You're not really ill. It's a kind of youthful distemper, part rage, part wounded vanity you're suffering from. Why not face up. You're fine stuff really."

"What do they all think—the matron? Everyone?"

"That you're going to marry me when you get more sensible. I've just told them so."

"I wanted to hurt Rob Moon," said Lynette Carver slowly. "I thought he'd hate his wife to know he'd had his face lifted; to see him strapped up in that idiotic way."

"When you're as old as I am you'll know the silliness and the vanities of the people you love don't really matter," said Martin Virnett quietly.

"Oh, Martin. I'm so wretched."

"Of course you are. You don't like the picture of yourself and that's all that's wrong with you. Sister Lewis had an impacted wisdom tooth out at noon today. She feels like death warmed up, but they've got a Caesarian and a strangulated hernia in, and she's got to be on all night because you're out of the running with nursing your wounded vanity and licking your imaginary wounds."

"Oh, Martin, I'll never feel the same about anything again as long as I live."

"I don't suppose you will, Lynette, not quite."

"Just go away and let me cry, Martin, and tell Sister Lewis I'll take over tonight and she can go to bed. I'll be on duty in half an hour."

He smiled suddenly.

"Very well, Lynette."

He longed to take the pretty, ruffled blonde head in his arms, to tell her he adored her, needed her, was tired of his probation.

"Martin, I've nothing to wear at the wedding tomorrow."

"You've a £300 diamond bracelet."

He fastened it very gently on her wrist. He was steady under the waves of uncontrollable tenderness that swept over him at the nervous clinging of her fingers.

"Face up, Lynette."

"It's such a filthy . . . and ugly . . . mean little ME I've got to live with, every day. You see, I know that quite clearly now. I can't get away from it. They all say it was marvellous the way I brought those two together again, but only I know I heard Rob Moon say hateful things about me—and they made me mad. And now you know, too. Martin, I want to tell you just what Rob Moon said about me . . . because I'll hate that more than anything, but it will make me feel better."

"Just as you wish."

"They were so horrible, and so completely true."

"I see, dear."

"I haven't quite . . . got the pluck tonight."

"I see, dear."

She suddenly lifted his hand; and he thought it was to stare at the glittering bracelet. He felt her lips on his hand, warm and light.

"Go away now, dear Martin," she whispered tremulously. "I want to cry so dreadfully."

So Martin, who wanted to stay more than anything in the world, quietly crept away.

On the way downstairs to send Sister Lewis to bed he stared out of the landing window.

The plane tree in the garden was like a jade fountain playing mysteriously in the cool twilight. Birds twittered in it. Stars sparkled through it. An innocent new moon topped it.

Doctor Martin drew a long breath and smiled a little tremulously.

Spring was in the air.

worked together early and late, in silence. Discreetly, madame watched the two under lowered eyelashes.

"You are your father's own son," she approved tactfully one Sunday afternoon, when behind the blank closed shutters facing the street, the entire family of Fleury sat working overtime in the kitchen. "Your hands are skilful enough when you wish. See, my husband, what an exquisite bow he has spun there of the sugar!"

Gustave Fourth gave a begrudging glance. "Mais oui," he grunted. "When he wills."

In stubborn silence, Gustave continued the pink candy bow-knot into a clever twisted ribbon. A ray of warm sunshine played on his work-table; through the little back window the May breeze breathed invitation. Not far away, the blue-grey Seine flowed serenely under its old bridges; the Isle Verte, nestling for him and Mariette, under the benign old Pont Neuf, waited humid and green, bursting with scented bud. Sighing, he snapped off the end of his candy ribbon deftly and glanced at the battered kitchen clock.

His father, laboring over his last exasperating lilies of the valley, burst into irritation.

"The clock, the clock, always the clock!" he stormed, brushing several tiny fallen bells to the floor. "A true pastry artist knows no time. What is it you have in the head—a rendezvous? A woman, I suppose? Bah! Keep your little *cocottes* for after working-hours, where they belong, the—"

"Be quiet!" The pink streamer broke under rigid brown fingers as Gustave Fifth sprang to his feet. "Tais-toi!" he blazed, shaking his fist in the purpling face of his incredulous sire. "None may speak thus of my fiancée."

Madame gave a little shriek of dismay.

"What is it that you say, my son? Your fiancée? Oh, *mon dieu, mon dieu!*" she wailed. "Gustave, my son, be reasonable." Imploringly she turned to her still speechless husband. "We ask no questions; have your little affairs, but see, *mon cher*, be a man. Buy her off afterward: we will give you money." Again she glanced at her husband for support and he nodded angrily. "But—fiancée! Impossible! Ridiculous!" Her voice grew cajoling. "Gustave, my little cuckoo, surely you would not bring disgrace upon our name. If you must marry, there is the little Martin, a sweet child, with a dowry of twenty thousand. Or your fourth cousin on your father's side, with whom you used to play—Henriette. Not a beauty, *ma foi*, but—"

Monsieur Fleury had found his voice.

"Who," he sputtered, "who is this—woman?"

With pale disdain, Gustave faced him.

"This woman?" He smiled coldly. "She is but a girl." Steadily he returned his father's fiery gaze above the bristling russet-and-grey mustaches. "She is—her name is—" then he stopped. "No, I do not tell you," he cried. "She waits for me. She is good, she is sweet, she is loyal. In two years when I attain my majority, then—you shall know." Deliberately he looked at the clock. "And now," he added politely, "since you know and since I have finished my task here like a dutiful son and since the hour grows late and I have, as you guessed, *mon père*, a rendezvous, I bid you good afternoon. Adieu!"

THE ISLE VERTE was verdant and sweet-scented; the Seine flowed serenely; half-hidden on their bench behind a great flowering bush, his face buried in Mariette's fragrant hair, Gustave could almost forget the sickening odors of vanilla and almond and the dissatisfactions of the parental foyer. For a time they sat there, speaking only in those murmurs and silences of lovers.

"Forgive me that I am late," Gustave whispered happily. "We are so occupied—I feared I should never arrive at all."

"Oh, think you you are the only ones?" teased the girl, her red lips pouting delightfully. "Mon dieu! how my father's orders pour in! I am today half-dead with fatigue. And besides"—she smiled secretly to herself—"we make preparations for the Exposition—"

But the boy had pressed a laughing mouth to hers.

"Take care, my sweet! Remember—we agreed last year, when we found one another at the Académie Julien—ah, that day!—we agreed never to mention our fathers' affairs. It would not be honorable."

"Gustave!" flashed the girl indignantly. "How unjust! I do not need you to bid me protect my dear father's secrets. Me, I adore papa."

"Naturally, *chérie*," sighed the boy. "As, alas! despite all, I love mine. He is truly so good—like a sweet chestnut inside his rough burr. For myself, I should hate his *métier*—but one must admire his genius. He is indeed the master chef of all Paris."

"H-m-m-m!" The girl moved slightly from his close embrace. "Do not be too sure. My father, too, is a great artist. Many say that the House of Dufour is of a greater originality, while the House of Fleury but repeats itself year after year—"

"Little imbecile!" laughed Gustave adoringly, trying to squeeze her close again. "What can you know of all this?"

But Mariette drew away with growing coolness.

"I know," she defended with trembling lips, "I know that my father is a marvel. A marvel, I tell you."

"Of course. But of course," smiled her lover. "Second only to my father."

"Second to none," cried the girl, her eyes flashing. "To none!" She sat upright on the bench.

"Now, now, see, *ma petite*," frowned Gustave. "That is a little strong, *ma foi*! After all, papa has won the *Grand Prix* for ten years past."

"Ah, but what about the ten years to come?" retorted the girl.

"Ah, we fear nothing for those," smiled the boy easily, trying again to pull her back, but Mariette had sprung to her feet angrily. Tears welled from her eyes and rolled down her flushed cheeks; she stamped one little high-heeled shoe desperately.

Bewildered and at last serious, Gustave rose and took her gently by her slender shoulders.

"Come, *ma bien aimée*," he pleaded. "Let us not spoil our brief hour with disputes over our fathers. Come, sweet, sit down. Look there at our beautiful Seine, so calm, so friendly. See our beloved Pont Neuf, strong against that so exquisite sky of spring. And up there, how charming the profiles of those two young girls, the sunlight on their golden hair,—why, *chérie*, what—?"

For Mariette, tossing her dark head furiously, had turned on her heel.

"So!" she said icily. "With great difficulty I steal away from work at our shop, for you; and all you can talk of is charming young blondes. *Bien*, follow them—your blondes. I leave you . . . and you need not follow, neither now nor ever. I return to papa."

And before the dazed Gustave could speak, she had tripped up the stone steps leading to the Pont Neuf above. He watched her pert head moving along the rampart without turning until it disappeared on the other side.

On the budding yellow bush a bird began to pour out its heart in the thin sunshine. Angrily Gustave stooped and picked up a pebble, then he hurled it into the river instead. For a moment he watched the circles widening, then sinking back on the bench, he buried his face in his lean hands. But only for a moment. With a lift of the head not unlike old Gustave's, he stood up and rubbed his coat sleeve across his eyes. Then he sniffed and brushed angrily at a trace of white near the cuff—was it Mariette's face powder? He sniffed again and smiled wryly. No, it was confectioner's sugar. Leaving it there, Gustave Fifth started slowly back to the pastry shop of his forefathers.

"I KNOW NOT what the boy has these past days!"

Madame shook a genuinely distressed head. Gustave Fourth, absorbed, only grunted for answer, but to her practised ear, it was a pleased grunt. She was hovering admiringly about as he gave the last deft



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BROWNATONE
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Honor Among Pastrycooks

(Continued from page 13)

"My little cuckoo!" she murmured, watching the kitchen. "Tell your *petite maman*—"

But again the bell rang—the first tea customer. Soon every table was overflowing, and Gustave, stern, aloof but dutiful, darted rapidly from one to the other, bringing meringues of whipped cream to matrons whose curves already overflowed the slender chairs, standing courteously by while pasty-faced schoolgirls made giggling choice from his enticing tray and changed their minds and snickered and changed again. The air grew heavy and sweet with drifting, sensuous odors; voices chattered; there was the subdued smacking of ecstatic lips, the ping of forks against light china; outside the spring rain still drizzled, but within bloomed the gourmand's paradise.

To young Gustave it was purgatory; three hours he served his penance grimly, but not until after seven, with the last customer gone, the front door securely locked, his mother busy at her soup pot and his father, napkin over eyes, snoring in the little family apartment behind the shop, could he turn once more to his own affairs. Sniffing in relief at the good plain smell of carrots and potatoes floating in from the kitchen, Gustave cautiously opened his private drawer and drew forth the ruins. Over the clay fragments he could only shake a bitter head, but the torn blue-prints he spread out and began carefully to fit together.

A hand touched his shoulder; he started guiltily, then smiled in relief. It was only his mother.

"Poor little one," she murmured. She listened a moment, then reassured by the snores still coming from the apartment beyond, she picked up the clay fragments and shook her head, pityingly. "My little cuckoo, why have you not confided before in your *petite maman*? Have I not always managed to procure for you what you desired?"

Nodding, the boy kissed her plump, work-worn hand.

"When your father refused the electric train for your seventh birthday, did not my dear friend, Madame Pierre, present you, oddly enough, with the very model you wished? And did I not lead you for your first climb of your beloved Eiffel Tower, when your father declared you too young?"

Gustave forced a smile.

"Yes, yes, *maman*. But—it is to me so distasteful, always this deception, this lying—"

"Lying?" Madame was indignant. "How you are unjust, Gustave! I only keep from your father what it would hurt him to hear. Did I not say truthfully that day that I took you to the circus—what if we happened by chance afterward to visit the Eiffel Tower?" She kissed the top of his smooth, dark head. "Ah, *pauvre chéri*, you fit together your plans? One moment—" And disappearing, she returned, on a savory whiff of *pot au feu*, bearing in her hands a cup of hastily mixed flour paste.

"Voilà!" she beamed. "And remember—just in case—this is not glue I give you. It is but flour and water, proper tools of our trade."

Her son laughed.

"*Maman, maman!* You are irresistible."

She turned in the doorway with a look of the blindest innocence.

"Has it occurred to you, my son," she remarked, "that sugar, too, is an excellent medium for—*eh bien*—for any little experiments you like? But mind!"—she shook a hasty finger as she retired to her soup pot—"I encourage nothing. As always, I am in complete accord with your father."

Chuckling, Gustave dipped his spatula

into the flour paste and set to work. He had almost assembled the precious blue-print again, when a light tap on the glass pane stopped him. Through the still misty window a girl's fresh face materialized, smiled and vanished again into the wet dusk.

With a low cry of pleasure, Gustave thrust the sheets into the drawer, hurled the clay bits into the wastebasket and, gliding noiselessly through the family hall-way, slipped out the back door. A few steps along a tiny, cobbled alley, a corner turned, and there, plainly garbed in black, but graceful and sweet under her cotton umbrella, waited the girl.

"Mariette!" breathed Gustave, his sober face lighting at last into the glow of youth.

"Gustave, *mon amour!*" she sang, and the two were blotted into one under the dripping umbrella. Passers-by walked around with indifference or smiled indulgently; the young man's feet stood rapturously in a puddle, the girl's black cotton stockings grew spotted with still darker splashes of rain; at last, glowing, they emerged and strolled arm in arm toward the Seine, two lovers for all the world to see.

IN THE BUSY weeks that followed for the House of Fleury, there was no time for further scenes between the two Gustaves. No one mentioned the subject of their quarrel and family life proceeded as usual. If monsieur, one morning, surprised madame, market basket in hand, lingering unaccountably over the musty volumes in the Quai bookstalls along the Seine, he was the gainer thereby next day by a genuine first edition of Dumas Père's famous cook-book; while his son discreetly refrained from identifying the anonymous donor of the thick treatises on architectural engineering which appeared from time to time in his hidden drawer.

All interest now centred about the coming Exposition. Gustave Senior, white cap askew, temper short and temperament at fever heat, labored long, passionate hours with cone and spatula at his marble-topped table; before him a fresh basket of lilies of the valley, boiling pot on the stove, his secret sugar confection, mixed only behind closed doors, covered with a napkin. Slowly the stubborn, fragile white bells were yielding to his patient magic. Soon he would complete the two dozen perfect sprays that must be added to the already blooming purple fleurs-de-lis in the great yellow sugar basket, the masterpiece which was to uphold the honor of the House of Fleury.

To the pastry chefs of Paris, this competition, held with tremendous éclat in the grand ballroom of the Hôtel du Printemps, was the great event of the year. And for ten years now, the House of Fleury, after long, heart-stopping deliberation of the judges, had carried off the coveted Blue Ribbon for its unrivalled sugared flowers; while the House of Dufour had won second place by some master stroke of originality—last spring, with a handsome sugared ham, drawn in an edible Roman chariot by four snorting almond-paste pigs that almost cost Fleury his first rank. What Dufour had under his cape this year, no one knew. It was rumored that his daughter was somehow concerned, but at any rate time was short and the House of Fleury was on its mettle.

Moreover, it was the season. There is something about a Paris spring, with its mists and pale gold sunshine, its capricious promises and delicious fulfillments that swells the heart like a bursting bud and oddly increases one's gastronomic appreciations. Day after day, the little shop bell kept up a continual tinkle; every shining table was full; tray upon tray of sweet delights melted away; countless cornucopias left the counter in fingers that could scarcely wait to untie the gilded string.

And the special orders were pouring in—a pink christening cake, topped by an almond-paste cradle; a fairy pagoda of white icing, peopled by tiny chic figurines, for the wedding of a famous *couturier's* daughter; woven sugar baskets to grace the supper tables of May dances—all these *commandes* must be mixed and modelled, swathed in glazed paper, and delivered in a Fleury box to eager customers. Gustave and his father



"NERVES"

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saw the rosy saint in her blonde wig, and her paler sugar replica. He gave a start and stopped; one foot slipped on the shiny floor; the cloth-covered object trembled in his hands; he steadied himself desperately. Then, as a cry of horror arose from the ring of spectators, the Fleury masterpiece, still hidden from the world, crashed to the floor.

Only the lightest scatter of spun sugar and flower petals, yet at the far end of the room, though mercifully hidden from the sight by the crowd, Gustave Fourth's ear caught the significant sound. Madly he rushed forward to where his son, the wreck of his father's honor at his feet, stood staring incredulously at his traitorous brown hands.

As the master chef flung himself without shame upon the debris, sobbing behind his big hands, mournful murmurs arose: "Fleury! . . . *Cher confrère!* . . . What a tragedy!" But deaf to their sympathy, Fleury only raised two desperate arms to his son.

"Gustave! My son! My son!" he choked, and the boy, pale and silent, knelt down, clasping the broad shoulders in his long young arms and kissing, unabashed, the leathery wet cheeks.

It was at this moment that Madame Fleury, breathless, her best flowered bonnet awry, appeared at the big double doors, bearing tenderly in her maternal arms a large and much swathed package. Hurrying toward the Apprentices' Table, she set it down and began carefully to unwrap the coverings. Suddenly the repeated murmur of "Fleury! . . . *Ah, le pauvre Fleury!*" caught her ear, and looking up she caught the scene at the other end of the room. With a frightened *mon dieu!* she hurried forward. The crowd parted in touched silence. "My husband! My son!" she wailed, and folded her two men into her ample embrace.

Behind her, hand outstretched and black eyes softened, stepped the rival Dufour.

"Fleury! *Cher confrère!*"—he had begun, when a light touch肘ed him aside. Almost as pale as her sugar statue, the young Saint Genevieve laid a gentle hand on Gustave's shoulder. He looked up into her soft and ardent gaze and a faint surprised smile flashed over his face. The Fleury family rose unsteadily to its feet.

Impulsively the girl turned to Monsieur Fleury.

"Monsieur," she cried earnestly. "It is not just, this accident. It is all my fault. The House of Dufour will not exhibit."

"What is it that you say?" frowned Dufour père. "But Mariette, it is not for you to say—"

His daughter tossed her head.

"For myself," she defied, "I refuse to continue," and smiling deeply at young Gustave she began to remove the draperies from her head.

"But, my daughter"—began Dufour, his eyes hardening again. Old Fleury raised his hand.

"No, mademoiselle," he bowed, pathetically gentle. "Fleury and Son cannot accept your generosity. The Exposition of the Pastry Chefs of the City of Paris must go on as usual." And he waved a superb command to a hotel attendant, who began in respectful silence to sweep up the scattered flower petals and bits of sugar.

Admiring cries rose from the watching group of chefs and apprentices. With a long look into the wet eyes of the young Saint Genevieve, Gustave Fifth turned to his father.

"Come, my father," he murmured, offering his arm. "Let us go home—and make plans for next year."

Gratefully the elder Fleury accepted and the spectators parted again in respectful silence. Fleury's head was bowed and he was scarcely aware of his wife, who with bonnet flowers trembling and eyes bright with excitement, was whispering into her son's ear. Young Gustave gave an incredulous start, glanced down at the Apprentices' Table, then nodded a hopeful assent. He turned to his father.

"Father! Perhaps—it may be—will you not wait just to see if—"

But at that moment, the great gold clock

whirled, the fat Cupids struck four blows on their anvils, and through the big carved doors now streamed the eager gourmand public. Simultaneously, by a private entrance, the judges, redder of face and wiping their various whiskers with satisfaction, filed gravely forth and mounted their tricolored dais.

The manager of the Hôtel du Printemps raised his gavel.

"*Mesdames, messieurs!*" he began. The Exposition of the Pastry Chefs of the City of Paris had formally opened.

Abruptly Fleury broke away from his wife and son.

"No, no," he protested above the din of the crowd. "Stay if you will, but me, only leave me alone, I implore you." And with a grim face, he disappeared into the café.

It was there his son found him, some time later, staring absently over his empty glass, his broad countenance fallen for the first time into the haggard lines of age.

"But, my father!" The boy's eyes glowed. "We have searched for you everywhere. Come, but come!"

"Yes, Father Fleury," nodded the other half of the "we," her saint's drapery pushed back from her flushed face, her own dark curls straying out under the blonde wig. "Only come with us."

Old Gustave stared, dazed.

"What is this she calls me?" he demanded of his son.

"Father Fleury! Yes, my father. Mariette is my fiancée. We wait only your consent. We have already the blessing of my mother and of Monsieur Dufour."

Fleury's eyes flashed their old fire; then he bowed his head.

"*Bien, my son,*" he said dully. "Very well. You have chosen—shrewdly."

"But, my father!" Gustave and the girl exchanged a conspirator's glance. "It is not like that. Come—the judges await you."

"Me?" Gustave Fourth drew back with suspicion. "No, no, I refuse. No consolation prize. The House of Fleury loses as it has always won—with honor."

"But yes, yes. But no. Dear papa. Only come!" And each taking an arm, the laughing young people led him back through the crowded ballroom.

The crowd, already familiar with the Dufour-Fleury drama, parted breathlessly as the three made their way to the Dufour exhibit and stopped. Père Dufour was standing smiling beside his sugar saint; against it rested the coveted blue and gold ribbon of the *Grand Prix*. Bravely the dethroned Fleury held out his hand. His successful rival grasped it heartily.

"Congratulations!" beamed Dufour heartily. "Congratulations on your son."

"My son?" echoed Fleury, wondering.

"Your son! Congratulations!" repeated his smiling *confrères* all about, as the dazed Fleury, propelled by the two laughing young people, advanced to his own exhibition table. Under the sign: "FLEURY AND SON" stood his wife, her hands proudly outstretched toward her husband. All about him friendly faces smiled in some secret he alone did not share. He turned to his son.

"I comprehend not," he wavered. "Another *Grand Prix*? But this is not ours . . . this exhibit here . . . I did not make this . . . this . . ." He waved a feeble hand.

"But your son did! Gustave made it," burst forth Mariette. "Gustave built it, all in secret, from your own sugar."

"Such a surprise!" echoed madame, her plump face glowing. "All unknown to us he prepared it—the little devil!"

"It is the first time the judges award two *Grand Prix*," explained the boy.

"And they say," added the girl, "that it is truly a work of genius. Not merely of the pastry chef but of the great engineer—a man with a future. Ah, we have such plans, Father Fleury. I shall take Gustave's place in your shop while—"

But Gustave Fourth, with Gustave Fifth's hand clasped tightly in his, was staring beyond the blue-and-gold ribbon of the *Grand Prix* at a small, perfect Eiffel Tower of pure white sugar.

Stark, staring eyes that count the dreary hours, aching for the peaceful oblivion of slumber—close them, softly, naturally, safely, by slow, firm strokes on the back of the neck with a palmful of soothing Absorbine Jr.—and drift away into blessed hours of sweet and healing sleep.



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touches to his masterpiece. And it was a masterpiece. In a graceful giant basket of woven sugar bloomed purple fleurs-de-lis, shining and haughty, while between them lilies of the valley drooped their delicate heads—and all so perfectly preserved that their stillness almost seemed to sway into life under the spring breeze that drifted through the kitchen window. A purple candy bow flared from the handle of the basket; through the crevices another sugar ribbon wound in and out, touched here and there with a peeping spray of white bells.

"Exquisite!" breathed Madame Fleury. "Exquisite to see and as exquisite to eat! And what an inspiration of our son's—that intertwined ribbon and buds. The Grand Prix is again yours today, Gustave."

Again the master chef grunted, this time with obvious pride. Then he frowned with masculine judiciousness.

"Ah, but one can be sure of nothing. If I but knew what that devil of a Dufour prepares. One whispers that it is of an originality! One says also that he employs his clever daughter to spy out the secrets of others. Have you observed any young girl acting oddly about the shop?"

Madame shook her head anxiously. "Non, mon cher. There are every day so many young girls here, and all young girls act oddly nowadays. But they only giggle and eat; they do not observe."

"Yes," nodded Gustave Fourth, surveying his basket from the other side. "Yes, this gratifies me much. Gustave at last shows himself a true son of Fleury. Those flowers he sugared in imitation of these—they were not bad, not bad."

"Ah yes." Madame gave a puzzled sigh. "Always he is working in his little alcove. And always in sugar. Never more in clay." Fleury nodded his satisfaction.

"Good, good! That is the true medium of a Fleury—sugar. Next year, perhaps—" he beamed upon her patronizingly, "perhaps I make him my partner. Fleury and Son. It would appear well, hein?"

Madame clasped her hands. "Magnificent!" she sighed.

"And," enquired monsieur with elaborate casualness, "has he spoken again of that so ridiculous idea—what was it? Bridges, towers? Pf-f!" He gave a reminiscent snort.

"No, no. Not a word," protested madame, viewing him under discreet eyelashes. "All he asks is sugar and more sugar. And finer cones and more delicate spatulas. But Gustave"—she sighed again with a genuinely puzzled air—"have you noticed how he is changed these past weeks—the poor little one? So good, so obedient—so sad?"

His wife checked an exclamation and he cast her a suspicious glance.

"Has Gustave again spoken of that ridiculous amour?"

Madame wiped a real tear from her dark eyes.

"No, my husband," she admitted sadly. "On this subject he is of an obstinacy. Not one word can I draw from him. But one would say he had given her up. Never he goes out; always he sits at his work-table."

The master chef grunted for answer, but madame's feminine barometer had registered a favorable mood.

"Gustave," she ventured sweetly. "Doubtless, it has occurred to you—of course such things do not concern me—but if our son himself carries our exhibit this afternoon, might it not be a sign to the world of his filial obedience? There is always gossip in the pastry world—Madame Pierre told me that Dufour boasts how dutiful is his daughter, while your son—"

"Ah?" Fleury's heavy face flushed brick red. "Dufour boasts, eh? Hah! My son shall bear the Fleury masterpiece today. And what is more—" he reflected deeply. "Bring to me the painted affiche for our table. And the ink. The world shall see! He boasts, hein?"

"Oui, mon mari," breathed his wife demurely. She fetched the big pasteboard sign and stood watching as her husband, turning it over, began lettering the blank side. After a moment she laid a hand to her cheek as if in pain.

"Gustave," she sighed, "it is too annoy-

ing, this tooth. All night it ached and the dentist could give me a consultation only this afternoon. Alas! I cannot accompany you and Gustave to the Exposition. But I arrive as early as possible—in good time, mon ami," she beamed, "to see you win your eleventh Grand Prix."

"Bien, bien," grunted Fleury absently, as he added a final flourish to a capital F. Then looking at the clock he frowned. "But come now. Cease chattering and help me to wrap our basket. Bring to me the tissue paper, the cotton and the strong wooden box. We must not risk cracking so much as the tiniest bud."

When madame returned obediently, he was contemplating his new sign at arm's length.

"Regard!" he commanded. "Here is my answer to the gossip of Dufour."

And madame, casting her eyes to heaven in ecstasy, read aloud:

"FLEURY AND SON—FORMERLY HOUSE OF FLEURY—FOUNDED 1840."

THE GREAT BALLROOM of the Hôtel du Printemps buzzed with busy excitement. Tricolored flags and bunting draped the mirror-lined walls; flowers bloomed everywhere. The magnificent gold clock with its Cupids poised, hammers in chubby fists, over waiting anvils, already pointed to long past three—and at four the big carved doors would be opened to the eager public, of whom a straggling row of enthusiastic gourmands had already begun to "make the tail" outside, with that leisurely nonchalance found only in a Parisian crowd in May.

At the tables below the judges' raised dais, festooned in silks, stood grave artists adding the last breathless touches to their culinary creations.

And modestly, on a long table marked "Apprentices' Competition," waited more modest efforts—sugar baskets slightly awry, statuettes with lop-sided faces, edifices cracking in the heat—mute testimonials by contrast to the skill of the real masters.

Only two tables still stood vacant—one placarded: "Fleury et Fils—Fondé 1840" and hung in soft festoons of green silk; the other: "Maison Dufour" austere draped in black velvet, while beside it stood a curious structure like the niche of a church saint, likewise velvet-lined.

Across the waxed ballroom floor, bearing reverently a cloth-covered object, stepped Dufour, his black beard bristling, his hard eyes snapping. Beside him glided a demure figure, draped in the classic pastel robes of Saint Genevieve, patron saint of Paris. Her dark eyes were modestly downcast under her blonde wig, but an unsaintly smile tugged at the corners of her full red lips.

Dufour set down his treasure upon the velvet-covered table and removed its cloth with a flourish. "Ah's" of admiration greeted the sight. There stood a sugar statue, exquisitely carved and colored, a clever composite portrait of Puvis de Chavanne's nun of the Parthenon and the smiling, living girl at her father's side.

"Mount!" ordered Dufour, and demurely the young saint stepped into the black velvet alcove. With an ease obviously born of long rehearsal, she fell into the brooding pose of her sugary twin.

"Epatant! Of an originality!" breathed the spectators, while many murmured: "Fleury is finished. Dufour will win this year."

Then another buzz arose.

"S-st! Voilà Fleury who comes."

The master chef stood in the far doorway, gravely and correctly dressed for a Parisian afternoon, his grey-and-russet mustaches trembling; his cheeks purple with emotion. Beside him, equally solemn, equally correct, stood Gustave Fifth, bearing in his hands a cloth-covered object. At a nod from his father he began to move, with light sure steps, across the waxed floor toward the green festooned table.

Silently the group about the Dufour exhibit parted; over the whole room hung a dramatic breathlessness. Suddenly from the black velvet niche came a girl's surprised gasp. The young Fleury, lifting his eyes for the first time from his absorbing burden,

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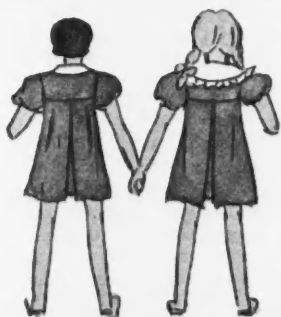
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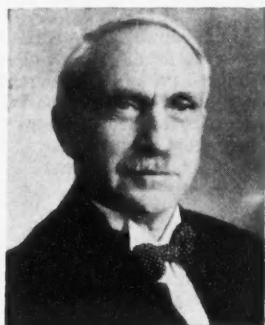
The number of teeth are about right for her age. Don't worry about walking. She seems to be doing pretty well. You should be proud of her.

My baby, ten months, is very constipated since he was born. He gets the breast at 6 a. m. and 10 p. m., and in addition whole milk and a little cream, half a cup of thin cream of wheat once a day. He is very fond of graham wafers and eats four or five a day. He gets about a teaspoonful of sugar a day, orange and other juice. He seems healthy and natural. Is sugar constipating? Please tell me how to relieve the constipation.—(Mrs.) K., Entrance, Alta.

Your baby should be fed as follows: For the day's formula of five feedings: 30 ounces of whole milk, 10 ounces of boiled water and 1½ ounces of white sugar, every four hours; 6 and 10 a. m., 2, 6, and 10 p. m. Continue the juices. If constipation continues, increase the sugar a little. It is a laxative. Milk of magnesia is useful. As baby gets older and has a change of food, the constipation will disappear. Gradually, well-cooked cereal (cook for four hours) may be added with vegetable soup, bread crumbs and soft-boiled egg. If thriving and gains three ounces a week, he is doing all right.

Can you explain maternal impressions? There is a case of an expectant mother who was frightened by a mouse and in her fear threw up her hand to her cheek. When her baby was born he had a large mole on his cheek the shape of a mouse.—(Mrs.) A. R., Brandon, Man.

The belief in maternal impressions is an old superstition. Such marks as you mention are congenital malformations which (in the case you mention and in all other cases) would have occurred, mouse or no mouse. They usually begin early in pregnancy. The cause is unknown. There is no physical connection between the nervous system of the mother and that of her baby. The occurrence of marks like that you mention is purely a coincidence.



Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, who is Chief Inspector of Health for Ontario, will answer questions sent to Chatelaine by mothers on the care of their babies, and other public health matters. He will not prescribe. A stamped, self-addressed envelope should be enclosed if a private answer is desired.

1. Is it possible for my baby, fifteen months old, whose weight and everything else are normal, to have worms? She screams at night, has grinding of the teeth, excessive saliva, and varying appetite.

2. Her mother died of cardiac dropsy. Would that have anything to do with her general health?—(Mr.) F. G. I., Fort William, Ont.

1. Yes, but not likely. Worms are not common in young children. The symptoms you mention are more like some gastro-intestinal disturbance. Sometimes earache will cause night screaming. She may be getting too much food or some unsuitable food.

2. The mother's death from cardiac dropsy would not seem to have anything to do with the present symptoms. Better see your doctor.

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Squibb Adex Tablets - 10D

A convenient and pleasant concentrate of Hall's but and Cod-Liver Oil and Viosterol by which adults can obtain the precious vitamins from these healthful sources. Each Adex Tablet provides 1600 units of Vitamin A and 2450 units of Vitamin D. Take Adex regularly every day.

SQUIBB
"A NAME YOU CAN TRUST"

Chatelaine's Baby Clinic

Conducted by J. W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.



IRRADIATED FOODS

SPECIAL RAYS of the sun called the ultra-violet rays have a remarkable effect on the human body. As pointed out in the February *Chatelaine*, gradual tanning of a child's skin is effected by these short ultra-violet rays. The immediate result of this tanning is the activation of a substance in the skin called ergosterol, which is carried by the bloodstream throughout the body where it shows its remarkable effects on the body cells—effects which are essential to life. The practical results are greatly increased resistance to colds, influenza, bronchitis and pneumonia, as well as the prevention of rickets and tetany. The fact that the use of codliver oil and other sea fish oils has a similar effect indicates that a common factor exists in sunshine and codliver oil. The vitamin in codliver oil is really the ergosterol that has been activated by sunshine. This substance arrives in codliver oil because of the fact that sea fish feed upon ocean plants—the grass of the sea—which contain ergosterol activated by sunshine. So when we administer codliver oil we are feeding the child "bottled sunshine."

Remarkable as the foregoing facts are, it is even more remarkable that a wide variety of foods may be artificially irradiated so that they possess health-giving qualities parallel to those of sunshine and codliver oil.

During the last ten years extensive experiments have shown that irradiated cottonseed and linseed oils are potent in the prevention and cure of rickets. Irradiated milk and irradiated olive oil are both effective in this respect. The foods successfully irradiated are the various vegetable oils, lard, oleomargarine and butter, cereals of all kinds, meats, milk, whole or dried, various

vegetables and orange juice. The potency of egg-yolk is increased ten to twenty times. Sugar is almost the only natural food for which artificial irradiation has been unsuccessful.

Methods of Irradiation of Foods

The process consists of exposing the food material in a thin layer at a distance of about two feet to the ultra-violet rays produced by a quartz mercury vapor lamp. Usually a few seconds exposure—for milk about sixteen seconds—is sufficient. If not carried out for too long a period, the antirachitic activity thus developed in foods is fairly permanent. Irradiated olive oil and milk retain their potency for at least six months.

What Will Food Activation Do for Health?

The possibilities seem very great. The natural distribution of vitamin D, which is the active principle in foods for the control of rickets, is limited to codliver oil and other fish oils, egg yolk, cows' milk and butter. In northern climates the ultra-violet rays of the sun in winter are only about one-eighth those of summer. Consequently winter babies and children in wintertime suffer from lack of the healing rays of the sun. If, as has been shown, the lack of sunshine and deficiency of ultra-violet rays in foods, can be supplemented by irradiation of foods, a wide advantage must accrue from artificial irradiation. "Taking a daily dose of sunshine with one's food" is an appealing slogan. In addition, irradiated ergosterol may now be purchased from the druggist. The dose is small. It may be used in infants to "prevent and cure rickets."

Dr. McCullough's Question Box

My little girl, thirteen months, does not seem to take enough solid food. She takes about a quart of milk in the twenty-four hours and has codliver oil and some fruit. She has twelve strong teeth, creeps, says a lot of words, but does not walk. She weighs twenty-three pounds. What should I feed her?—(Mrs.) P., Saint John, N. B.

Steady gain in weight indicates that a baby is thriving. The weight for your baby's age is about right. She should gain two and one-half ounces a week. Lack of appetite is usually due to unsuitable food, irregular meals, sweets, etc.

For twelve to fifteen months the daily diet should be:

- 6 a. m.—eight to ten ounces of a daily formula of four or five portions, containing in all, thirty ounces of whole milk, ten ounces of boiled water, one and one-half ounces of white sugar.
- 9 a. m.—one-half to ounce of orange juice.
- 10 a. m.—Cereal (cooked for four hours), and served with formula.
- 2 p. m.—Half a soft-boiled egg with bread crumbs, gradually increasing to a whole egg. Alternate with vegetable soup. Dessert: custard, corn-starch, or junket. No milk at this meal.
- 6 p. m.—Same as 10 a. m.
- 10 p. m.—Bottle of formula.

Children's Disorders

From experience, many pleased Mothers strongly advise giving children
BABY'S OWN TABLETS

"My little girl was irritable, feverish and sometimes sick in her stomach... what a relief it was, after giving her Baby's Own Tablets, to see how much better she was," writes Mrs. James Halligan, Fenelon Falls, Ontario.

Mrs. Ben Slavenwhite, Armdale, N.S., says: "My baby had stomach trouble and I was nearly frantic until the woman next door gave me some Baby's Own Tablets, and they made her quite well."

"My baby has no more gas, fevers or digestive trouble since I have known about Baby's Own Tablets," states Mrs. Herman Belsher, Amprior, Ontario.

"I think Baby's Own Tablets are wonderful. My baby has no more colic pains," says Mrs. Allan MacDonald, Northfield, Ontario.

No need for YOUR child to suffer. Baby's Own Tablets can be given with absolute safety—see certificate in each 25-cent package. They're recommended by Mothers for teething troubles, upset stomach, indigestion, colic pains, simple fevers, constipation.

DR. WILLIAMS'

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Make and Keep Children Well—As Mothers Know

ARISTO Crib Sheets are made of the finest materials... assuring you long-wearing qualities.

When gathering your baby's layette together be sure to include ARISTO Crib Sheets. Look for the imprinted name ARISTO The Canadian General Rubber Co., Limited Oak, Ontario

ARISTO

CRIB SHEETS



A Service for Mothers

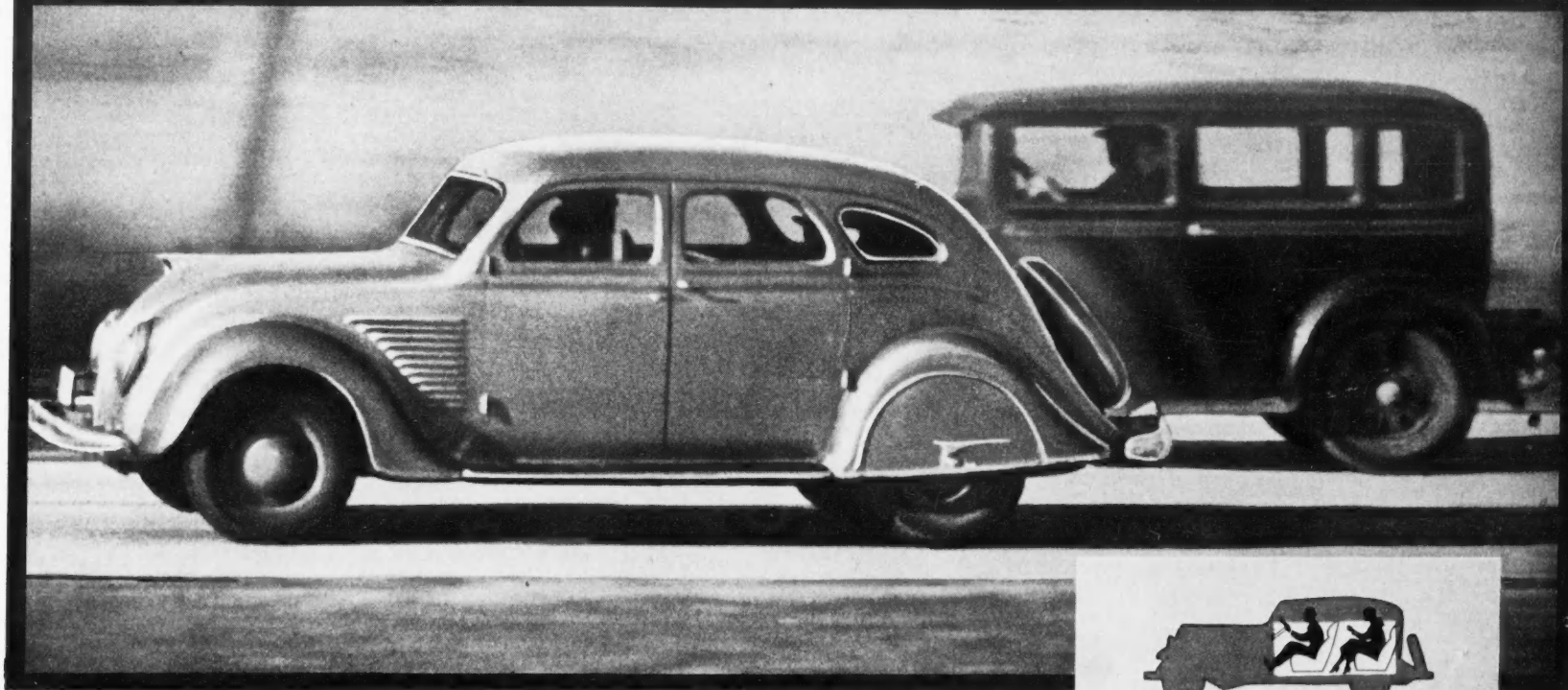
THROUGH the co-operation of the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare, a complete series of pre-natal and post-natal letters are available, free of charge, to readers of *Chatelaine*. These letters are issued monthly by the Council through its Child Hygiene Section and the Department of Public Health, and they cover very thoroughly the entire period prior to baby's birth, and his first twelve months of life.

If you would like to receive these valuable letters, write to:

MOTHELCRAFT SERVICE,
CHATELAINE

481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ont.

"THERE GOES MY NEXT CAR!"



Ordinary Cars look "Out of Date" when a new AIRFLOW De Soto flashes by—It's a Modern Car for Modern People

ALMOST overnight the AIRFLOW De Soto has made ordinary automobiles seem a little old-fashioned and behind the times.

The first thing you notice about the AIRFLOW De Soto is its aerodynamic shape. Study it carefully. Notice that the valleys between hood and fenders have disappeared . . . that the headlights are now the "eyes" of the car . . . that the doors are wider . . . the tail more tapered . . . the whole car lower, closer to the road.

It is beautiful . . . as graceful in motion as a modern plane in flight . . . and as efficient. For this is the car that was born in a wind-tunnel and shaped so as to pass through the air with a minimum of resistance and wasted power.

Notice, too, that the 100-H.P. Aluminum Head engine has been moved forward. This permits *all* passengers to ride *between* the axles. The result is a new distribution of weight, which does more than all the new springs in the world could possibly do alone, to increase your comfort.



This diagram (above) shows how you ride in a conventional car. Pity the passengers riding over the back axle!

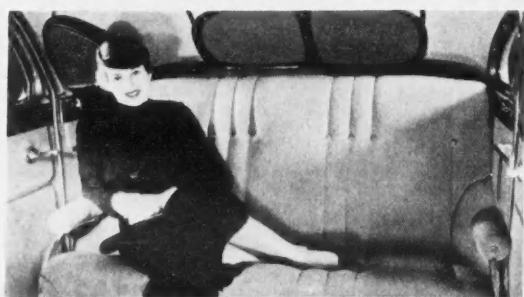


Now see how you ride in the AIRFLOW De Soto. All the passengers sit comfortably "amidships."

No more back seat bouncing. No more "strap-hanging" (*there aren't any hand straps in this car*). You can read a book or write a letter at 80 m. p. h. It's the first Floating Ride in all your life!

Don't buy a new car that will soon be out of date. Go to your local De Soto dealer today. Ask him to let you drive this sensational *new kind* of car.

De Soto is the Lowest Priced AIRFLOW Car!



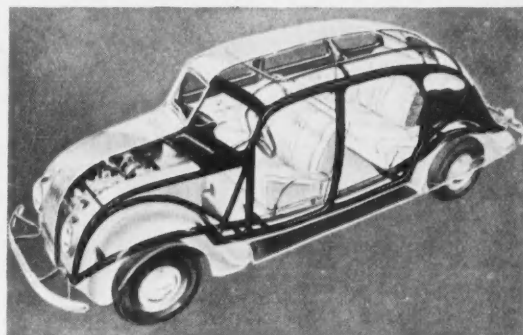
Now, for the first time, you can safely lean back and relax at *any* speed . . . over any kind of road!



You'll appreciate De Soto's front seat. It holds *three* comfortably . . . in fact it's as wide as the back seat!

THE NEW *AIRFLOW DESOTO

*Copyright, 1933, by Chrysler Corporation of Canada Limited



This is a model of De Soto's all-steel unit-frame-and-body. It is 40 times more rigid than the ordinary type. It means greater safety than ever before.

Why I Talk About Myself

IN my articles (advertisements if you like) and lectures, I talk considerably about myself. To some this may seem "exaggerated ego" or conceit. Well, what of it, if what I say about myself and my achievements in rebuilding my old and decrepit body at 50 into a vital and youthful one at the three-quarters of a century mark, can be made the key that will open the door to glorious youth and health for some other tortured, decrepit and deformed body containing a cramped and tortured soul? But really those who know me best would be the last to charge me with conceit or an exaggerated ego.

Here is the reason that "I" finds its way so often into both my lectures and my health articles or advertisements. Until I was 50 I was weak and sickly—a down-and-out fellow whom the greatest men in my profession gave up for practically dead at 50, with at most four months to live, and, should I live, but four more years of sight. Then suddenly I made up my mind that I could "come back," because of an idea born of an incident in my own practice. I remoulded my living habits along more natural and simple lines, beginning with my foods. I knew that my blood was clogged with toxic and acid residues that were irritating my vital organs and poisoning me. I invented Roman Meal to neutralize those irritant acids and eliminate the toxins of constipation and other abnormal conditions and for four years I lived almost entirely upon it. I worked out a system of exercises, sleep, fresh air and sunshine and a constructive mental attitude that I have adhered to religiously for 25 years, and I did come back! Today at 76 I am mentally and physically so fit that I cannot conceive of anyone being more fit; immune from all sickness, including the common cold. In other words, I am the embodiment of my philosophy of natural health through natural living habits, leading to a natural immunity from disease. I am Exhibit "A" as it were, which is why I talk about myself in the same way that Henry Ford has to talk about his automobile. It is my kind of health I am trying to sell.

So it is not conceit that makes me talk about myself and how I remade my mental and physical equipment. I do not sell Roman Meal, Lishus, Bekus-Puddy and Kofy-Sub—I sell HEALTH—the greatest earthly human possession. It is because these foods are part of my philosophy, because they make it easily possible to live my philosophy that I both make and market these alkali-forming natural foods, Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy and Lishus, and tell the world about them, and along with these foods I try to sell other things to my fellow-men, fresh air, sunshine, exercise and the proper mental attitude.

Therefore I have no apologies for using "I" in my talks nor for the references to my foods because I am thus able to help thousands of men and women to retain their health or to "come back" from miserable sickness to exultant health as I have done. What these alkali-forming laxative foods have done for me they can and will do for anyone who will as persistently use them. I shall be glad to send you list of alkali-forming foods and my booklet "How to Keep Well"—both free. Write to Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto.



The above is from a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., at 76. When 50 years of age Dr. Jackson was given but four months to live by the famous Sir Wm. Osler, but through natural living habits and the use of alkaline foods Dr. Jackson is to-day in his 76th year the embodiment of youthful vigor and endurance.

Robt. G. Jackson M.D.

Night Wind

(Continued from page 32)

no happiness, no contentment. That's what is eating his heart. If they hadn't come back, he'd have been content to love you and wed you."

"What do you mean?" the girl said again, whispering the words because she was afraid of them. "He loves someone else?"

"It's madness, not love."

"But who—"

"It's not for you to understand, little one," Oleg said slowly, lowering his voice. "Nor for him, either. Nor for me. There is a girl—a girl like this one, I suppose"—he pointed awkwardly to the full lips and laughing black eyes in the photograph—"and he met her. Now the madness is on him."

Anna Stefan closed her eyes and breathed deeply and slowly. When she spoke, her words were calm because she was strong enough to make them so.

"Why didn't he tell me, Father Murik?"

"Because he loves you."

"Loves me?"

"Look in his eyes. Love for you is in them."

The other is madness, and he is fighting it."

"Can a man fight what's in his heart?"

"What's in his heart is for you, little one."

She looked again at the photograph, and said: "This gypsy girl of his, she is like his mother?"

"I have not seen her . . . yet."

"If she is," the girl sighed, "I don't blame him for his madness."

Oleg Murik said nothing. Seeing the hurt in her eyes, he knew no words to erase it. She did not blame her man for his madness? Perhaps not, but it was madness all the same; and he, Oleg, knew the hell in it and the sorrow it could bring. And he thought viciously: There's a way to cure it.

Aloud he said: "When you came in, I was fixing the stove, and it's no easy job. Together we can do it faster."

Then he looked at her and laughed and said: "And don't think it needn't be done."

SHADOWS WERE deep along the Valley Road, and Oleg Murik walked with long, heavy strides that drove the sand savagely ahead of his boots. Behind him, the gaunt house, looming black against the dusk with a light burning in one downstairs window, was a hunched skeleton with one phosphorus-rimmed eye open, watching his progress. Ahead, a cat-bird shrieked plaintively.

Oleg Murik walked without once looking back, though he guessed that his son and Anna Stefan were standing now at the lighted window, staring. A little while since, he and they had been sitting peacefully in the big kitchen, and suddenly he had put his feet under him and paced to the door. Anna Stefan had said: "Where are you going now, Father Murik?" and Peter had lifted scowling eyes to peer at him. And without answering either the question or the stare, Oleg had left them.

Now his large hands swung with the force of his stride, and he thought again what he had thought while talking alone with Anna. There is a way to cure that madness. And he thought also: Anna Stefan knows where I'm going and understands why. It was in her eyes when she looked at me. On and on he walked down the long road, until the gaunt house was lost behind him and dusk had deepened into starless dark. Rain was in the air, cold and sweet, and the wiselike smell of wet greens growing. And soon the Valley Road sloped into a hollow where grey mist floated, and Oleg Murik turned his steps into a narrow grass-carpeted side road which ventured among goblin growths of underbrush and massed walls of frowning trees.

It is near twenty years since I came here, he thought; yet his feet led him unerringly

for half a mile more, until the way became only wagon-ruts. And presently he saw a fire smoldering, and the canvas tops of tent wagons looming grey in the glow of it. And men turned to stare at him as he strode among them.

"There is a girl here called Gerda?"

Like that he said it, because the words had been like that on his lips ever since he had left the kitchen of the gaunt house. There is a girl here called Gerda? Nothing else mattered. His own memories must not waken now, while there was work to be done. If they came to life, he would be forgetting Peter and Anna; he would be staring at the scowling faces of these gypsy men and remembering a red-lipped, black-eyed woman who had come of the same stock. He would be thinking thoughts of twenty years ago, instead of remembering the madness in Peter's heart now. So he gazed into the scowls of the men around him and saw only their scowls, and said deliberately:

"There is a girl here called Gerda?"

"Why?" one man replied curtly.

"I would talk with her."

A woman laughed without mirth and said: "This Gerda of ours is finding many new friends. Trust her for that!" And the largest of the men stepped closer to study Oleg Murik from head to foot.

"She is there," the man shrugged, pointing to a tent wagon which leaned in the shadows beyond the fire, with its massive wheels buried to their thick hubs in the ground. "And she is with Zaiko." And he smiled crookedly.

Oleg Murik strode to the wagon and called the girl's name aloud, and stood waiting. A long while he waited, impatiently, while the others regarded him with unconcealed wonder and a great amount of amusement. Then the canvas flaps were drawn aside to reveal her to him, and he stared up at her as she stood framed in the entrance.

She is like the other one, he thought dully, forgetting his vow to think only of his son's madness. She is like the one I loved, and still love. Her eyes are the same, and her hair and lips might have been given her by the same strange God. And he forgot the speech he had prepared for her, and said nothing at all, but stood gazing up into her staring face, and at the bright colors woven into her laced bodice, and at the slender suppleness of her lithe body. A great while longer he might have stood there, remembering and wanting what the North Wind had taken from him, had not the girl said at last, with a gesture of impatience:

"What is it you wish with me?"

"You are Gerda?"

"Of course."

"I must talk to you."

"Talk? Of what?" she demanded; and at the same time, the wagon flaps opened wider and a man's voice said sullenly: "What is he after, little one? To make love to you, perhaps?"

"I am Peter's father," Oleg Murik said to the girl.

She stiffened, and her hands clutched the canvas more firmly. The glow of the fire revealed her wide eyes to him as she bent forward and studied him before speaking. Then she said hesitantly:

"Peter's father? And you would talk with me?"

"Yes."

She moved aside, and Oleg Murik climbed the crude wooden steps, stooping to enter. On a small table fashioned of birchwood a lamp burned dully, showing him the wagon's interior—a cold grey shell of canvas, warmed by blotches of reckless color. A woman of his own age sat leaning forward in a low-built chair, her boring gaze fixed on his face. Beside her stood the man who had spoken a moment ago—a gypsy, superbly straight and strong, with legs planted wide and full lips scowling.

"I must talk with you alone," Oleg said quietly, and the girl turned to say to the scowling one: "Please go, Zaiko." And Zaiko went, taking his scowl with him every step of the way. And with the rustling of the wagon flaps, the girl named Gerda said sharply to Oleg Murik:

"Something has happened to my Peter?"

"Nothing, yet."

"Then why have you come? Tell me!"

"This woman here, she is your mother?"

"Yes. Tell me why you have come."

"Then she may listen to what I have to say," Oleg muttered. "She may listen and help you answer, because it is no problem for a girl as young as you."

"Problem?" the girl frowned.

"You love my son?"

"I love him. He loves me. Tonight he is coming here to fight Zaiko, for the right to wed me."

"Then listen to me before he comes," Oleg Murik said. And, standing stiff as wood before the girl, with his arms half extended toward her, he said what he had come to say, while the girl listened.

Gypsy laws are born of passion and violence, and are as changeable as gypsy temperament, but they are laws none the less. Let a woman pledge her hand to a man and she marries him, whether her heart turn to another or no. But let her new lover fight for her, and fight with courage and cunning enough to prove his claim, and he may have her for the taking.

Peter Murik went alone to the gypsy camp to fight with Zaiko. Midnight was the hour named; and before the hour was at hand, the men of Zaiko's camp, awaiting his arrival, heard heavy steps in the underbrush and turned to see him striding boldly toward them. Another man might have gone first to his loved one, needing her faith to strengthen his fortitude; but because he possessed his father's stolidity as well as his mother's passion, Peter sought Zaiko before he sought Gerda. Zaiko was the gate to Gerda, and he knew it. Without fighting the man, he could have none of the girl except a word and a glance, and he wanted more or nothing.

Straight to the smoldering camp-fire he walked, and clamped his hands on his hips and stood with his legs wide apart, showing the men of Zaiko's camp that he had no fear of them. Deliberately he looked into the faces around him and said:

"Tell Zaiko I am here."

He said it calmly, and his hearers made no attempt to conceal their pleasure. One man stooped to roll a charred log into the maw of the fire, and another turned and walked back into the darkness, shouting Zaiko's name. And in a moment more, Zaiko came, smiling easily and swaggering as he stood before his adversary.

"This is of your own choosing," he said pleasantly enough, estimating Peter's strength. "You wished it. I'll give it to you, and gladly."

"I came to fight, not to talk," Peter replied evenly, and thought: She is not here to watch, and for that I'm thankful. It will not be pretty. He is a bigger man than I am, and stronger, and he'll hurt me before I put an end to it. There'll be blood spilled, and she's better off away from it.

"Are you ready, then?" Zaiko demanded.

"When you are."

They fought, while Zaiko's companions stood around and made curious animal sounds of approval and disapproval, now grunting, now muttering, now exclaiming in guttural monosyllables. They fought, and Zaiko was a lumbering, thick-legged bull, breathing in great gulps as he sought to clutch Peter's weaving body and break it in two. But for every rush of the gypsy's heaving bulk, Peter had a stinging fist, a lightning step, a taunting smile. For every vicious charge, a swift, sure counter-attack which left Zaiko blind with bewilderment. The fight was Peter's, and after five minutes of it the exclamations of the onlookers had turned to deep-throated laughs and mocking jibes, with Zaiko's name flung derisively to the far shadows.

Then it was that Gerda came, pushing her way quickly into the circle. So suddenly did she appear, and so eager was she to reach the front that her name was spoken aloud, jeeringly, by those of Zaiko's followers who were forced to give way to her advance. Peter, too, standing for a moment with his feet braced and his chest heaving, saw her

Continued on page 68

Housekeeping

CHATELAINE'S DEPARTMENT OF HOME MANAGEMENT



Shure an' it's some sort of a shindig you'll be after havin' on the sivinteenth! And your table will be wearin' o' the green in honor of Saint Patrick.

If you have a green linen cloth, bring it out. But if you don't possess one, here's a way of dressing your table appropriately with very little expense. Buy some shelf paper—you know the kind with a fancy edge about 2 inches wide. Choose green or white with a green trim and sew this edge around your plain white runners and place mats. If you

use the longest stitch on your machine, you can easily remove it afterwards.

Even the foods or their garnishes will carry a touch of emerald. With the variety of green vegetables—asparagus, spinach, peas, peppers, lettuce, cress and parsley, with pure food coloring to tint your salad dressing, frostings, whipped cream, cocoanut, jellies, ices and other desserts, it is easy to get a bit o' green in your menu. We leave it to your Irish wit and ingenuity to adapt them to the occasion.

Conducted by THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, Director

A tradition of fine living in cultured families



GRACIOUSLY shimmering beside your place at the table, Canada Dry adds an accent of color and sparkle that seems to make even the most informal dinner an occasion of genial cordiality.

What charm it brings! How different everything seems! Food tastes better because the subtle tang of Canada Dry stimulates the appetite. The ginger (finest Jamaican) puts an edge to it. And the keen sparkle of Canada Dry thrills the palate.

Certainly, this fine, old Canadian beverage has become a tradition of fine living in cultured families. Its fame has gone around the world...bringing cheer and contentment everywhere. Canada Dry is welcome on so many occasions. Luncheon, dinner, parties, after sport...almost every moment of the day it will refresh and stimulate you. A good supply in the pantry means many a moment of good cheer for young and old alike.



CANADA DRY THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES



LESS THAN 1¢ WORTH OF MAGIC ASSURES SUCCESS

Don't risk failures with inferior baking powder!

THE average cake recipe calls for only two or three teaspoons of baking powder—but how important that small quantity is!

For a *baking powder failure means a poor-quality cake* . . . sometimes even the complete waste of all your other materials—fresh butter, eggs and milk; fine sugar, flavouring and flour!

Not surprising, then, is it, that Canada's leading cookery authorities stress the importance of using the best baking powder—MAGIC. Constant testing of this fine product has proved beyond a doubt that Magic

is always uniform . . . that it gives consistently better baking results. That's why they use and recommend it *exclusively*.

Don't risk failures with inferior baking powder. Magic costs so little. It actually takes *less than 1¢ worth* to bake a luscious big cake. And think what that fraction of a penny assures—cake that is extra fine in texture and flavour—uniformly good every time!

Order a tin of Magic from your grocer today. You, too, will find this famous baking powder gives unusually fine results.

Recipes for all these delicious layer cakes are in the **MAGIC COOK BOOK**

LADY BALTIMORE CAKE . . .
see page 9

ORANGE SPONGE CAKE . . .
see page 12

MAHOGANY CAKE . . .
see page 10; and Fudge Frosting, page 14

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE . . .
see recipe for Plain Layer Cake, page 8; and Chocolate Butter Icing, page 13

DEVIL'S FOOD LAYER CAKE . . .
see page 10; Botted Frosting, page 14



"CONTAINS NO ALUM." This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

Made in Canada

A HINT TO YOUNG HOSTESSES



WHEN YOU BAKE AT HOME, you'll enjoy using the new Magic Cook Book. It contains recipes for delicious cakes, cookies, pastry and other tempting foods. Mail the coupon.

GILLETT PRODUCTS, Fraser Avenue, Toronto 2
Please send my free copy of the famous Magic Cook Book.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Prov. _____

C-3



IT SEEMS there are more than a thousand ways of serving eggs. Which is really rather wonderful, considering the outward simplicity of the little ellipse, but after all, a thousand is no more than there should be for a food that is served to so many people, in so many places, at so many times, and one which has such wealth of "goodness" packed by Nature into its own protective package. And now in the midst of Lent, we are doubly thankful that such variety is possible.

The simplest methods of cooking eggs are the ones about which there is the greatest controversy. For example: How should one cook what is commonly spoken of as a "boiled" egg?

Methods range all the way from simply dropping them into boiling water and taking them out when it is time to serve them, to the scientifically worked out method which reads as follows:

"Boil water—one pint for one or two eggs, half cupful extra for each additional egg. Put the eggs in the water, cover and turn the heat low so that the water will keep hot but will not boil. Let stand for five to eight minutes if there are several eggs and from four to six minutes if there are only one or two."

The idea behind this is that the coagulation or "cooking" of an egg is complete when an inside temperature of about 160 degrees Fahrenheit is reached; above that there is toughening, hardening and shrinking of the egg proteins, which factors render them less digestible. When eggs are dropped into boiling water, the temperature is lowered to 180 degrees Fahrenheit or thereabouts, which is quite sufficient to cook the eggs.

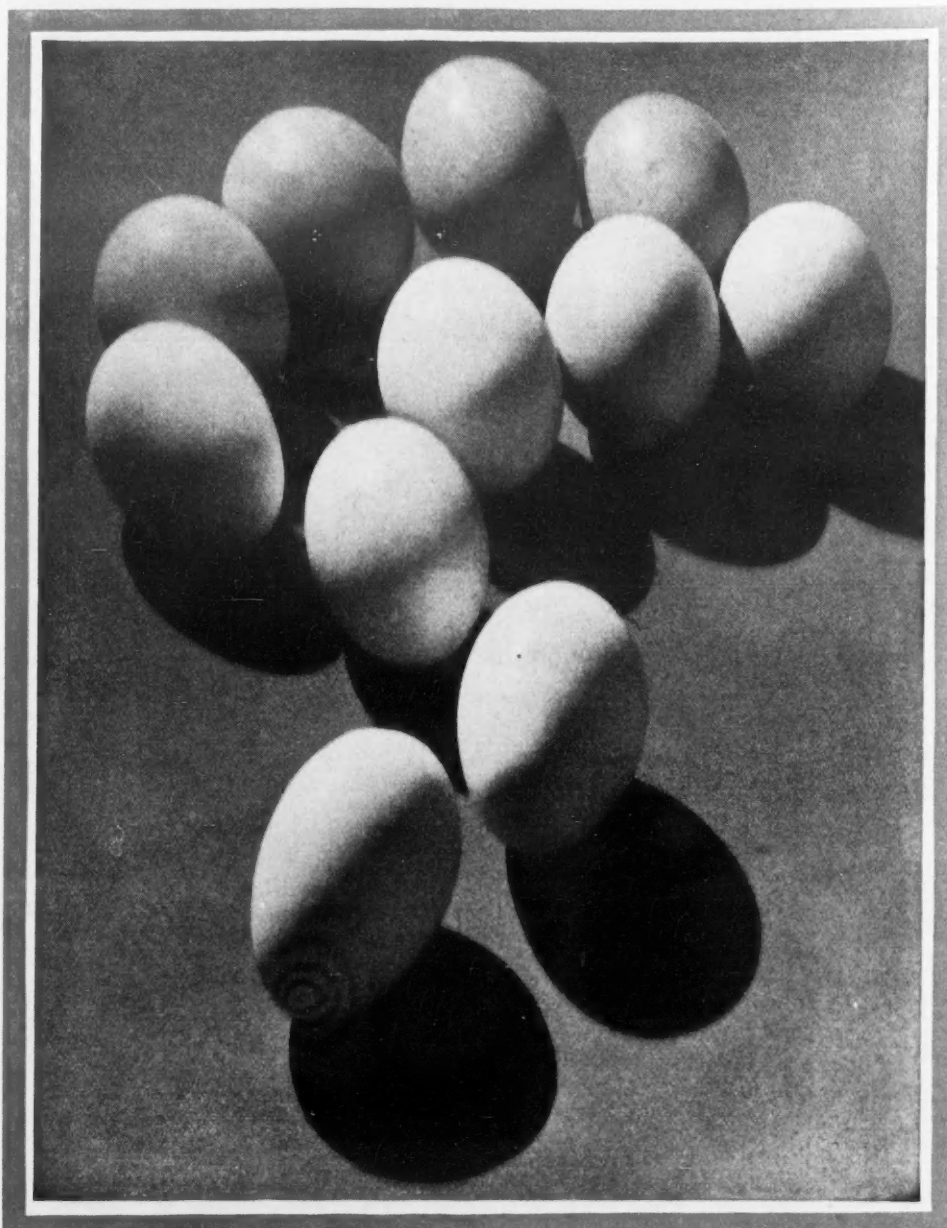
There are one or two circumstances which make a little difference in the time of cooking. For instance, it is only reasonable that eggs taken directly from the ice-box will cool the water to a greater extent and so take longer to cook. Also, new-laid eggs require a longer time in the hot water because the whites have less density than older ones from which the moisture has been evaporating daily.

But that's enough in the way of a lesson on egg cookery. The rest of this article will give you details of a few of the thousand methods of serving this excellent and practically indispensable food.

Scalloped Egg and Shrimp

- | | |
|----------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 4 Tablespoonfuls of butter | 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour |
| White pepper | $\frac{3}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt |
| 2 Cupfuls of milk | Dash of cayenne |
| 1 Cupful of shrimps, cooked or canned | 4 Hard-cooked eggs |
| About half a cupful of buttered crumbs | 1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley |

Melt the butter in the top part of a double boiler, add the

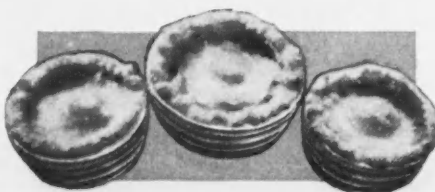


"EGGS—any style"

flour and stir until smooth and thoroughly blended. Add the seasonings and gradually pour in the milk, stirring during the addition. Cook and stir until the mixture is thick and smooth. Add the hard-cooked eggs which have been sliced, and the shrimps from which the black veins have been removed and which may be either left whole or cut in pieces. Heat through, add the chopped parsley and turn into a buttered casserole. Sprinkle the buttered crumbs over the top and bake in a hot oven—450 degrees Fahr. for fifteen minutes or until the crumbs are browned. Six servings.

Oyster Omelet

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 Tablespoonful of butter | 4 Eggs |
| 4 Tablespoonfuls of water | $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt |
| Dash of white pepper | 6 or 8 Oysters |



by
**M. Frances
Hucks**

Melt the butter in the pan in which the omelet is to be cooked but do not let it brown. Separate the egg yolks and whites and beat the yolks with the water, salt and pepper. Heat the oysters in their own liquor, only until they are plump and cut with the scissors into quite small pieces. Add to the beaten egg yolks. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry and fold into the yolks. Turn the mixture into the pan and cook very slowly until the omelet is set. Place in a slow oven to finish cooking, fold, turn on to a hot platter and serve at once. Four servings.

Individual Ramekin of Egg Italienne

- 1 Tablespoonful of cream
- 1 Tablespoonful of grated hard cheese
- 1 Egg
- Salt and paprika
- Finely minced parsley
- Cream

Into an individual ramekin or custard cup put the cream and grated cheese. Break the egg carefully into the dish and sprinkle with salt and paprika and the finely minced parsley. Add enough cream to cover, the exact amount depending on the dish, and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr. until the egg is set. About fifteen to eighteen minutes.

Egg and Vegetable Supper Dish

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 Round of buttered toast | 1 Heaped tablespoonful of hot, cooked spinach or asparagus tips |
| 1 Poached egg | |
| Rich white sauce | |
| Chopped pimiento | |

On the buttered round of toast, place the heaped tablespoonful of hot, cooked vegetable which has been well drained. On top of the vegetable place the egg which has been freshly poached, and cover the whole with the hot white sauce to which a little chopped pimiento has been added. Individual serving.

Savory Curried Eggs

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|
| 6 Eggs | 4 Tablespoonfuls of butter |
| 1 Tablespoonful of finely chopped green pepper | 2 Tablespoonfuls each of finely chopped onion and celery |
| 1 Teaspoonful of curry powder | 1 Teaspoonful of salt |
| 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour | Dash of tabasco sauce |
| 2 Cupfuls of milk | |

Cook six eggs until hard and remove the shells. Make a sauce as follows: Melt the butter, add the finely chopped pepper, onion and celery and cook for two or three minutes. Stir in the flour, salt and curry powder which have been mixed together and cook

[Continued on page 64]

THESE QUALITIES COMBINED

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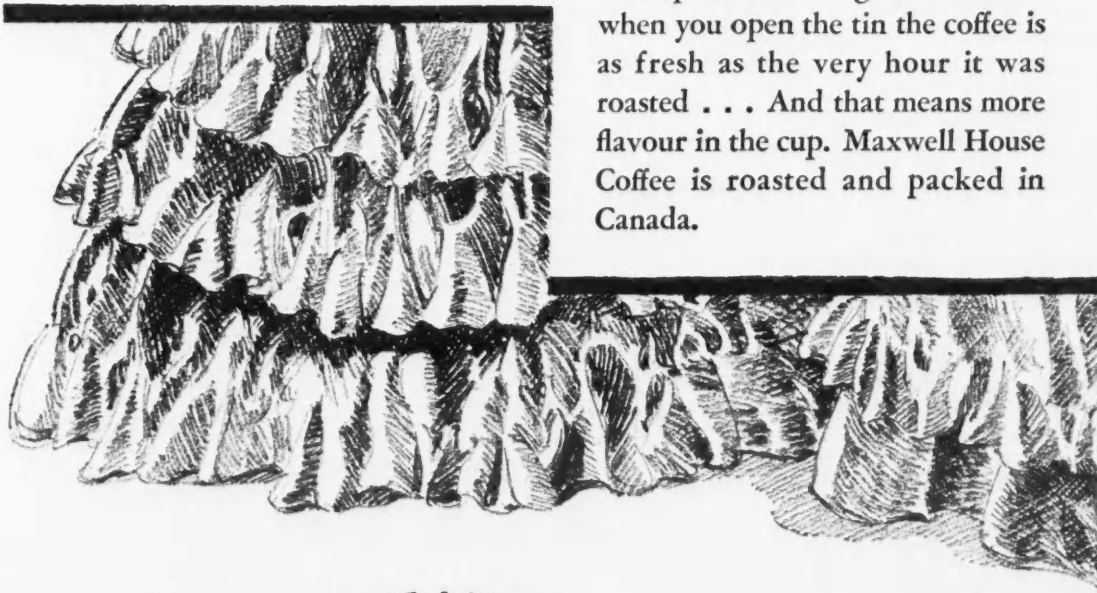
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"GOOD TO THE LAST DROP"

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

MHI-34M

by
Helen G
Campbell,

Director
of the Institute



This illustration was made through the courtesy of the following firms: Rugs, Eaton's - College Street; Vacuum cleaner, Hoover Co., Limited; Carpet sweeper, the Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. of Canada, Ltd

THE HOUSEKEEPER has her own traffic problems. They have nothing to do with by-laws and regulations but with the care and upkeep of her floors or floor coverings. For, this old world being what it is, she must wage a constant battle against dust and dirt which mar the well-groomed appearance of her home. It may be that she has several types to consider—painted, varnished, waxed, linoleum, and carpeted floors—and each requires a certain definite treatment to keep it looking its best.

Let us, in this article, limit our discussion to the care of rugs and carpets which are used in at least one room of almost every home. They are part of the decorative scheme and whether they be inexpensive or costly, they all require daily "going over" and not too occasional thorough cleaning. We are not content nowadays with old-fashioned dust-raising methods which, at best, were only partly effective. Nor do we suffer the bi-annual upheavals when we took our carpets out to the backyard and "beat the stuffing" out of them. Modern equipment has put an end to that drudgery, cleans in a cleaner fashion and prolongs the life of the rugs.

Daily care may be no more than the removal of surface dust and litter—crumbs, bits of lint, threads and so on. The carpet sweeper will do this quickly, noiselessly and efficiently without wear and tear on the pile. It is light and can be operated with very little effort—no stooping, no pressure, for the new brush control automatically adjusts it to any thickness of carpet. You can poke under furniture, for it is small and low with a rubber band to prevent marring table and chair legs.

The sweeper is an inexpensive tool which any housekeeper can afford. Indeed many like to have two of them, one for downstairs and one for the upper floor so it will always be on hand to clear up any muss and keep the floors tidy. It requires only the touch of a lever to empty the dust pan, and this should be done regularly in order that the sweeper can do its work most efficiently. The brush, too, is easily freed of clinging bits; for a few cents you can get a small metal comb to do this quickly and thoroughly.

When not in use the carpet sweeper can be stored in a small space, as the handle can be unscrewed and the "business end" is a neat, compact, smartly styled affair which takes up very little room. There is next to nothing that can go wrong with this utensil, and with ordinary care it will last for years, giving good service as many times a day as

Traffic problems every housekeeper shares are discussed by the Institute

there is call for it. The sweeper is important in the day-to-day care of rugs and carpets and accomplishes very well indeed its purpose of keeping them spick and span.

There is another kind of dirt more serious than surface dust and litter. It is the sandy grit carried in on our shoes and brushed off against the nap of the carpet as we walk on it. Of course, we don't go stepping in mud puddles and running across the living room rug, but every time we come in from the street or the lawn or the garden, we bring some of the outside with us. We often wonder "where all the dirt comes from," but we all know that come it does and it is one of our problems to get rid of it before damage is done. If the miserable stuff would only stay on the top of our carpets it wouldn't be so bad; we could sweep it up. But it doesn't. It sifts and sinks down into the pile and begins to work havoc. As we walk over our floor, draw a chair up to the fire or move the furniture about, the sharp edges of this embedded grit press against the threads, cutting them, loosening them and wearing out our rugs.

So it just won't do to let it stay there, even if it is out of sight. Nor need we, for this is the vacuum cleaner's "meat." At least once a week run the cleaner slowly back and forth over your rugs until it has time to do a thorough job. The deeper the pile the longer it takes, for the more dirt may be hidden far down in the nap. But even short pile carpets require repeated strokes, particularly if traffic is heavy and the cleaner is not used every few days. Use a long, swinging, steady motion—with the arm held straight—rather than short, choppy strokes which are more tiring. And take time to be thorough for the sake of appearance and long life of your rugs.

Another thing, unless the cleaner has an automatic adjustment, set the nozzle to suit the various types of rugs—long, medium and short nap or bare floor. If too high it cannot remove the dirt as effectively, and if too low it is hard to push. So for best results make this very simple adjustment if your rugs are of different thicknesses.

Let me stress here the importance of emptying the dust bag frequently—after every using if you've covered a con-

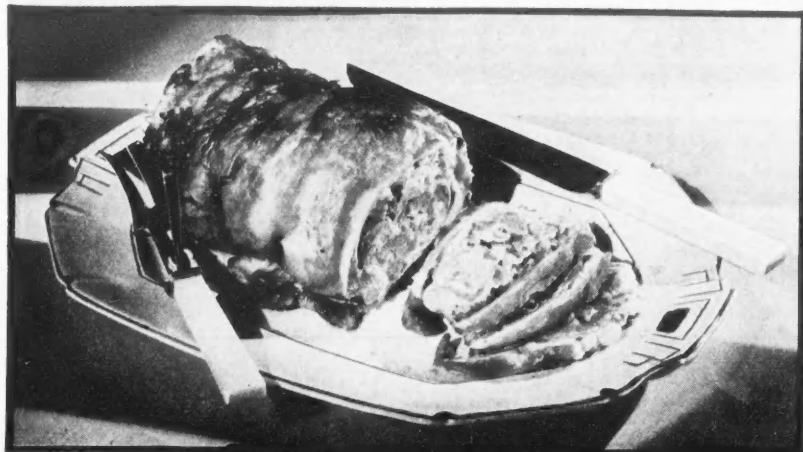
siderable area, or if the area is small but quite dirty. A full dust bag means less efficient filtering of the dust from the air taken up into it, and therefore less efficient cleaning. Perhaps you've been inclined to "let it go for another time"—but don't; you cannot get the maximum of service unless you keep the bag clear.

If you have a good machine and use it properly—often enough—there will be no need for periodic beating or strong-armed methods. It is better and easier on your carpets to clean them thoroughly and regularly on the floor and your efficient electrical servant will do this for you. It pays to buy a good vacuum cleaner from a reliable manufacturer. Ask for a demonstration but be sure to use it yourself, and note some important points—whether or not it is well balanced and sturdy, comfortable in the hand and easy to operate. Raise the corner of the rug and beat the underside to see how much dirt remains after the cleaner has been at work. In other words find out whether it's the machine or the demonstration that is good. You buy a vacuum cleaner to clean, so get one that does.

In some homes the rugs are small and they are often shaken out of the window or in the backyard. This removes a good deal of the dirt but it is very hard on the rugs; as you snap the ends, one way and then the other, some of the threads are apt to break or become weakened and the rug soon shows signs of wear—which are really signs of too severe treatment. There will not be the necessity for this if you use your carpet sweeper daily and the vacuum cleaner frequently. A trick worth knowing is to run the vacuum cleaner crosswise of the rug and it will not wrinkle or get all "skewgee."

Any rug, big or little, inexpensive or a priceless Oriental, will give you better service if you keep it clean. Another aid to long life is a carpet cushion or pad underneath which prevents rubbing against the hard floor. Then, too, it makes it easier to walk on and gives the effect of depth and richness to the carpet. It gives also a more secure feeling; small rugs are less apt to slip and slide and you take fewer risks of a tumble.

ARE INTERESTING



LAMB ROLL is an inexpensive cut. The front quarter with the bone removed is used. The unusual "stuffing" makes this a delicious roast, attractive in appearance and good either hot or cold.

Lamb Roll

- 1 Lamb roll (about 4 lbs.)
- Salt and pepper
- 2 Small onions
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1 Can of peas (No. 2)
- 4 Drops of oil of spearmint, or a little chopped fresh mint

Wipe the meat with a damp cloth, remove the skewers and strings and unroll. Sprinkle the inside with salt and pepper. Peel and

slice the onions in thin slices and sauté in the butter until delicately browned. Drain the liquid from the peas and mash them with a fork. Add the spearmint and spread this mixture over the inside of the roll. Cover with the cooked onions, reroll and skewer or tie. Dredge the roll with salt, pepper and flour and place, fatty side up, in a roasting pan. Cook in a hot oven—500 degrees Fahr.—until all sides are browned, reduce the heat to 350 degrees Fahrenheit and cook until tender (about two hours). Approximately eight servings.

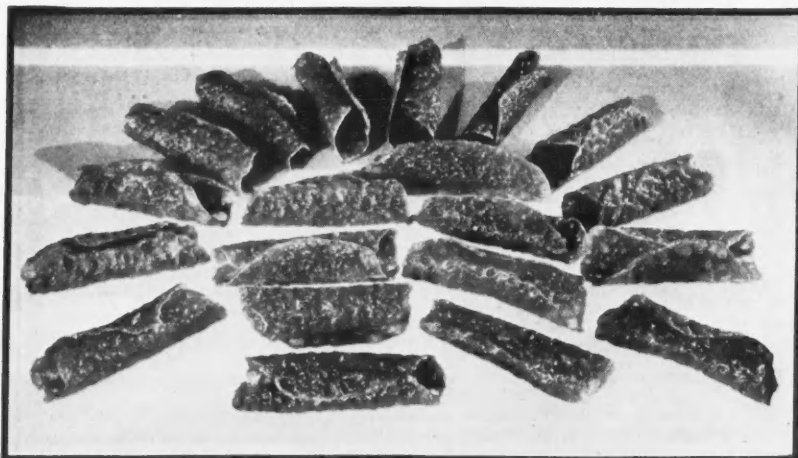
DANDY SNAPS are often called Brandy Snaps, but Dandy Snaps is our name for them. Crisp and dainty with a real old-fashioned flavor.

Dandy Snaps

- ½ Cupful of mild molasses
- ½ Cupful of butter
- 1 Cupful of sifted pastry flour
- ⅔ Cupful of granulated sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful of ginger

Heat the molasses to boiling point, add the butter and allow to melt. Carefully add the mixed and sifted dry ingredients, com-

binning so that there are no lumps, and drop from a teaspoon on to a well buttered baking sheet. Bake in a slow oven—300 degrees Fahr.—for ten to fifteen minutes or until thin and bubbly and nicely browned. Remove from the oven, allow to cool a little—just enough that the wafers may be pulled from the baking sheet—and roll with the top side out. If the wafers become too hard to roll, place the baking sheet in the oven for a few seconds.



NEXT WASHDAY

WELL, I TRIED RINSO TODAY AND THE CLOTHES ARE WHITEST I EVER SAW! I DIDN'T SCRUB A BIT— OR BOIL EITHER

LOOK HOW WHITE AND SMOOTH IT LEFT YOUR HANDS. USE RINSO FOR DISHES, TOO, DARLING. AND NOW—HOW ABOUT THE MOVIES?

Makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer

WHENEVER a cleaning job calls for thick, active, lasting suds—use *Rinso*! In tub, washer, dishpan—a little *Rinso* whips into the creamiest suds ever. Suds that *soak* out dirt and get clothes whiter—without scrubbing or boiling. Clothes last from two to three times longer when washed this safe, scrubless way. Most women use *Rinso* for dishes and all cleaning because hands never get that red, washworn look. Women everywhere say, "*Rinso* is most economical."

One box lasts and lasts

Cup for cup, *Rinso* gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps *even in hardest water*. Try it for *all cleaning*. The cooking school experts of 53 leading newspapers and the makers of 23 Canadian washing machines recommend *Rinso*. Try *Rinso* yourself. Get the BIG handy household package today.

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BENSON'S
is Best!

FOR over 70 years BENSON'S PREPARED CORN has been the outstanding favorite with Canadian housewives.

This famous Corn Starch, sold in the familiar yellow package, is an old, trusted friend, so well-known in practically every kitchen.

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The CANADA STARCH COMPANY, Limited



BENSON'S CORN STARCH

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Please send me your Recipe Book.
Enclose 10c. to cover mailing cost.

Name _____
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This Prize-winning book containing economical recipes will be sent on receipt of 10 cents. Fill out the coupon



.. THESE RECIPES

The Chatelaine Institute gives
three suggestions you will like



Co-operating with the Robert Simpson Company, Moffats Limited and Kelvinator Co. of Canada Limited, the Chatelaine Institute recently conducted a series of demonstrations in Simpson's Arcadian Court, Toronto. The programme included the following topics:—

Fuel Saving Menus

Just Desserts

Old-fashioned Dishes

Party Foods

Last Minute Meals

These are three of the dishes photographed after the demonstration and the recipes will tell you just how to make them. We'll give you more later.



THE SWEDISH TEA RING is an "old favorite" for afternoon tea and good any time. Quite easy to make and a handsome affair to bring to your table.

Swedish Tea Ring

½ Cupful of shortening
¾ Cupful of sugar
½ Cupful of boiling water
1 Yeast cake
½ Cupful of cold water
1 Egg
½ Teaspoonful of salt
3 Cupfuls of unsifted bread flour

tablespoonfuls of softened but not melted butter and sprinkle with the following mixture:

½ Cupful of brown sugar
¼ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
¼ Cupful each of blanched, chopped almonds, strips of citron peel and washed raisins

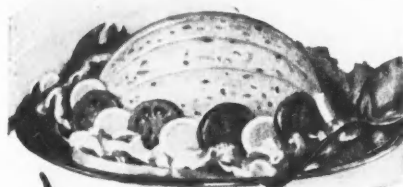
Cream the shortening and sugar together and add the boiling water. Allow this mixture to cool and add the yeast cake which has been dissolved in the cold water. Stir until well mixed and add the beaten egg. Combine the flour and salt and sift into the mixture. Blend thoroughly, cover the bowl with waxed paper and place in the refrigerator overnight or until ready to use.

Roll one half of the above mixture into an oblong sheet about quarter-inch thick on a lightly floured board. Spread with two

Press the fruit lightly into the dough and roll up like a jelly roll. Trim the ends and join to form a ring. Cut with the scissors at intervals of about one inch from the outside to within half inch of the centre, and turn each section slightly to the side. Brush the surface with egg white and allow to rise for two hours at room temperature. Bake for thirty minutes in a hot oven—400 degrees Fahrenheit.

The remainder of the dough may be kept in the refrigerator, covered with waxed paper to be used for rolls or for another tea ring.

BIG DISHES



that grow from little

There is real fun in preparing a dish with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. You can combine left-over meat—or perhaps some left-over vegetables—with Knox and in a few minutes have a main dish that reflects both your culinary art and your thriftiness... and, what is most important of all, pleases your family tremendously.

Another advantage in using Knox is that you naturally prefer gelatine dishes to which you have added your own fruits or vegetables, to those that are factory-flavored. And, you also know that Knox is more economical. Every package makes four entirely different dishes, six servings each. Ready for you now is Mrs. Knox's delightful book, "Desserts, Salads, Candies and Frozen Dishes". It is FREE if you will mail the coupon. In the meanwhile phone your grocer and ask him to send some Knox Gelatine so you can try this delicious recipe.

HOW TO USE LEFT-OVERS

(6 Servings—uses only 1/4 package)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/2 cup cold water 1 cup boiling water
1/3 cup sugar 1/2 teaspoonful salt
1 cup fruit or vegetables
1/4 cup mild vinegar or lemon juice for a Salad
For a Dessert use lemon juice (omitting vinegar)

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes and dissolve in boiling water; add sugar and stir until dissolved. Add vinegar or lemon juice and salt. Allow jelly to thicken somewhat, and stir in prepared fruit or vegetables.

For a Vegetable Salad, add left-over vegetables (cooked peas, string beans, beets, carrots, or fresh vegetables as cabbage, celery, cucumbers, peppers or grated raw carrot). For a Fruit Salad or a Dessert, use any fresh or canned fruit (when using canned fruit, the syrup drained from the can, heated, may be used instead of the boiling water—less sugar will be necessary).

Turn into molds which have been rinsed in cold water, and chill. For Salads, unmold on lettuce and serve with salad dressing. For Desserts, serve with whipped cream.

KNOX is the real **GELATINE**

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140 St. Paul Street W., Montreal.

Please send me FREE Mrs. Knox's Book, "Desserts, Salads, Candies and Frozen Dishes", also "Food Economy". A valuable aid to saving food and money.

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A "Timely" Party

Save these novel ideas for your entertainment scrapbook

SECURELY BOX up a toy watch. Have the players stand in a circle and with someone at the piano proceed to pass the parcel quickly from one to another. The piano stops abruptly and the player having the parcel in hand, or having been the last to touch it—as it is often on the floor—is "out." The player who stays up the longest receives the watch.

A Hunt for Time

The letters T-I-M-E, a hundred or so of each, are hidden around the room, or house and the contestants find as many as possible in an allotted time, not stopping to see what letters they have found. At the end of the time allotted all sort their letters out into as many "TIMES" as possible.

Find Them on Your Watch

What season of the year do you note on your watch?—Spring.
What parts of the human body?—Face and hands.
What symbol indicates many?—Number.
What the sign of bondage?—Chain.
What is most remorseless that you find there?—Time.
What will most interest the physician?—Case.
What the average mortal does six days of the week?—Works.
What is part of a flower?—Stem.
What belongs to us?—Ours (Hours).
What is found that can never be first?—Second.
What that infests cattle?—Tick.
What sign of honesty do many watches have?—Open face.
What is seen there that we look for at the waxworks?—Figures.
What word expressing courage?—Metal (Mettle).
Pin these questions around the wall and allow from twenty minutes to half an hour for working out the answers. A toy or candy watch makes a suitable prize.

Time Measures

Partner your guests and give each couple a pencil and a copy of the following:

What periods or points of time do you find hidden or expressed?

"An aged man of Augusta came marching in the second day of May, leading a bicycle. I instantly presented him to Leon and handed him a chair, for ever since I played in the pasture of old Mr. Snow I have yearned to help those of a former generation. He talked a few minutes on how we teach our future citizens no respect for their elders and its effect on civilization."

Answers to Time Measures: Age, August, March, second, day, May, cycle, instant, present, eon, for ever, past, now, year, generation, era, minute, hour, future.

Right on Time

Place circles of cardboard, of several sizes, around the wall at different heights. Each contestant takes three turns with a small rubber ball. Large circles count the least because they are easiest to hit. Each circle is numbered and the player adds what he gets in all three tries.

A Drawing Test

Pass around pencils and paper and ask each guest to draw a watch dial, filling in the Roman numerals as they would be drawn on a watch. Nine out of ten persons will draw in four o'clock thus, IV, while nine watchmakers will write it, IIII. One prize might be offered to be drawn for by all who draw the dial without this error.

THIS SALT NEEDS NO

Coaxing



YOUR TABLE SALT should be snow white—pure—dainty and free running. Regal Table Salt is.

Regal Table Salt (a "Windsor Salt" product) accentuates the natural food and other flavors. Use it for your cooking, too. The quality of Windsor Brands of salt, of which Regal Table Salt is one, is maintained uniform by C-I-L laboratories.

BUY 3 PACKAGES INSTEAD OF ONE
—a package for each particular purpose.

REGAL TABLE SALT
(free running)
Dainty — Pure — Free
Running for your table
and cooking.

WINDSOR IODIZED SALT
for your children.
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"Bag" Salt in handy
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and general uses about
the house.

Be sure to have an extra
package in your bath-
room—it saves steps.
Write for free booklet
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BUY AN EXTRA PACKAGE FOR YOUR BATHROOM



PUREST AND BEST



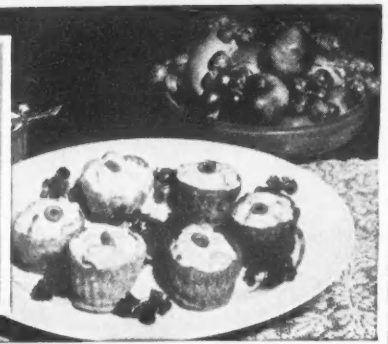
WINDSOR SALT

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED, WINDSOR SALT SECTION, WINDSOR, ONTARIO



Meals of the Month

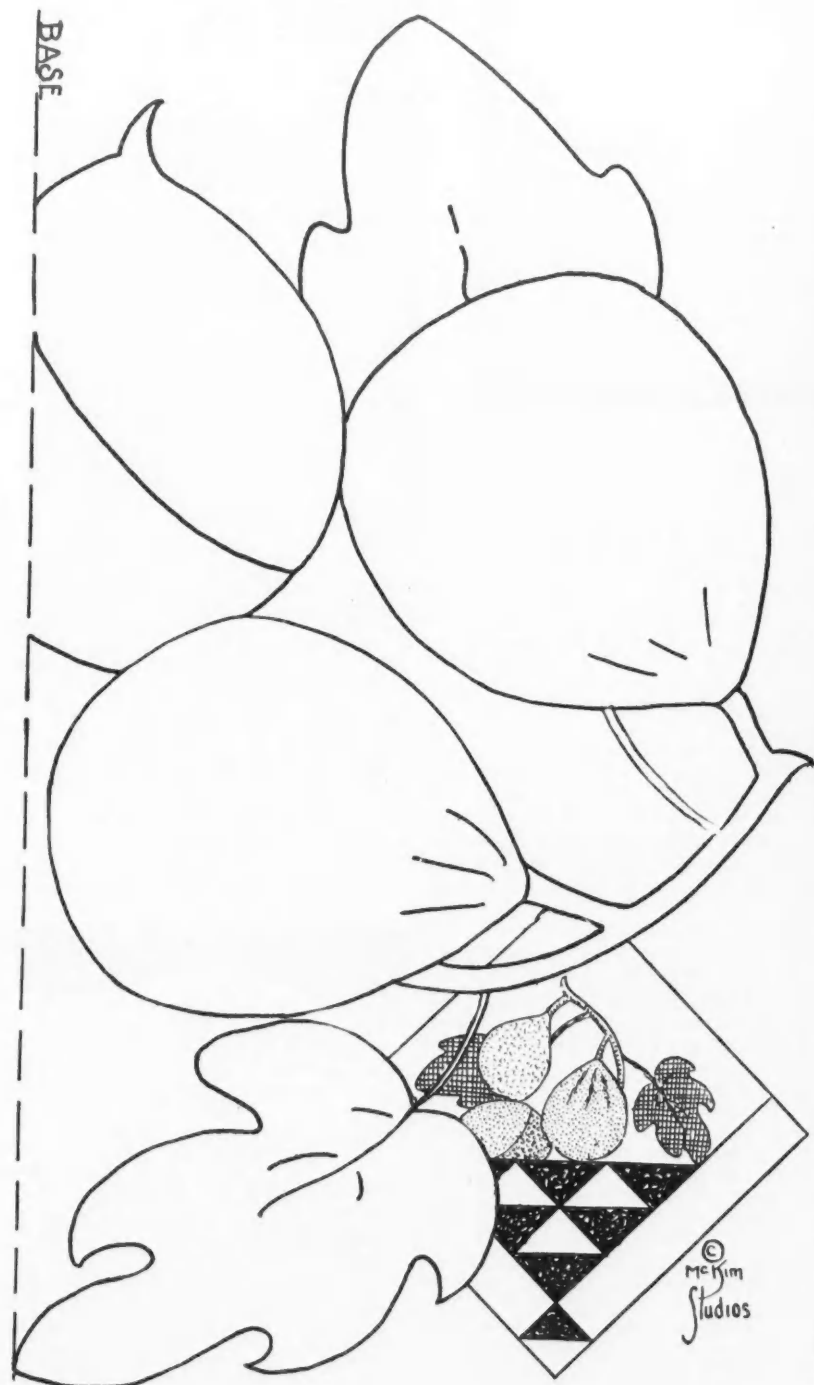
Thirty-one Menus for March



| | | | | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 BREAKFAST Tomato Juice Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Cocoa | LUNCHEON or SUPPER Cold Meat Potato Cakes Pickles Jelly Fruit Salad Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa | DINNER Barley Broth Baked Sausages Mash. Potatoes Corn (canned) Coconut Blanc Mange Coffee with Tart Jelly Tea | 17 BREAKFAST Cereal with Raisins Creamed Fish on Toast Coffee Cocoa | LUNCHEON or SUPPER Onion Soup Lettuce and Celery Salad Biscuits Tea Cocoa | DINNER Sausages Fried Apple Rings Creamed Potatoes Sauer Kraut Coffee Tapioca Pudding Tea |
| 2 (Friday) Grapefruit Cereal Hot Biscuits Coffee Syrup Cocoa | Spanish Rice Hard Rolls Apple Sauce Ginger Cookies Tea Cocoa | Steamed Salmon Loaf Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes - Asparagus Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea | 18 (Sunday) Sliced Oranges Cereal Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa | Assorted Sandwiches Radishes Individual Ice-box Cakes Tea Olives Cocoa | Consommé Rib Roast of Beef Horseradish Browned Potatoes Harvard Beets Rhubarb Crisp Coffee Tea |
| 3 Stewed Figs Bacon Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa | Vegetable Soup Sardine Salad Brown Bread and Butter Jam Turnovers Tea Cocoa | Veal Chops Creamed Potatoes Buttered Beets Chocolate Bread Pudding Coffee Tea | 19 Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa | Cold Roast Beef Beet and Celery Salad Vanilla Junket Hot Chocolate Tea | Baked Ham Slice with Savory Sauce Potato Cakes Buttered Cabbage Chilled Lemon Foam Coffee Tea |
| 4 (Sunday) Orange Juice Cereal Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa | Pigs-in-Blankets Assorted Relishes Rolls Coconut Layer Cake Tea Cocoa | Tomato Consommé Roast of Pork Baked Apple Rings Franconia Potatoes - Spinach Pineapple Ice Cream Small Cakes Coffee Tea | 20 Apples Fried Ham Marmalade Toast Coffee Cocoa | Shepherd's Pie Chili Sauce Banana and Nut Salad Cream Dressing Wafers Tea Cocoa | Broth Mixed Grill Baked Potatoes Glazed Parsnips Baked Chocolate Pudding Marshmallow Sauce Coffee Tea |
| 5 Stewed Apples Bread and Milk Toasted Rolls Coffee Conserve Cocoa | Welsh Rarebit Pickles Canned Raspberries Leftover Cake Tea Cocoa | Individual Pork Pies Steamed Rice - Green Beans Maple Cottage Pudding Coffee Tea | 21 Stewed Apricots Cereal Biscuits Coffee Honey Cocoa | Cream of Celery Soup Tomato Jelly Ring with Cottage Cheese Toasted Biscuits Canned Fruit Tea Cocoa | Baked Beans Pickle Relish Creamed Onions Buttered Asparagus Plum Turnovers Coffee Tea |
| 6 Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa | Onion Soup Crackers Johnny Cake Tea Syrup Cocoa | Savory Meat Loaf Mashed Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Apple Whip Custard Sauce Coffee Tea | 22 Orange Juice Bread and Milk Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa | Creamed Peas and Mushrooms on Toast Hot Gingerbread Apple Sauce Tea Cocoa | Liver and Bacon Scalloped Potatoes with Onion Pickled Beets Rice with Apricot Sauce Coffee Tea |
| 7 Cereal with Chopped Dates Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Cocoa | Chicken Haddie Heated with Milk Pan-fried Potatoes Diced Fruit Salad Tea Cocoa | (Vegetable Plate) Scalloped Lima Beans Diced Beets - Baked Onions Buttered Parsnips Baked Ginger Pudding Hard Sauce Coffee Tea | 23 (Friday) Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa | Italian Spaghetti Brown Bread and Butter Canned Pear and Jelly Salad Tea Cocoa | Broiled Smoked Herring Mashed Potatoes Creamed Peas Molded Lime Jelly on Pineapple Rings Coffee Tea |
| 8 Orange Halves Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa | Macaroni and Cheese Head Lettuce with Dressing Apple Sauce Cookies Tea Cocoa | Asparagus Soup Lamb Chops Creamed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Steamed Fruit Dumplings Coffee Tea | 24 Stewed Prunes Cereal Scones Coffee Jelly Cocoa | Oxtail Soup Cold Sliced Meat Fried Potatoes Fruit Spice Cake Tea Cocoa | Beef Stew with Vegetables Dumplings Cole Slaw Baked Apples with Raisins Coffee Tea |
| 9 (Friday) Tomato Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Cocoa | Creamed Eggs on Toast Fruit Jelly Whipped Cream Wafers Tea Cocoa | Broiled Halibut Steak with Lemon Baked Potatoes Steamed Tomatoes Rice Pudding with Raisins Coffee Tea | 25 (Sunday) Orange and Grapefruit Sections Scrambled Eggs with Tomatoes Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa | Chicken Shortcake (Canned Chicken) Pickles Olives Chocolate Ice Cream Marshmallow Nut Sauce Small Cakes Tea Cocoa | Tomato Cocktail Roast Rack of Lamb Mini Jelly Riced Potatoes Buttered Carrots Jellyed Prunes and Walnuts Coffee Whipped Cream Tea |
| 10 Apricots Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa | Mulligatawny Soup Grilled Frankfurters in Split Rolls Baked Apples Tea Cocoa | Meat Balls Brown Gravy Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Spanish Cream Coffee Tea | 26 Sliced Bananas Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Cocoa | Mixed Vegetable Salad Crisp Wafers Muffins or Rolls Hot Chocolate Tea Jam | Beef Broth Cold Roast Lamb Baked Potatoes Spinach Raspberry Cup Cakes Coffee Tea |
| 11 (Sunday) Grapefruit Cereal Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Cocoa | Ramekin of Shrimps, Peas and Mushrooms Brown Bread and Butter Chilled Apricot Whip Small Cakes Tea Cocoa | Fried Chicken Giblet Gravy Riced Potatoes - Steamed Corn Steamed Carrot Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea | 27 Cereal with Chopped Figs Whole Wheat Muffins Stewed Fruit Coffee Cocoa | Cheese Soufflé Mixed Fruit Salad Biscuits Tea Cocoa | Baked Pork Chops with Dressing Mashed Potatoes Beans Baked Coconut Marshmallow Custard Coffee Tea |
| 12 Orange Juice French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa | Cream of Vegetable Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Pickles Canned Cherries Tea Cocoa | Baked Cottage Roll Potato Frit - Cole Slaw Banana Shortcake Cream Coffee Tea | 28 Tomato Juice Griddle Cakes Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa | Soup Salmon and Celery Salad Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa | Baked Eggs in Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Scalloped Corn Date and Nut Pudding Caramel Sauce Coffee Tea |
| 13 Apples Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa | Creamed Chipped Beef on Toast Mixed Fruit Cup Sponge Cake Tea Cocoa | Julienne Soup Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Baked Potatoes Scalloped Spinach Dried Fruit Pie Coffee Tea | 29 Halves of Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa | Sliced Fresh Bologna Mustard Fried Potatoes Celery Canned Berries Cookies Tea Cocoa | Pot Roast of Beef Baked Potatoes Mashed Turnips Brown Betty Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea |
| 14 Tomato Juice Cereal Coffee Cake Coffee Jam Cocoa | Clam Chowder Apple, Celery and Nut Salad Muffins or Toasted Coffee Cake Tea Cocoa | Salmon Croquettes Buttered Noodles Peas Cherry Trifle Coffee Tea | 30 (Good Friday) Chilled Grape Juice Milk Toast Muffins Coffee Honey Cocoa | Scalloped Sea Food Celery Carls - Brown Rolls Fresh Stewed Rhubarb Tea Sponge Cake Cocoa | Clear Tomato Soup Baked Codfish Caper Sauce Mashed Potatoes Asparagus Cherry Pie Coffee Tea |
| 15 Half Grapefruit Bacon Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa | Baked Vegetable Macedoine Bread and Butter Baked Peaches with Coconut Fruit Bread Tea Cocoa | Grilled Steak Fried Onions Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Chocolate Nut Blanc Mange Coffee Tea | 31 Grapefruit Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Cocoa | Spinach Ring with Creamed Hard-cooked Eggs Nut Bread Sliced Bananas and Oranges Tea | Stewed Chicken Buttered Noodles Carrots Trifle Coffee |
| 16 (Friday) Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Cocoa | Baked Fillet of Haddie Hashed Brown Potatoes Ice Cream Peach Sauce Cookies Tea Cocoa | Spinach and Poached Eggs Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Carrots Black Currant Roly-poly Foamy Sauce Coffee | | | |

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.

THE FRUIT-BASKET QUILT



No. 17. FIGS.

FOR THIS fruit of rich unusual coloring we suggest using an apricot for the lightest fruit that is partially ripe with deep tangerine for the main fruits. According to the little color chart one has a shading of deeper coloring, sort of burnt orange on its shadow side. There is not much danger of getting too much variety of coloring so long as the colors used are approximately true to the fruit. The color plans we give need not be followed exactly; you may be able to get even more naturalistic hues sometimes, but we try to describe them in terms of colors that are rather easily available in cotton cloth.

Trace the fruit and leaf units a seam larger on to the materials from which each cuts. Trace the stems on to the background block carefully as they are to be embroidered. The leaf stems in green outline, the fruit stems in golden brown satin stitch. Fruit

placing may be traced sketchily on to the background as carbon traced lines are often hard to cover. Markings on the figs are embroidered in brown; leaf veins perhaps in lighter green this time, as the fig leaves are quite dark themselves.

A special assortment of good quality broadcloth is available to readers who are making the Fruit Basket Quilt. It contains all the colors required for the appliqué parts, including the baskets. The price is \$1.50.

Readers who wish to obtain any of the blocks previously published, will be interested in learning that the first eleven blocks in the Fruit Basket Quilt, together with the cutting units and quilting design, can be obtained for ten cents complete. Send to: Editorial Department, *Chatelaine*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, for both the block reprints and the appliqué materials.

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1 tablespoon water

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Pages 78, 80, 81 and 82

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"Eggs - any style"

(Continued from page 56)

until smooth. Add the tabasco and gradually stir in the milk. Continue to cook over hot water until the mixture is thick, stirring constantly. Arrange, on a hot platter, sections of hot buttered toast or about three cupfuls of flaky cooked rice; on this arrange the hard-cooked eggs which have been sliced or quartered and over all pour the hot sauce. Serve at once. Six servings.

Eggs Juneau

- Grated bread crumbs
- Grated hard cheese
- Salt and paprika
- 4 Eggs
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of flour
- ½ Cupful of canned bouillon or consommé

Combine grated bread crumbs and grated hard cheese in equal proportions and season with salt and paprika. Sprinkle the bottom of a flat, buttered baking dish with the mixture and place in the dish the four eggs which have been nicely poached in salted water. Make a brown sauce by melting the butter, blending in the flour and gradually adding the consommé or bouillon. When the mixture is thick and smooth, pour over the eggs in the dish and sprinkle the top with more of the crumb and cheese mixture. Place in a hot oven until the cheese is melted and the crumbs lightly browned. Four servings.

Baked Eggs in Tomato

- 2 Cupfuls of soft bread crumbs
- 1 Cupful of canned tomatoes
- 6 Eggs
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper and paprika

Put one cupful of the soft bread crumbs in the bottom of a lightly greased baking dish, add the canned tomatoes and mix well. Break the eggs whole into the dish. Add the melted butter to the remaining bread crumbs, season with salt, pepper and paprika and sprinkle over the eggs. Bake in a slow oven—275 degrees Fahr.—for fifteen to twenty minutes or until the eggs are set. Six servings.

A Tasty Sandwich Filling

- 4 Hard-cooked eggs
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise
- 1 Bunch or more of fresh watercress

Mash the hard-cooked eggs and combine with the mayonnaise. Chop the watercress and combine with the egg mixture. Spread this mixture thickly between slices of buttered bread.

Salad Dressing (using yolks only)

- 4 Egg yolks
- ¼ Cupful of vinegar
- 1 Cupful of sour cream
- ½ Tablespoonful of sugar
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of dry mustard
- ½ Teaspoonful of paprika

Beat the egg yolks, add the other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Place over hot water and cook, stirring constantly until the mixture is smooth and thick.

Meringues (using whites only)

- 4 Egg whites
- 1 Cupful of fine granulated or fruit sugar
- ½ Teaspoonful of vanilla
- Pinch of salt

Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry, adding the salt. Add the sugar gradually, beating during the addition until about three-quarters of a cupful of sugar has been added. Beat until the mixture will hold its shape. Add the flavoring and fold in the rest of the sugar. Dampen a bread board or other kitchen board and cover with white paper. Drop the meringue mixture by large spoonfuls or shape with a pastry tube on the white paper and bake in a very slow oven—275 degrees Fahr.—until firm and delicately browned (one to one and one-quarter hours). Remove from the paper, invert and place in the oven again to dry. If desired, some of the soft centre may be removed before returning to the oven to dry and the shells may afterward be filled with whipped cream or ice cream.

Chocolate Soufflé

- 3 Squares of unsweetened chocolate
- 4½ Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- ¾ Cupful of milk
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 3 Egg yolks
- 3 Egg whites

Cut the chocolate into small pieces and put with the sugar and milk into the top part of a double boiler. Place over boiling water until the chocolate is melted and the mixture well mixed and thoroughly heated. Mix the flour to a paste with a little cold milk and add gradually to the hot mixture. Cook for two minutes stirring constantly, add the butter and when melted, pour the hot mixture gradually over the beaten egg yolks. When thoroughly combined, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into a baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven—300 to 325 degrees Fahrenheit—for thirty to forty-five minutes. Test by inserting a knife in the centre; if it comes out clean, the soufflé is cooked. It must be served immediately or it will fall. Serve with:

Marshmallow Sauce

- ½ Cupful of sugar
- ¼ Cupful of water
- 8 Marshmallows
- 1 Egg white
- Drop or two of peppermint flavoring (if desired)

Boil the sugar and water to a thin syrup—not thick enough to spin a thread—and add the marshmallows cut in small pieces. Let stand for two minutes, pressing the marshmallows into the syrup, using the back of a spoon. Pour this mixture gradually on to the egg white, which has been beaten until stiff but not dry. Continue beating until the mixture is cool, then add the flavoring.

French Cream Cake

- 3 Egg yolks
- 1 Cupful of fine granulated sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful of boiling water
- 1½ Cupfuls of sifted pastry or cake flour
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of cream of tartar
- ½ Teaspoonful of baking soda
- 3 Egg whites
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla

Beat the egg yolks until thick and light colored. Add the sugar gradually, while still beating and add the boiling water. Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the salt, cream of tartar and baking soda. Add to the egg yolk mixture and when thoroughly combined, fold in the egg whites which have been beaten until stiff but not dry. Add the flavoring and turn into two ungreased layer cake tins. Bake in a slow oven—275 to 325 degrees Fahr.—for forty-five to sixty minutes. Put the layers together with flavored whipped cream and dust the top of the cake lightly with confectioner's sugar.



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What to do

(Continued from page 4)

often to dissipation of energies. The child has too many outside counter-attractions. These may be quite good in themselves, such as sport, movies, church socials and the like. Or, he may be too fond of reading. But they take time and often make school work unattractive by comparison. Parents must investigate and see if any of these forms of diversion—excellent in themselves—have been the cause.

Having ascertained the cause, the next step is to try to mitigate the effects of the failure. No matter how much your *amour propre* has been hurt, try not to take it out on the child. He is already miserable enough. But do not pretend that it doesn't matter because your child will not believe you. Rather say that you are sorry that things worked out as they did, but that you and he must work out a plan which will help out the situation. Ask your child for suggestions and act on them if at all possible. Personally, I am not in favor of a child repeating his year unless he is very poorly prepared in his work. The work is stale and he will have very little interest in it; besides, his chums will all have moved on.

If possible, it is better to get a private coach during the vacation and see if you can persuade the school to permit him to proceed along with the group. If this is not possible, maybe there is a private school of good standing to which you could send him and where he could get more individual attention. Often a child fails because he has no capacity for the regular class subjects but has a special bent along some specialized line. We should never neglect special inclinations, no matter how disappointed they may make us. If the work seems too difficult, see that your child gets a mental test and then you will know. Be sure that the education is suited to the child's mentality. Whatever you do, see to it that he doesn't fail again and develop feelings of inferiority. Talk to him as if you felt that he had it in him to succeed, and tell him that life has many failures but the test is how we meet these failures and overcome them.

Not infrequently, a failure is a blessing in disguise. Your child may have been dreaming along without putting forth any mental exertion and getting into bad habits of work. When failure comes, it may wake up the dreamer and show him what has been going on. Furthermore, it may get the parents into the picture as they have never been before. They will begin to take stock and to understand their child and work with that child to prevent another time of failure. Even failure has its compensations, if we will but do some thinking and planning.

Sports

I HAVE a son who entered high school last September. He is very fond of sports and is a big boy for his age, which is fifteen. I am fearful that he may get some permanent injury. Am I over-cautious?

I SHOULD say that you are quite within reason in considering this matter. Boys at this age are thoughtless and often reckless and sometimes they are not given proper supervision. However, if your school has a competent physical instructor I should not worry. There are some matters which you should insist on. Before your son plays he should have a careful medical examination. He should always wear the togs suited to the game he is playing, and any scratches or hurts should receive immediate attention. Where such supervision cannot be secured, there is always risk. Otherwise the danger is negligible.

Two recipes to help your family KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

KEEPING the family healthy and cheerful is as much a matter of food as anything else. Most menus contain too little "bulk"—needed to overcome common constipation. This ailment may cause headaches, loss of appetite and energy.

Try these two tempting recipes. They include healthful Kellogg's ALL-BRAN as an ingredient. Laboratory tests show that this delicious cereal provides "bulk" to exercise the intestines, and vitamin B to further aid elimination. ALL-BRAN is also rich in iron for the blood.

Serve ALL-BRAN also as a cereal. Two tablespoons daily will overcome most types of constipation. Severe cases, with each meal. How much better than risking patent medicines!

In the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.



ALL-BRAN Muffins

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons shortening | 1 cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN |
| 1/4 cup sugar | 1 cup flour |
| 1 egg (well beaten) | 1 teaspoon baking powder |
| 1 cup sour milk | 1/2 teaspoon soda |
| | 1/2 teaspoon salt |

Cream the shortening and sugar, add egg and sour milk. Add ALL-BRAN and let soak until most of the moisture is taken up. Sift flour with baking powder, soda and salt and add to first mixture, stirring only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin tins two-thirds full and bake in a moderate oven (400° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Yield: 8 large or 12 small muffins.



ALL-BRAN Corn Bread with Bacon

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 2 eggs (well beaten) | 1/2 cup flour |
| 1 tablespoon melted shortening | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 2 cups sour milk | 1 teaspoon soda |
| 1/2 cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN | 1 teaspoon baking powder |
| 2 cups corn-meal | 1 tablespoon sugar |
| | 1/4 pound bacon (diced) |

Combine beaten eggs, melted shortening and milk. Add ALL-BRAN and corn-meal. Sift remaining dry ingredients and stir together until well mixed. Pour into greased pan (9 x 12 inches) and sprinkle bacon over top. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) for about 25 minutes, then slip dish under broiler for about two minutes to brown the crust and crisp the bacon. Yield: 16 servings.



**BEST FOR COOKING
BEST AS A CEREAL**





ASHES ON RUG



CRUMBS UNDER TABLE



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"It's neither economical nor convenient to use a vacuum cleaner every time a rug is littered."

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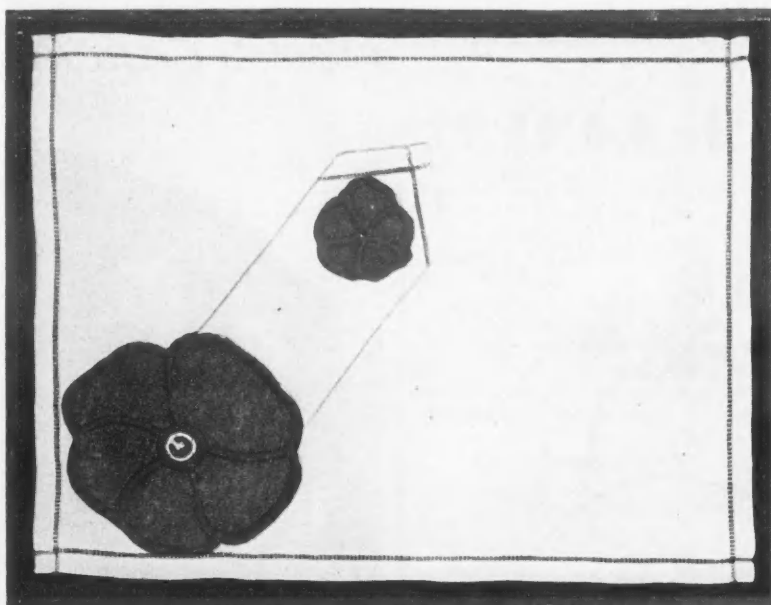


Photo courtesy of J. & P. Coats Limited.

Something Different in Table Linen

Appliqué and Hemstitching are used to make these charming novelties

THIS CHARMING and novel idea of a luncheon or breakfast set which provides its own separate resting place for the serviette comes to us from England. The pretty appliquéd flower design that adorns each oblong mat, is really a pocket into which the table napkin is slipped when not in use. If you look carefully, you'll notice that right in the heart of the flower is the embroidered initial of the user. Don't you think it's a clever idea?

In spite of its really decorative appearance, this set is one of the easiest things you could find to make. Its whole charm lies in the complete simplicity of the design—the one appliquéd flower-pocket and the hand-hemstitched hem which is worked in the same shade as the embroidery on the flower. The napkins carry out the same design, as you will realize by looking at the illustration. Of course, the appliquéd flower is much smaller and is purely decorative in purpose. Finely woven, pale butter-yellow linen forms the mats and napkins, while the same material, in a wild-rose pink shade is used for the flower designs.

And now let's talk about actually making one of these attractive sets. You start by cutting the mats to measure fourteen inches by eighteen inches and the napkins twelve and one-half inches square. That done, draw out four threads about one and one-half inches from each edge of both mats and napkins, for the hemstitching. Count about twenty-three threads from the four drawn threads to the edge and draw out a single thread on each side. Now, fold the hems along the single drawn threads, turn in the edges and baste carefully along the outer edge of the four drawn threads, after which they will be ready to be hemstitched with a single thread of the deep pink stranded cotton which is to be used for the embroidery on the flowers.

Hemstitching is easy, as you very well know if you have ever done it. If you haven't tried it before, you'll only realize how very simple it is after you've done a stitch or two. Working from right to left, pick up four threads with your needle, pull the thread taut and then bring the needle round again, this time taking a short stitch

in the hem. Repeat this across the space, holding the hem toward you. The other side is worked in exactly the same way, only reversed.

Having finished the hemstitching, turn your attention to the decorative motifs. First, draw and cut out a paper pattern for both the large and the small flower. The large one is about five inches in diameter and the small one about two inches. Next, trace the outline of the paper pattern on to your pink linen with a very soft lead pencil and draw in the centre and petals. Then, with a single strand of pearl cotton or six strands of stranded cotton cover all the outlines with a fairly long running stitch, picking up the smallest possible amount of material each time so that nearly every bit of this foundation thread is kept on the right side. Buttonhole closely, with three strands of deep pink stranded cotton, all the outlines designated in the diagram.

Fill in the centre with stranded cotton or pearl cotton to match the yellow linen, and then work the required initial over this in outline stitch with the deep pink stranded cotton. Cut away the material from the outline of the flower and baste the motif firmly on the corner of the mat. Then buttonhole the remaining edges, thus twice working right through both pieces of material and attaching the pocket. The large top petal, which was first finished, forms the opening of the pocket.

The small motif is treated in much the same way, but is cut out and basted to the napkin after the foundation outline is worked. All the buttonholing is worked right through both the pink and yellow materials.

Of course there may be all sorts of variations of this idea. Any number of quaint designs might be used for the motifs. If you are using a coarse linen it would be advisable to draw only three threads for the hemstitching. It isn't absolutely necessary to put initials on either, although they are both useful and decorative. It's quite possible, too, to have some initialled and some not, so that both the family and the odd guest or two may be taken care of. Well, you think up a lot of these possible variations yourself. It's lots of fun.



VI-TONE

For the Kiddies

VITAMINES

A B1 B2(C) D



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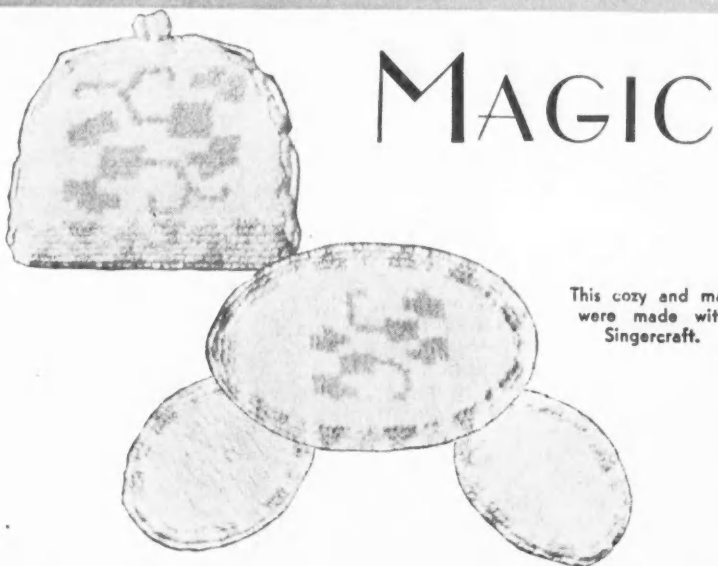
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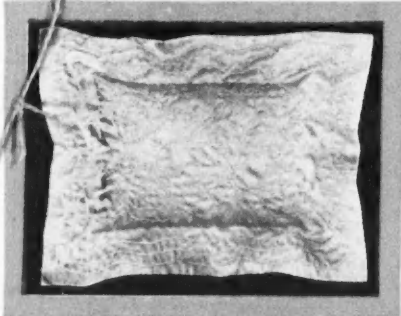


This cozy and mats were made with Singercraft.

MAGIC WITH A SEWING MACHINE

by VERA WELCH

THE OTHER day I went to a trou-seau tea. "A gloat-tea," the little bride called it. Said she, "I know it's bad form, but what's the use of an affair like this if it isn't to show off?" So she gloated with charming candor, while her guests perforce, were filled with genuine admiration. Little wonder, either, for everything she showed us had been made at home by her mother and herself. Every gossamer lace insertion, every delicate silk appliqué, every shirred ruffle on her negligée, even



Boudoir pillow with delicate raised design.

the luxurious heap of satin boudoir pillows, had been stitched at home on the sewing machine.

I picked up a shred of silken loveliness, a nightie you would have sworn was French. It was beautifully cut and very simple, its only trimming being the rows and rows of tiny, even tucks running from shoulder to hem. These, I learned, had been put in with an "edge stitcher," which is a special attachment used for this type of work. It will put the finest edge on your material because it guides the machine needle firmly and easily, just the sheerest fraction of an inch away from the edge—marvellous for collars and jabots, and things like that.

For all those lacy fripperies—teddies, slips, step-ins,—a device known as a "zig-zag" attachment was responsible. The cost, my friend said, was a little higher than that of the other attachments—most of them are under a dollar—but she had found the investment well worth while. It had made lace insertions and flower appliqué possible, and it does this painstaking work skilfully and exquisitely. The elegantly ruffled negligée I had seen, was created by means of a "shirring foot"—a useful little attachment also for frilly curtains, dresser scarfs, and little girls' party frocks.

When I left my friend's house that day, I bore away with me three "samples" to

photograph. They are shown on this page. Unfortunately, no photograph could do justice to the delicate work on the lingerie. But the two cushions and the cozy and mats illustrated, demonstrate other angles to the talented sewing machine. The boudoir cushion is of palest green satin, and the design is raised up on it by stitching through the satin and a backing with the ordinary sewing machine needle and foot, two parallel lines, following the pattern which is already stamped on the material. Then a crewel needle is threaded with a soft, fleecy wool, and the wool is drawn through the narrow tubes left by the stitching, thus giving the attractive raised effect you see.

The elegant looking "living-room cushion" has made use of two extra attachments. A special "cording foot" has been used to put the edging around it—and really, this useful device almost seems to take the worry out of amateur upholstery. At any rate, it certainly takes the irritation out of putting on those neatly piped edgings. The design is done in green velvet appliqué, outlined with gold braid, on a gold satin ground. And the braid is stitched in place with a "braider foot;" one simply threads the attachment with the braid and follows the outline of the stamped design.

The tea cozy and set of mats shown at the top of the page are made by our old friend Singercraft, which is another clever sewing-machine attachment. I thought its gay cottagey appearance—it is done in yellow wool with design and border of tea-rose and green—particularly suitable for porch meals and such like informalities.

It is rather amazing to discover how much lies within the power of one's sewing machine. I've tried to give some idea of its scope in these columns, but you'll find when you start experimenting with the new attachments, that countless other possibilities will occur to you. Write to me, in care of *Chatelaine*, if you would like to know more about these unique attachments.



Green velvet appliqué on a gold satin ground.

HOW RUTH ADDED AN EXTRA DAY TO THE WEEK



(AN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE FROM REAL LIFE)

Washing for Ten Took Two Days —until she tried Oxydol

READ MRS. NEARY'S LETTER



Mrs. David Neary
Torrington, Conn.
U. S. A.

and iron—Oxydol has given me back two brand-new days a week!"

"Washing used to take all day Monday to do, and all day Tuesday to get over. But—by doing all the heavy work in washing for a family of ten, by making my clothes beautifully clean without effort, by making them

so much easier to rinse and iron—Oxydol has given me back two brand-new days a week!"

Thick 3-inch Suds in Any Water

The new, improved OXYDOL will make thick "soft water suds" in any water, hard or soft. Without added "softener" or washing preparations. This is why:

To make OXYDOL, improved soap elements are scientifically combined with specific agents to soften hardest water. Thus combining in one package the effect of both water-softener and soap.

You can see the results in the suds. OXYDOL multiplies 500 TIMES in suds! Which means at least twice as much "soap action" as from old-style soaps.

And OXYDOL is economical. By actual test, a regular 25c package will do the work of 8 to 10 cakes of bar soap or 2 to 3 times as much flakes!

Get OXYDOL today from your grocer. You'll be glad you did! The Procter & Gamble Company of Canada, Ltd.



THE NEW AND IMPROVED OXYDOL MULTIPLIES 500 TIMES IN SUDS



It flushes
off stains without
harming enamel

HOW to get rid of those ugly toilet-bowl stains? It's really very easy—with Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. Once a week just pour this powerful cleanser and disinfectant—full strength—down toilet bowls and drains. It *flushes* off stains. Cannot harm enamel or plumbing. Kills germs and destroys odors!

Don't slave over unpleasant cleaning jobs. Let Gillett's Lye work for you—it's quick, thorough and absolutely dependable. Ask your grocer for a tin—today.

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

FREE BOOKLET—The new edition of the Gillett's Lye Booklet gives full directions for cleaning sink drains and toilet bowls; tells how to shorten dozens of cleaning tasks. Write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. and Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.

**GILLETT'S
LYE EATS DIRT**

Night Wind

(Continued from page 52)

and was glad she had come. Triumphant he called out to her, and would have said more, but that his moment's respite was over and he was all at once fighting again. Then he strove fiercely to end it, that he might take her in his arms and claim her. His blows were savage. He crowded Zaiko backward and bellowed to the man to stand and fight. Behind him Gerda was shouting and laughing with the rest, and her voice put new strength into his fists.

"Fight him, Zaiko! Fight him for me! Would you let the fool beat you? Are you afraid of him?"

Zaiko? The name on her lips was *his*? Bewildered, Peter stepped backward and turned heavily to stare at her.

"He is a fool, Zaiko. He thinks I love him. Show him who I love."

Peter stood staring. He heard none of the warning shouts which came suddenly from the men around him. He heard nothing but the girl's shrill voice, and saw only her jeering lips. Then a mighty fist struck him, and struck again, and he fell forward at the girl's feet, unconscious.

WHAT HAPPENED then was not of his world, and he knew nothing of it. Zaiko, swaggering triumphantly, leered down and chanted: "Up to now I was just playing, little one. How is it when I am angry?" Then he raised his arms toward the girl who had cheered him on, and he strode toward her, expecting her to run into his embrace. Instead, she stood as if dead, staring with wide, vacant eyes at Peter's limp form; and as Zaiko came within reach of her she looked quickly and fearfully into his face, and fell back.

"What is the matter?" Zaiko demanded, scowling his displeasure. "You are mine now."

For answer, she turned her back on him and ran, leaving him cursing.

Peter Murik groped to his feet and stood swaying. Blood ran into his mouth, and he put his hand slowly to his face and stared at the scarlet tips of his fingers. Dully he studied the gypsy faces around him, and saw neither love nor hate in any of them. Now that the fight was finished, the men of Zaiko's camp were indifferent.

Peter thought: What has happened? Where is Gerda? And then he remembered.

He remembered, and his eyes emptied of hope. He heard again the girl's voice mocking him, and saw her laughing lips waiting for Zaiko's caress. Slowly, with his head bowed so that his black hair swept his forehead, he turned and walked away.

Down the Valley Road his slow steps scuffed a sing-song, and the song itself hammered so long in his brain that at last it muttered out through his tight lips. "He is a fool, Zaiko. He thinks I love him."

And then his own name was called aloud, and he opened his eyes to see a lantern swaying toward him along the fringe of the road, with a woman's face white and tense in the glow of it.

"Peter!"

"I'm Peter," he said dully. "What of it?"

"Peter, listen to me." And he listened.

THIS TIME there were no scowling faces, no narrowed eyes awaiting his coming. The ghost of a dying fire was there to show him

the way, and his only welcome was the sudden shrill yapping of an awakened cur. The whispered muttering of wind-bent trees beat time to his slow steps as he advanced, and the huge tent wagons at the clearing's edge were squatting black beasts, regarding him vindictively.

But more than shadows were needed to stifle the new song in his heart, and more than Zaiko would be needed, this time, to drive him away. Straight to the girl's wagon he went, and stood close to the canvas flaps, and spoke her name as if it had been eating his lips.

"Gerda!"

He listened, and from within came the sound of a girl sobbing softly. But there was no answer to his summons.

"Gerda!" he called again.

The sobbing ceased abruptly. From the inside, the wagon flaps were snatched open, and she stood there, looking out at him. Rigid she stood, and no laughter was on her lips now; no mockery masked her eyes. She had been crying so hard and so long that her face was a pale wet cameo, drawn with weariness, and her black eyes were like the windows of an empty house, with rain in them.

"Gerda," he said, holding his hands out to her. "I know what my father told you. It is not true. I love you."

Then she was in his arms, sobbing wildly, and he held her there until her slender body had ceased its trembling.

"Where is Zaiko?"

"He is asleep in his tent," she whispered fearfully. "I ran away from him, and when I returned he laughed at me. He said he would come in the morning to take me."

"He will come now," Peter scowled, "and he will take no one."

Then he released her and strode away into the darkness, toward Zaiko's wagon.

They fought, while Zaiko's followers gathered around and watched them. Gypsy code is law, and until a man has wed his woman any man may fight for the right to take her. So these two fought under a starless sky, and there was no freak finish. When it was over, Zaiko lay lifeless at the foot of the wagon steps, and Peter stood erect, breathing rain into his lungs in great gulps. The men of Zaiko's camp grunted their approval, and Gerda of the black eyes came proudly to stand with her lover.

Then one of Zaiko's men said without emotion: "Zaiko was our leader. You have fought with him and beaten him. From now on you lead us, and your woman is our queen. Are you willing?"

"I'm willing," Peter said.

IN THE GAUNT house in the Valley, Oleg Murik sat alone in a cold kitchen, staring at a stove where no fire burned. The hour was late, and for a long time he had waited, listening for his son's step on the threshold. Now he stiffened and peered eagerly at the door, and the door opened. And Anna Stefan stood there.

"He has not come back," Oleg Murik said heavily.

The girl smiled. Calmly she closed the door and walked to Oleg's side.

"He will not be coming back," she said.

Then she walked slowly to the table and took in her hands the yellowed photograph of the gypsy girl who had found flame in Oleg Murik's heart. And she said softly:

"He is a son of this one. He would not be happy with me."

Oleg Murik looked at her and knew what she had done. With wide eyes he stared at her, while the wooden clock on the shelf above him ticked away many minutes. Then he leaned forward in his chair and pushed himself erect and said evenly:

"It is cold here. I had better make a fire."

"I hate to miss
the party,
But..."



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When a corn appears, remove it with Blue-Jay.

35c at druggists—special sizes for bunions and calluses

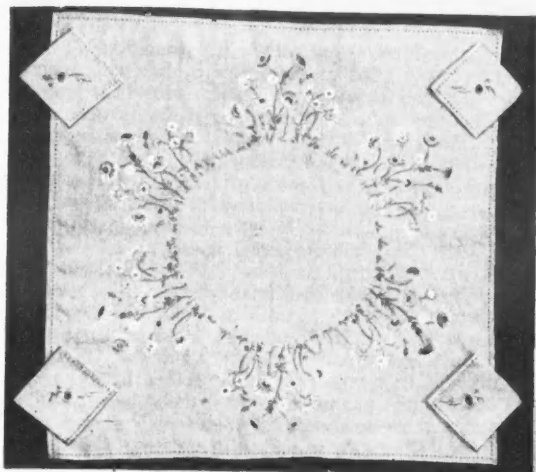
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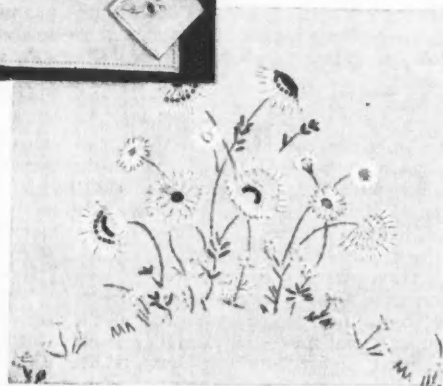
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"I have been a subscriber since CHATELAINE first came out, and think the magazine has vastly improved in the last year or two, especially in regard to the stories. The articles have always been good. It is a pleasure to recommend Chatelaine to my friends."—Mrs. C.J.A., Vancouver, B.C.



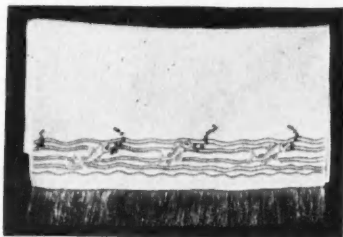
by
Marie
Le Cerf

Spring Sewing



C271—Field Flowers Luncheon Set— A very effective design, in the simplest stitches, mostly lazy daisy. Stamped on green, cream or white linen, the flowers are worked in shades of gold; on yellow linen with mauve and purple flowers, or on blue linen with flowers in pink and mauve. The 36-inch cloth and four serviettes are priced

A close-up of the field flowers luncheon set, above, showing the simple stitches with which the design is worked.



A little fish guest towel, worked in green on yellow.

at \$1.35; cottons for working at 20 cents. A 45-inch cloth with four serviettes can also be supplied in this design—stamped on finest linen-finished cotton, but in cream or white only. This also is priced at \$1.35 per set and cottons at 20 cents. Be sure to state color combination and size of cloth desired.

C274—Little Fish Guest Towel—A delightfully novel idea in towel decoration: three little fish blowing tiny bubbles through

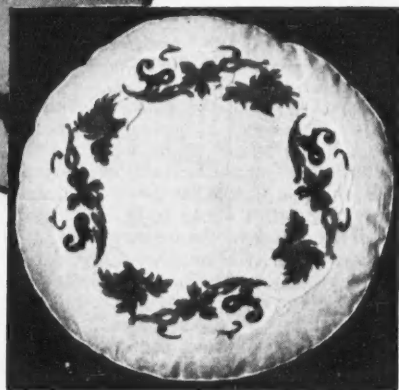
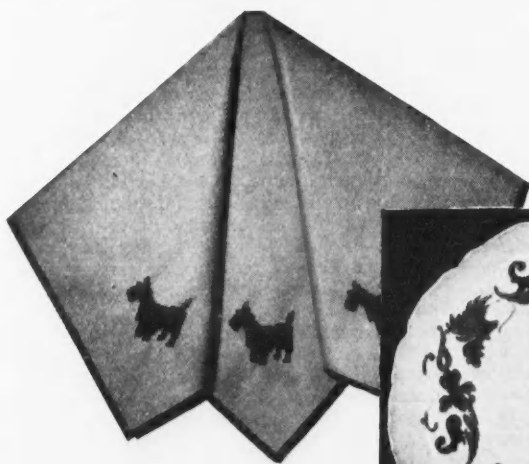
the water as they come up for air. Ends are finished with single hemstitching and then fringed. Stamped on yellow linen and worked in green, these little towels are really charming. Size 15 x 24 inches, price per pair, 65 cents; cotton for working, 5 cents.

C272—"Scotty" Bridge Cloth—Our little "Scotty" has made so many friends among our readers that we have decided to put him in charge of our new bridge cloth. Finest quality art felt is used, in lacquer red—"Scotty" to be worked in black cross stitch and the binding in black to match. Thirty-one-inch square is sent unless larger size—up to 36 inches—is specified. Elastic to slip over corners of table is also supplied. The price, including cotton for working, binding and elastic—\$1.00.

C273—Crewel Work Cushion—Twenty-two-inch size in new circular scroll design. Stamped on brown Irish linen, with back, the price is 75 cents; stamped on black art felt, with back, it is priced at \$1.00. Wools for working amount to 75 cents.

HANDICRAFTS may be ordered from Chatelaine Handicraft Studio by sending a postal order to Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Left, a "Scotty" bridge cloth. Below, a vivid crewel work cushion.



From Chatelaine's
Handicraft Studio

Now Waxing Floors is Easy For Mary

Husband shows her new way to do it without rubbing



MARY SIT DOWN AND LET ME SHOW YOU THE NEW EASY WAY TO WAX FLOORS I JUST DISCOVERED.



NO BACK-BREAKING RUBBING. WATCH! YOU FIRST POUR IT ON THE FLOOR, SPREAD IT LIGHTLY, THEN SIT DOWN AND WATCH IT DRY TO A WONDERFUL SHINE IN 15 MINUTES.

Try this new-day way to wax your floors

Many thousands of women now call this new Old-English *no-rubbing* Floor Polish one of the greatest scientific discoveries ever made. For it makes waxing floors—wood or linoleum—really as easy as sweeping. It's the new-day, no-work way to keep your floors beautiful—free from ugly signs of wear and tear.

You won't believe how easy it now is to wax your floors until you try this

new Old-English *no-rubbing* Floor Polish. You simply spread it lightly over the floor, then sit down and sew or read while it dries to a wonderful shine in a few minutes. Your floor looks lovely—like new—and it will look that way for a surprisingly long time. You can now get Old English *no-rubbing* Floor Polish at any paint, hardware, department or grocery store.

Old English *no-rubbing* Floor Polish

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ETIQUETTE DEMANDS
A QUALITY TOILET TISSUE

Rheumatism Goes With Excess Fat

Both Banished by Kruschen

When one realises that the cause of overweight is closely associated with the cause of rheumatism, it is easy to understand how it is that the two troubles can so easily be overcome by the same remedy.

The experiences told in the following letter are typical of those of many other sufferers:—"I first started taking Kruschen Salts for rheumatism in my ankle joints. Being rather stout, I thought perhaps they would remedy both troubles, and you cannot realise how surprised I was with the effect. I don't feel anything of my ankles now. And not only that—my weight has reduced 19 lbs. in just three weeks. I am still reducing, and yet I eat what I like, and I feel a different woman in every way."

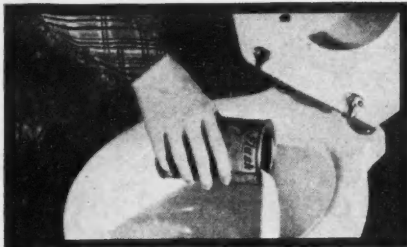
—(Mrs.) B.

Gently, but surely, Kruschen rids the system of all fat-forming food refuse, of all poisons and harmful acids, which give rise to rheumatism, digestive disorders and many other ills.

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**TOILET BOWLS
STAY SNOW-
WHITE WITHOUT
SCRUBBING . . .**



Sani-Flush

**cleans closet bowls
without scouring**



You don't have to scrub and scour to keep toilets clean. Sani-Flush does the work for you. You don't have to touch the toilet with your hands.

Sani-Flush keeps the porcelain glistening like new. Removes spots and rust. Do not confuse it with ordinary cleansers. It does something that no other method can do. It purifies the toilet trap which no scrubbing can reach. Sani-Flush eliminates the cause of toilet odors.

It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators. Sold at grocery, drug, and hardware stores, 35 cents. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

Secret Banners

(Continued from page 11)

Don't get excited, because everything is all right, but I had a letter from Scotty yesterday, and he is in the hospital."

"H-hospital! Mary! What—where—"

"Easy there. It's all right. He had to have a small operation, he said, but he went right after you left, so he's almost over it now. He's in the Harrison Memorial."

Lorna felt her breath coming back slowly, but her heart was still pounding. "Did he write the letter himself? Did he say what it was? Harrison Memorial—can you drop me there on the way?"

"HE'S DOING VERY nicely, Mrs. McClain. Nothing to worry about at all. You can go right up. Room 224."

The voice came from a blur in white behind a high desk with an information sign on it. "Oh, th-thank you." He was all right—he was really all right. That was all that mattered. Hero? Gosh, what difference did that make? Her fingers that had been grasping the corner of the desk relaxed and the blood flowed back into them with little prickly stabs.

"Take the elevator to the left."

She could see where she was going now, smell the iodoform and the ether. Her heart began to beat normally and her mind to function again. She thought, walking down the long corridor, "I shall always love him. I don't want to, but I can't help it. There will never be any escape."

She found the door of Scotty's room ajar and went in softly. He was lying with his eyes closed and his dear tousled head on his outflung arm. She tiptoed to the bed and bent over him, her heart hurting, because he looked so lonesome and—and forlorn.

"Scotty—Scotty dear," she whispered.

His eyes opened and she saw them light up for an instant, then a wariness crept into them and the corners of his mouth tightened. "Oh, hello. Have a good time?" he said. "Hope I didn't give you a shock, being here."

"To—to think this should have happened while I was away. . . ." she said in a very small voice, finding his hand with both of hers. "Oh, Scotty, are—are you all right?"

"Sure."

She bent down and kissed him. She said, "I've missed you terribly, dear." At least she would do the best she could to make him happy.

Scotty said nothing and she hid her face in his cheek, waiting. Suddenly she gave a half-hysterical sob and drew away. "Scotty—Scotty, I don't even know what's the matter with you—"

There was a knock at the door, and before he could answer the nurse came in. "Would you mind stepping outside just a minute, Mrs. McClain?" she asked.

"Why of course." Lorna was a little surprised, but she went out and began to walk slowly down the corridor. There was a man in a white uniform standing several doors away, and she realized suddenly that

it was Dr. Marr, and that he was waiting for her. Her heart lurched and skipped a beat. Could there be something that they hadn't told her—

"I'm glad you're back, Mrs. McClain," he said, smiling and coming toward her. "I asked the nurse to have you come out, because I wanted to talk to you. We need your help. We've been having our troubles with that husband of yours already, keeping him quiet."

"Please tell me—" she managed.

"He's got more guts than ten men put together," Dr. Marr said bluntly. "The poor young fool. . . wouldn't admit that he was in pain until he passed out with it. It'll be up to you to see that he keeps off that foot until it is thoroughly healed."

"His f-foot?" Faintly—very faintly in the distance, she thought she could hear cheering. It grew louder. She could see cheerleaders bouncing joyously, waving their purple megaphones. Scotty had been hurt. The water boy had run out, then the doctor. The stands had held their breath, but now he was staggering grandly, gloriously to his feet, setting his jaw against the pain. Suddenly the picture faded, but—marvellously—she could still hear the cheering.

"His foot?" she said again, weakly.

"Yes, we had to take a small piece of bone out. It was an old injury. It beats me how he has been walking on it all this time. Even after the X-ray we couldn't get him to the hospital for a week."

"A week—he knew about it then—before I went to Montreal?"

Lorna didn't hear what Dr. Marr answered, or what he said when he left her. She was leaning against the wall, breathing hard, hearing the distant music, seeing banners in the air.

And she had thought he wasn't a hero any more! Why, it was easy to be a hero with the band playing and the crowds yelling, but this—to go through the humdrum of everyday life with that same driving, persistent force, the same quiet acceptance of the rules, the same dogged courage. That was bigger, deeper, finer. That was Scotty.

Tears swelled up from some deep place in her heart and made her eyes swim. She had been so blind. It hadn't been easy, either, poor darling. He had been the idol of the whole school, the city, but now there was another Flying Scotchman on the hill and Scotty was selling sporting goods in a downtown store, patronized by persons who, two years ago, would have bragged about meeting him. Yet never once had he complained.

And she—worst of all, she had failed him, too. It had been, "Don't you go back on me, too," that he had tried to say that night and then so quickly denied it. And all the time his foot—his poor, dear foot—

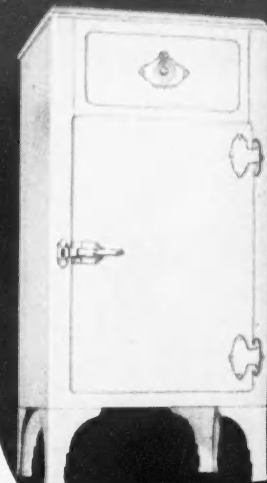
She took out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes. Why, there would always be banners flying around that precious head—secret banners that only she could see. It would be her secret. Nobody would share it with her, but she would make him feel it. Dear God, she would make it up to him—if he would let her.

The nurse came out and Lorna gave her eyes a last furtive dab, and smiling, went back into the room.

"Darling, why didn't you tell me about this before I went?" she asked tenderly.

"Sore feet," he said ruefully, but he smiled back into her eyes.

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The "Dual-Automatic" Refrigerator has many other important features, such as Lighted Interior, Sliding Shelves, Refrigerated Shelf in the All-porcelain Froster and Economat Temperature setting—also the "Thank You" door.

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Watch for the April Chatelaine!

It promises to be particularly bright issue, full of spring news, and new clothes, of vividly contrasting fiction, and arresting articles.

The stories include "Easter Eggs for All" by Christine Jope-Slade—and "Red Hair Doesn't Mean a Thing"—a gay love story by Martha Banning Thomas, "Nancy Grows Up," a thrilling and unusual story by another now Canadian writer, Beatrice Furniss. Also "Absolutely a Dying Rose"—the hilarious tale of an aesthetic dancer.

Also some of the hundreds of replies to "Marry Now?—No!" These vivid letters will give you actual pictures of how Canada's young people are meeting the times.

relief system, but their young people are growing up with frustrated desires and thwarted ambitions. They cannot earn money because there is no work. They cannot gratify their normal social desires because so many small luxuries and pleasures are out of their reach through complete lack of money. Thus the ground is prepared for the seeds of dishonesty and crime.

With this sense of frustration there develops only too often in relief families, domestic friction due to strain and disappointment. But if the problem were the saving of a few cents here and there from a cash allowance to satisfy some long-harbored

desire, instead of the stoical acceptance of relief orders, how quickly that sense of frustration would disappear! One of the most valuable tonics in the world is a chance to plan for something, when the plan has a possibility of attainment. If it were only possible to place in the hands of our thousands on relief a cash allowance, with which they could plan and save and buy, what a difference it would make in this present depression of minds!

(The statistics given in this article were drawn from the Report of the Dominion Commissioner of Unemployment Relief for the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1933.)

The Mystery of the Surgeon's House

(Continued from page 22)

some months after he had gone away, he had sent her a postal card from Pontresina where he had gone to see the winter sports. That was all she knew of the two.

Adrienne had a letter of introduction to the president of the Banque Fédéral de Lausanne. He found that there was no one in their records named Colby who had had an account. There were several Smiths and two of them were named Henry Smith. They had had accounts there some years previously. Before she had left Riverhead, Adrienne had asked Colby to write for her several times the signature "Henry Smith." This corresponded with the signature of one of the two Henry Smiths who had been depositors. His address was the Royal Hotel. Adrienne went there only to find that the employees had all been changed since his day. She asked for the addresses of the concierges and clerks who had been there, and she succeeded in getting the name of one François Thiers, at the moment a concierge in a hotel in Cannes.

Adrienne set out for the Riviera. She would investigate this Thiers, and then she would go to Mentone in search of a golden-haired Englishwoman who sold china on a street running up from the sea. Thiers she found, and with him her good fortune began. One evening when twilight had come, she sat with him on a balcony facing the sea and listened with a sense that her long lane of research was at last showing a turning.

"But yes," Thiers said, "assuredly I remember Monsieur Smith. He was an American. I remember him because he was especially generous, and because he was one of the few Americans who did not drive a car. Why, I do not know; his mother drove his car."

"Do you know where he came from?" Adrienne asked, "or where he went after he left Lausanne?"

Thiers raised expressive eyebrows. "Madame, it was three years ago, and there are so many tourists."

Adrienne tipped him well and then took the train to Mentone. Like Cannes, Mentone was given up to Italian tourists come for the sea bathing. Some of the smaller shops were closed. The others were half somnolent, awaiting the autumn and winter visitors from England and the United States. There were not many streets leading up from the sea, not many shops where china was sold, and only one where there was a golden-haired Englishwoman.

When Adrienne faced this woman across a

counter she could scarcely speak. Here was this sales person, detached, cool, and of so much importance to the fate of Franklin Colby. Adrienne indicated a jam pot, a round shape with a handle in the shape of a bunch of black currants.

"I want to buy this," she said, "but more than that, I want to ask if you can remember selling one to a certain young man who came here, probably within the last three years, I think with another person. He was tall, dark, with straight hair and brown eyes. His name was—was Henry Smith."

The Englishwoman gave a nod of assent. "Yes," she replied, "I do know Mr. Smith and his mother. They have spent several winters or parts of winters in Mentone. I remember them from years back when Mr. Smith was a little boy."

"Can you tell me where their home was?" cried Adrienne.

"I know that, too," the woman replied, "for occasionally Mrs. Smith wrote to me for china. They live in a little place in Kent. Theobald's Green, it's called."

Adrienne's questions brought no further results. There was no reason for not going at once to Theobald's Green.

She reached Theobald's Green in the morning. The postmaster, of whom she made enquiries, told her that Mr. and Mrs. Smith lived in Kennard's Court, adding that they were not at present at home, but that a caretaker was in residence. Adrienne drove out to the house. It was in a beautiful park, a fine brick Elizabethan structure with ancient ivy screening the windows, high yew hedges, and magnificent oaks and copper beeches edging the driveway.

Adrienne got out of the car she had engaged and rang the bell. There was no answer, but she saw a curtain in the hall moving and she felt certain that a figure stood behind it. She persevered in vain, the driver watching her phlegmatically.

"If you were not expected," he said, "I could have told you that the old woman wouldn't let you in. This last few weeks she's gone sort of dotty."

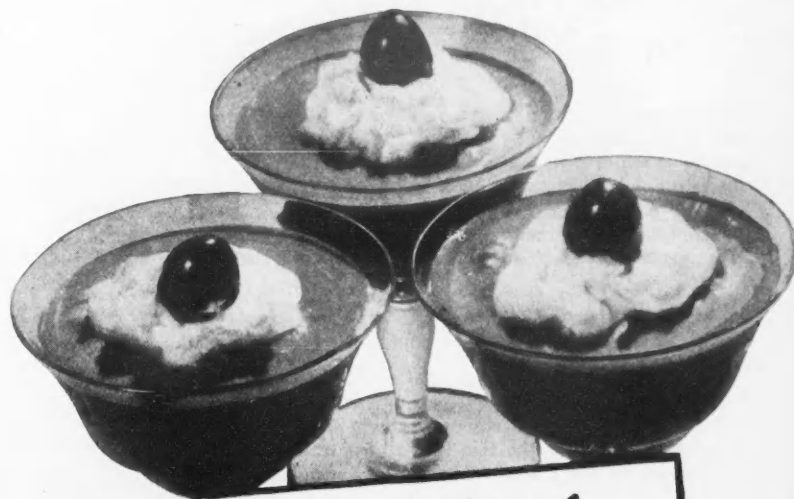
Adrienne drove back to the village and found her way to the vicarage, a little rose-embowered house next the church. The vicar was in and would see her. She waited for him in his little well-worn drawing-room, and presently he appeared, a ruddy whiskered man of the type of muscular Christianity. When she told him that she wanted to learn all she could of Henry Smith and his mother for the sake of helping Smith who was in trouble, he talked to her freely.

"A fine young man, upright, chivalrous, generous to a fault. His devotion to his mother was admirable. She was a beautiful woman, with an expression that was sombre when it was not imperious."

"You had known them—how long?" Adrienne asked.

"They came here when Henry was seven, some seventeen years ago. But this was really their summer home, for they travelled

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The April issue of "The Story-Teller" which will contain a wide variety of excellent short stories by some of the foremost popular authors of the day and also a long complete story.

• Hugh Walpole

is represented by "The Brother," an enthralling short story in a vein reminiscent of this author's novel "The Cathedral."

• Martin Armstrong

eminent among the moderns, contributes comedy in the form of a short story called "Drink, Pretty Creature!"

• Anthony Richardson

who has written several serials for Story-Teller, contributes a characteristic short story, while stories by Vingie E. Roe, W. H. Upson, George S. Brooks, and Harry Brander also appear.

• Frank H. Shaw

writes a long complete novel and deals with a piquant romance at sea.

APRIL
1934
ISSUE

THE STORY-TELLER

FIFTEEN
CENTS

The Magazine of Distinguished Fiction.

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"I keep all my CHATELAINES to refer back to when some article or problem comes to me. I have a home of my own now and like the whole magazine so much I would be lost without it, I am afraid."—Mrs. S.J.A., New Westminster, B.C.



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Movie Gossip

(Continued from page 16)

the private life of Henry, has now completed that of Catherine the Great. Elizabeth Bergner who is one of the most popular of European stars, and who has been making a name for herself on the London stage plays the title rôle. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. plays the lead opposite her, and the settings and staging have all the authenticity that made the public appreciate Henry VIII so much.

Then Norma Shearer is to play the rôle of Marie Antoinette and Greta Garbo has done Queen Christina and given a Hollywood interpretation of the historically unexplained fact of her youthful abdication. Katharine Hepburn, they say, after her New York contract will begin to screen the life of Queen Elizabeth. Who next?

If these historical pieces are given with some authenticity of costuming, mannerisms and story, they should prove one of the most important developments in the cinema. And what glamor they would give to the history lessons for schoolchildren!

THERE'S A rich enjoyment awaiting you in "Nana." If you have been keeping in touch with your movie news you'll remember that this film, based on the famous story by Emile Zola, brings the first appearance of Anna Sten, the Russian actress who has been groomed, at a fabulous cost, for the

past fifteen months, in Hollywood, to prepare her for film fame.

How will you like Anna Sten? I thought her enchanting. I felt she had qualities of Garbo and Dietrich rolled into one. She brings a new type of beauty to the screen. Her voice is husky and with undertones in it that I found a delight to listen to. As you have perhaps gathered, I watched her with a very real sense of beauty. And as the fade-out brought on the lights in the little theatre where I had been watching a preview, the man in front of me said, "Well I think she's terribly artificial!" So there you are.

The mood of Paris in Zola's time has been definitely caught. The story of the little "gutter-rat" who decides that her mother's miserable life was caused by her weakness, and who determines to live her life as she will, is told with a rich supporting cast. Nana, the girl from the Paris streets, is loved by three men—and to all of them she brings misery. Richard Bennett as the magnificent old producer who first brings her fame, Phillip Holmes as the young soldier whom she really loves, and Lionel Atwill as his older brother who breaks up the affair, only to ruin his own life for Nana's fascination, are three excellent character rôles.

The story is a sad one; but it is inevitably so. And as so often happens in real life, the end is predicted in the beginning. And don't go if you expect a lily-white heroine. Nana is weaker than her mother after all. But "Nana" to my mind, will be one of the big pictures of the year. Don't miss it, if you want adult entertainment.

There's a definite charm to another film set in the same period but on another continent—"You Can't Buy Everything." It's a silly title for a picture that has many moments of charm.



Phillip Holmes and Anna Sten in "Nana."

Direct Relief

(Continued from page 15)

for the protection of the children. Those with past experience in dealing with that group of poor whose plight was due to drunkenness, abnormal mentality or kindred causes, say that if such families were given money to spend, it would all be wasted to gratify the desires of the parents. But, at the present time, thousands of the families on relief are good citizens and need only the normal opportunities and responsibilities of good citizens to continue as such. Three or four years ago these men were wage-earners. They were anxious to give to their

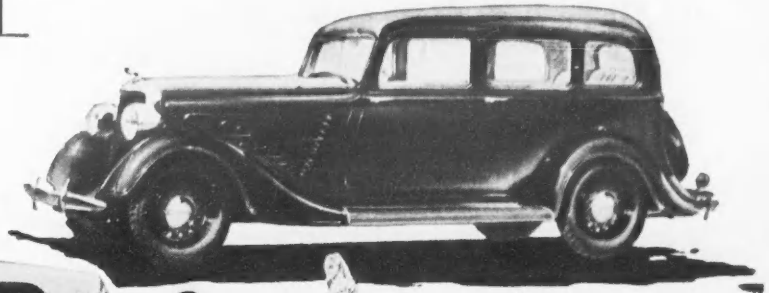
children something better than they had had themselves—better health, through wiser choice of food; better education, through books and longer schooling; better social position, through a higher living standard. And these are families now being supported with orders for this and orders for that, and not one cent of cash to spend.

It would be a simple matter to check the nutrition of the children through schools and existing health centres. Where abuses are found, such families might well be handled by those charitable organizations which functioned in the past, giving advice and careful supervision to just this type of applicant. These organizations still exist, and they would find most of their old cases coming back to them, for, sadly enough, we all know this group to be always with us.

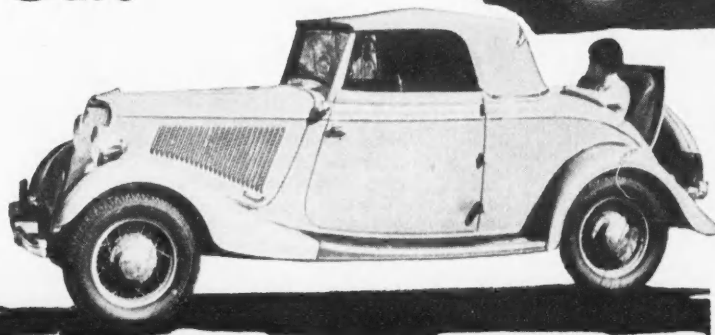
But the good outnumber the bad to such a degree that it seems little short of criminal to punish them for the sins of a small minority. Not only do parents of families suffer mentally under the restrictions of our

A MODERN ALICE

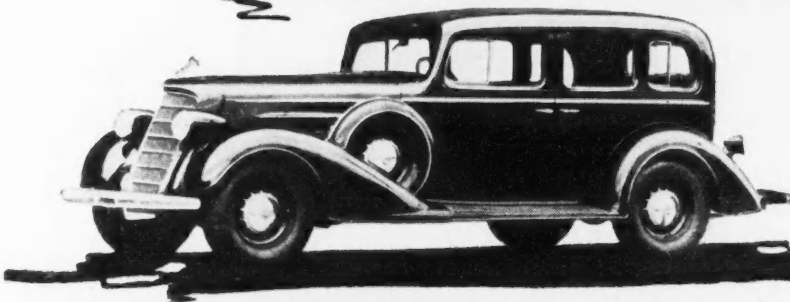
in the Wonderland of New Cars



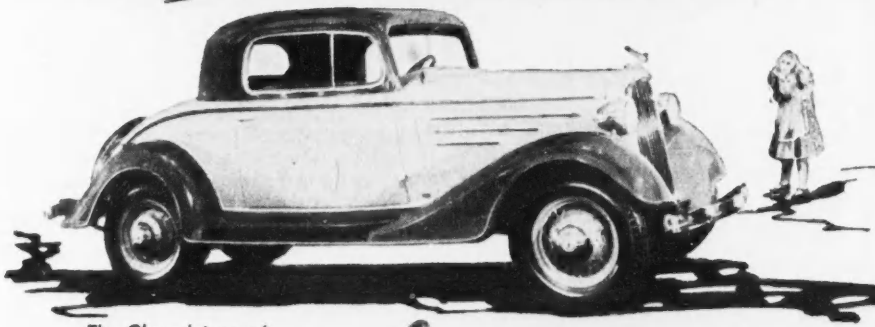
The Dodge sedan.



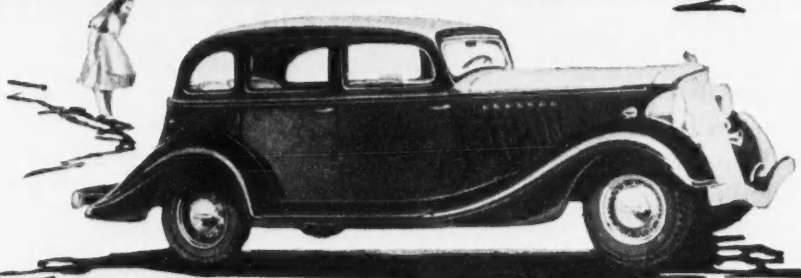
The Ford convertible coupé.



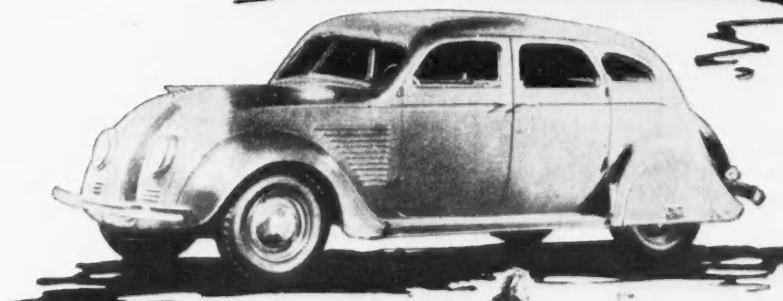
The Oldsmobile sedan.



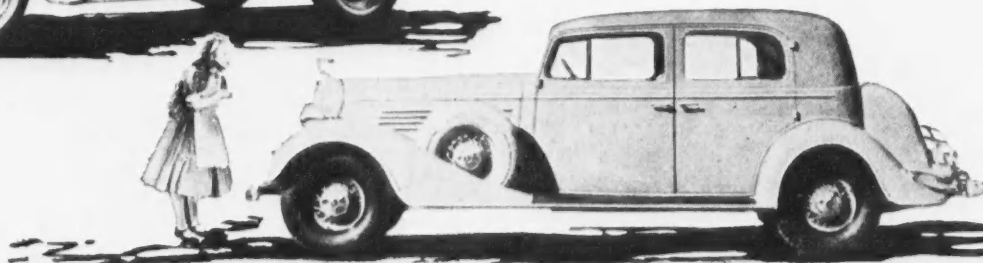
The Chevrolet coupé



The Terraplane sedan.



The De Soto sedan.



The Buick sedan.

WHAT THRILLS Alice finds today, when she enters the wonderland of the new cars! And why not? It is no secret that the Alices of this world have played an important part in their designing. Gone are the days when a husband told his wife that machinery was something she mustn't bother her curly head about. Today wives have the casting vote in what car their family will have. Ask any automobile salesman, anywhere. He will tell you that he must "sell the wife," before the husband will sign on the dotted line.

Women are proud of understanding the "whys and wherefores" of the improvements. There's so much to see and explore! The smooth flow of the body curves that bring the grace of the Winged Pegasus to the family chariot; the clever window arrangements that ensure a comfortable ventilation to back-seat drivers as well as those in front; floating power that ensures a ride without vibration or shock. Improved brakes that mean safer stops; a generally roomy design that entails more comfortable seating spaces; seats that are readily adjustable and designed to give the most scientific support; instrument boards that contain many new devices for driving convenience and safety.

Study them all, Alice! And here's a wish—let us hope that you don't wake up from your dream to find the family still ambling about in "that old bus." Let us hope that your dream will come true, and that one of the thrilling new cars will be actually in your garage to bring a new driving pleasure to the happy days ahead!



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a great deal with tutors for Henry. Mrs. Smith, most unwisely, as we thought, would not send him to school."

"Will you tell me when you saw them last?" Adrienne asked.

"About last October, I fancy it was. They went abroad then. Mrs. Smith was restless, and was accustomed to wandering from city to city and from hotel to hotel. They had been everywhere—even to Persia and Afghanistan. They would come home in March or April. But this April they did not return."

"Do you think?" Adrienne asked, "that they have friends here who might have heard from them since the spring?"

The vicar shook his head.

"I don't think so. Mrs. Smith and her son were very friendly in manner but they had no intimates and really few friends. I believe that if they had been in correspondence with anyone, I should have heard it. We are a small neighborhood here, Miss Sheridan, and every scrap of news is treasured, repeated many times and often exaggerated."

"Has there been much comment about their not returning?" Adrienne asked.

"I believe not; their comings and goings are taken for granted as erratic. People don't think much about them when they are away, and welcome them when they return. I wish I could tell you more. If you could reach their caretaker, Mrs. Cowdry, you might learn something. She has not been at church recently and though I have called, she does not answer my ring."

Adrienne rose, saying:

"You have been more than kind. Some day I shall write you about this serious trouble in which Henry Smith is involved. At present I am under pledge to his lawyer to say no more than I must."

The vicar bowed her out, his face curious, his manner perfect. Adrienne sat on the graveyard wall, where she wrote the following note: "To Mrs. Cowdry. You would not let me in this morning but it is very important that I see you. Henry Smith is in desperate danger. His life may hang on what you can tell me. I am willing to see you outside the house in any place you please. I will answer any questions you like. But I beg you to see me if you have in your heart any kindness for the two people you have served. Adrienne Sheridan."

She walked the mile and a half to Kennard's Court, and entering the grounds she went slowly up the driveway. A pale sun cast a yellow light on the ancient brick, lent a softer gloss to the ivy, and brought out the bronze of the magnificent copper beeches. Adrienne noticed that the shrubs and flower beds were untended, and that little weeds were taking possession of the driveway. Not only the grounds, but in some way the house, too, spoke of neglect.

Adrienne pushed her note under the front door, and then ringing the bell emphatically, she waited. Five minutes passed; then she heard the front door unlocking and opening. It came open only five inches and then was held by a chain. Through the aperture a woman's face looked—an elderly face with unhappy, suspicious eyes.

"You wrote this note?" the woman asked in a tense voice.

"Yes, Mrs. Cowdry."

There was a long pause while Mrs. Cowdry searched Adrienne's face. Then she said: "Go out on the driveway and stay till I come."

Adrienne left the doorstep and went part way down the drive. Presently Mrs. Cowdry joined her. The woman's eyes were swollen as if from weeping and her hands were trembling.

"You poor soul," Adrienne cried.

"You can't get round me that way," Mrs. Cowdry said, her voice quivering.

"I don't want to get round you," Adrienne said, pityingly. "But I believe you have suffered. I want you to help me, if you can, to relieve suffering."

Mrs. Cowdry looked at her steadily. So far Adrienne had told no one but Cornelia Stebbins about the tragic coil in which Smith, or Colby as she thought of him, was involved. But now for *Cont'd on page 76*

Prize-winning quilt made from feed bags!

In a humble home in the province of Ontario there is a famous quilt—a quilt so beautiful that it has taken prizes in many exhibitions. The most surprising thing about it is that it is made from crude feed bags. But let Mrs. S., its maker, tell about it. "Yes, I make all my quilts and my rag rugs from feed bags as I can't afford to buy new material. I dye them myself. How do I get such lovely colors? By using the best dyes made—Diamond Dyes. Cheap dyes never pay and only Diamond can give me the artistic colors I want. I get many different shades from one package of Diamond, so it is very inexpensive, you see." As Mrs. S. says, *cheap dyes never pay!* Diamond Dyes actually contain a greater amount of the finest aniline coloring matter. This is the secret of their richness and depth of color. No off-casts, no dull tones, no unevenness. Lustrous, *live* colors—just like new material! For permanent, beautiful colors, *by boiling*, use only Diamond Dyes. And for light dainty shades *without boiling*, use Diamond Tints—for your summer silks. Remember, there are no colors like Diamond Dyes and Diamond Tints! All drug stores have them. 15c.

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The KITTENS' Tea Party

A page for the Children

by
MARGARET NICKERSON

Mrs. Peter Puss and family were invited
out to tea.
There was Frisky, Floss and Fluffy, and
little baby wee.
The Mother Puss had told them that they
must be polite,
And use good table manners, and do
everything aright.

The lady who invited them was Mrs.
Thomas Grey,
She sent them to the nursery where they
could romp and play.
Then she and Mrs. Peter just rocked and
talked together
Of all their children said and did, and
sometimes of the weather.

Now when these playful kittens had got
off by themselves,
They started in to have some fun. They
played chase on the shelves,
And "Pussy-in-a-corner," "I Spy," and
"Blind Man's Bluff,"
Until they were exhausted, and said,
"Oh, that's enough!"

Like other healthy children who romp and
play till late,
These kittens felt so hungry they said
they couldn't wait.
"We'll go down to the pantry," said
youngest little Grey,
"I saw some chicken salad and cream
upon a tray."

So down they all went slyly, without a
single sound,
Oh, how their faces lighted when all
that food they found!
They ate up all the chicken, and lapped
up all the cream,
They surely would be very ill if they
ate more, 'twould seem.

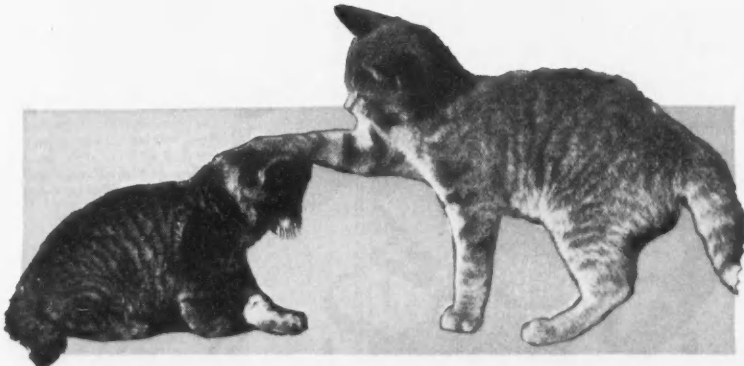
Then, back they crept quite slowly, those
naughty little cats,
And when they reached the nurs'ry they
curled up on the mats.
Said Mrs. Peter Pussy, "How still it is
upstairs,
Let's go up very softly and see the little
dears."

"Since tea is almost ready, we'll call them
anyway;
They must be very hungry," said Mrs.
Thomas Grey.
They went up, oh, so softly, and peeped
inside the door,
And found their little "innocents" asleep
upon the floor.

Each one looked at the other, then Mrs.
Thomas said,
"It seems a shame to wake them, but
still they must be fed."
They gently shook their babies and licked
their velvet fur,
Until each sleepy kitten began to
stretch and purr.

"Get up, you little darlings, and wash your
paws and faces,
Then brush your fur, put on your bibs,
and come and take your places.
We've lovely chicken salad and lots of
nice fresh cream,
I'm sure when once you see it you'll
think you're in a dream."

She started for the pantry—the kittens left
the table,
And scampered off through every door
as fast as they were able.
Poor Mrs. Peter Pussy was filled with
shame and pain,
And said she'd never, *never* take them
to tea again.



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Ask also for COLONIAL TOWELS identified by the blue COLONIAL TAB.



DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED

The Mystery of the Surgeon's House

(Continued from page 74)

explanation. She told Mrs. Cowdry all she knew and what she guessed of the plot which bid fair to cost a young man his life. As she listened, Mrs. Cowdry's face grew more and more devastated. At the end she sank down as if she could not support the story.

"Help me inside," she said feebly, "and I will tell you the little I know. I wish it were more."

MRS. COWDRY unlocked the front door and led Adrienne through a panelled hall into the rear of the house. They entered the kitchen, Mrs. Cowdry saying:

"You'll excuse me but I feel more at home here, and being an American young lady you can adapt yourself to anything. And now first tell me, are you engaged to marry Master Henry?"

Adrienne felt herself blushing furiously. Not only was she not engaged to Master Henry but she was going to marry the man who was trying to bring him to death.

"No; my uncle is his lawyer," she said, "and I am helping him with the case."

"I see," Mrs. Cowdry said.

Adrienne knew very well that what she saw was some romantic figment far enough from the truth.

"Mrs. Smith and Master Henry have been very kind to me these ten years," the woman said; "and having no people of my own I feel bound up in them. But I will try to be calm and speak just of the business side of things, though since I began to be worried about them, it just seems that I cannot abide to be near people. I used to get a cheque regularly from Mrs. Smith the first of every month."

Mrs. Cowdry paused, and her face worked.

"I haven't had a line from her," she whispered, "since February."

"Where was she then?" Adrienne asked.

"The Hotel Cap d'Ampeglio of Bordighera," Mrs. Cowdry said, spelling out the name. "I wrote her in April and she didn't answer. Then I got the postmaster to write to someone there and he found out that they had left Bordighera in February, driving up toward Ventimiglia which is the town between Italy and France. Mrs. Smith likes driving."

"We can find out the number of the license plates of the car," Adrienne said.

"She drove terribly fast, Mrs. Smith did," Mrs. Cowdry commented. "If you were asking the Italians and French people, they'd have to have good eyesight to read the number as she drove. Mr. Henry used to tell her you'd think a wolf pack was chasing her."

"An English car, driven very rapidly, with two people in it," Adrienne said. "I think I may find out where they went." Then she added, "Now, tell me everything you can about them. You don't know what little detail may be important."

Mrs. Cowdry leaned forward in her chair, and resting her arms on the kitchen table, searched her memory.

"They were Americans," she said. "Mrs. Smith had an accent that showed that. I couldn't tell you what part of the States they came from. I know that Master Henry used to tease her sometimes for saying 'choich' for 'church.' She said she didn't."

"New York City, then," Adrienne said. "Did they ever go to the United States for a visit?"

"Never while I was with them. Once or twice when they quarrelled, for Mrs. Smith was very high tempered, and even a saint couldn't stand everything—when they quarrelled once I heard Master Henry tell her that it was only for her sake that he submitted to being expatriated. She was very exacting and jealous, was Mrs. Smith, wanting a lover's devotion from a son."

"What else did you glean?" Adrienne asked.

"Nothing about their past in the States. I rather felt that Mrs. Smith was divorced and didn't care to go back. Then again I used to think maybe there was some family disgrace. I don't think Smith was their real name."

Adrienne's face was one eager question.

"This is why I think so. Mrs. Smith was terribly careless, and used to leave money and jewellery about. Once, after she had gone abroad, I found an unlocked jewel case in which she had left a couple of diamond rings, a bracelet, a pair of diamond earrings and some other things—all old-fashioned. I thought I would clean them for her. In doing that with a toothbrush, I loosened the stone in one of the rings; a big stone. On the gold base on which the stone sat there was some engraving. It said 'H. B. to L. B.' Mrs. Smith's Christian name was Laetitia. I had a jeweller put back the stone and I never said anything."

"But that ring might have belonged to Mrs. Smith's parents," objected Adrienne.

"Perhaps. I looked in all their books to see if I could find a name besides 'Smith' written, but I never could. The ring was the only thing that ever made me think perhaps the name was not 'Smith.'"

"When they quarrelled," Adrienne asked, "you overheard nothing more than you have told me?"

"They quarrelled two or three times about a man friend Mrs. Smith had. It must have been a friendship that had gone on for a great many years because once I heard Master Henry say, 'I have hated that man ever since I was a little child. You ask me to give up any close friendship with any man or girl I have ever liked but you won't give him up.'"

"You don't know his name?"

"N-no," hesitated Mrs. Cowdry, "or if ever I did know I have forgotten. But once I saw him. It was when Master Henry was in Oxford. I believe Mrs. Smith must have been with this man in France and that he came back with her. I know he drove her up here in his own car. I was going down the driveway to meet her. It was twilight and I think they did not see me. She had got out, and he leaned down and kissed her. I noticed that he was tall, for he sat high in the car. I think he was dark but I am not sure. I know he was an American because when he said 'Goodby, darling,' he rolled his 'r.'"

"And that's all you know about him?"

"Well, another time Master Henry said to her, 'I don't believe Uncle Archie is as crazy about you as he pretends to be. He wants something. Is it money?' You see, Master Henry had a bit of a temper, too, and could speak sharply. But not often; the best young man—"

Adrienne hastened to forestall tears, saying:

"He called this man 'Uncle Archie?'"

"Yes, but I'm pretty sure the man wasn't really a relation. I don't know why that comes to me. There are things a person just knows."

"Yes," Adrienne agreed, "but that is a man we must find, Mrs. Cowdry."

"He used to be with them sometimes on the Continent. Oh, miss, I am that worried. I thought maybe some of those robbers over there had killed them both. But you say Master Henry is alive. But then where is his mother?"

"That is what we must find out. Have you nothing of Mrs. Smith's past that goes back to the United States?" Adrienne asked.

"It seems to me that in that locked box she had there are some photographs of herself as a girl and of Master Henry as a little child." But, of course, the box is locked.

"Now we're on the track of something. If any of those photographs were taken in New York—You don't mind forcing the lock of the box?"

"It isn't legal, but I'd do anything to help Master Henry," Mrs. Cowdry said. "I'll let you look through their rooms, too."

"I wish you would. I'd like to see any letters they have left behind," Adrienne said.

[To be continued]



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6. Singercraft Book and personal instruction in this new and worthwhile sewing art.
7. Personal consultation with Singer teachers on special style and sewing problems.
8. Expert inspection and adjustment service on your sewing machine.

You can start right away to enjoy all the benefits of this new "Make-it-Yourself" Plan. Get the full story at any Singer Shop or from any Bonded Singer Representative. See telephone directory for nearest address of Singer Sewing Machine Company.



This button identifies Bonded Singer Representatives. It carries colour border and month during which it is valid. Border is green for February, yellow for March.



Modern Singer Electrics include a wide variety of beautiful models. Go to your local Singer Shop and ask to see the model illustrated here, No. 15-91-40, or let the Bonded Singer Representative give you a demonstration in your home.

Make it yourself on a **SINGER**

THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE MADE IN CANADA OF CANADIAN MATERIALS, BY CANADIAN WORKMEN

ABOUT SPRING CLOTHES



291



The startling thing about the new spring fashions is the hats. They're quite different from those we have been wearing. Stiff little sailors are tilted adroitly over one eye, ethereal halos reveal most of the forehead; so do those picturesque triangular hats called into being by the ghost of Bluff King Hal. Berets and beret-like chapeaux are pulled on to one cheek. But there's no stern fashion-rule for wearing any hat—which is such a relief. Individuality rules the day. The hats shown above are all obtainable in the one pattern, No. 194. A is an intriguing version of the fisherman hat. B demonstrates the off-the-face silhouette. C is a toque draped to suggest a beret. D reveals chic details in its crown and smartly shaped brim. Sizes for all four models, small, medium and large.

It is comforting to know that three-quarter length coats and two-piece ensembles are just as good as ever for semi-sports wear. But the wools are much quieter—soft grey and sand effects. In tweeds, checks and stripes and plaids blend in neutral-toned green-greys, blue-greys, beige. Sometimes the frock beneath the coat is in vivid contrast, the hat matching the dress in color and fabric. Sometimes the note of strong color is left entirely to hat and frock-trimming—buttons, perhaps, or a belt supplying the necessary dash. Pattern No. 291 includes both coat and dress in sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 54 inch material.

Chatelaine Patterns - Price 15 cents

ECONOMIES IN THE 1934 MODE

CHATELAINE PATTERNS

Price 15 cents



No. 1235 — The attached, high-closing collar is a smart note on this slimly cut frock. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 1234 — An unusual frontal treatment distinguishes this heavy silk or light weight wool frock. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 1238 — Youthful, with skirt flared at one side, and cleverly accented neckline and sleeves. Sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 17 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 1236 — A narrow, stand-up collar ends in a draped jabot. Sleeves show a marked dolman influence. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35 inch material.

A PERSONAL CUTTING SERVICE

Any of the patterns shown on these pages, or any other Chatelaine style, can be obtained, if desired, cut to your own specific requirements. A charge of 75 cents is made for the special cutting this personal service involves.



A FROCK FOR EVERY OCCASION

Chatelaine Patterns - Price 15 cents

FOR SPORTS

No. 193 — A smartly tailored frock suitable for striped or plain washing silk. There is an inverted pleat from yoke to waist at back and two inverted pleats in the skirt front. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material



193

FOR EVENINGS

No. 201 — The high, draped neckline and sleeves which droop off the shoulder, are the very latest vogue in frocks of this type, which may be worn for evening or formal afternoon occasions. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ and $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.



201



218

191

FOR EVERYDAY

No. 218 — Very unusual are the bands which are stitched over the hips, and buttoned smartly at back. The sleeves and neckline too, are distinctive features of this attractive style. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39 inch material.

FOR AFTERNOONS

No. 191 — Paris sanctions enormous bows like this for spring. It gives the correct "muffled" neckline so fashionable just now. The skirt has insets at the hips. Sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. Size 15 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material.



FREE

McDonald's
Garden Guide
for 1934.

Plan your garden NOW, drawing inspiration from this practical book. Hundreds of illustrations, many in natural colors. Complete lists of seeds, plants, bulbs, shrubs. Numerous novelties. Garden sundries. Many bargain offers.

Remember — McDonald's Seeds are obtainable direct from Ottawa only.

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Please mail book to

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Address

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"Yes, and I made it myself for \$4.68"

LEARN dressmaking. Have more and smarter clothes... save money, earn money. Yes, that's exactly what you can do. Easily, quickly, in your own home the Woman's Institute will teach you all the secrets of designing, planning, cutting, fitting and finishing: the lovely new feminine fashions. Follow the example of thousands of well-dressed women. Be independent...

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- ☐ How to Earn Money Conducting Tea-Room, Cafeteria, Food Shop or Catering

Name.....

(Please specify Miss or Mrs.)

Address.....

Chatelaine's

March, 1934

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A NEW Soft Embroidery Thread



for Quicker Easier Lovelier

EMBROIDERY

A thread just made to meet the new vogue for larger, more colorful embroidery that expresses the modern note so well.

1 stitch does the work of 3

These soft fluffy strands so like wool in appearance are made of purest cotton. They bring color and gayety with magic-like quickness to cushions, runners, centre-pieces—to all those things you'll just love to beautify... now that embroidery has been made so speedy, so delightfully, wondrously easy! Rich captivating colors... pastel shades of jewel-like beauty. Color-fast, of course.

Use a Milward's Embroidery Needle

ANCHOR

Soft EMBROIDERY

The Canadian Spool Cotton Co., 123 Dept. X-27, P.O. Box 519, Montreal, P.Q.

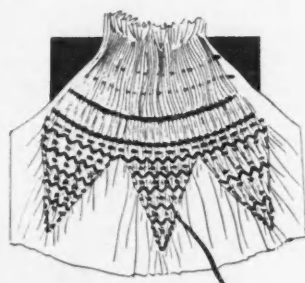
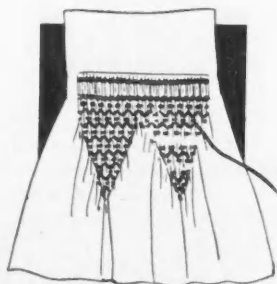
I enclose 15c. for NEW Book "A Complete Collection of Crochet Designs," also booklet "Crochet and Embroidery Stitches."

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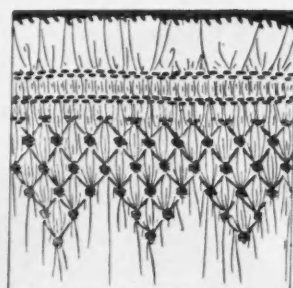
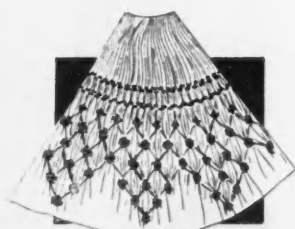
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ALL READY FOR THE FIRST CROCUS

Two of our Smocking Patterns



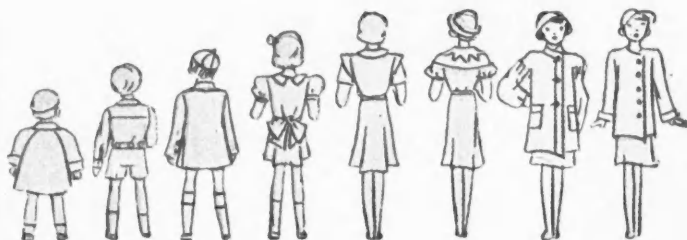
Design No. 2.



Design No. 4.

There is nothing more charming for children's clothes than smocking. These designs are two of a group of five transfer patterns available from Chatelaine Patterns. Design No. 2 has a depth of about 4 inches and a length of 2 yards. Design No. 4 is 4 3/4 inches deep and about 2 3/4 yards long. Two views of each design are shown.

Price 15 cents.



No. 274 — A two-piece ensemble for spring. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 3 yards of 54 inch and 3/8 yard of 35 inch material.

No. 262 — The front panel cuts in one with the yoke. Sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 1 7/8 and 3/4 yards of 35 inch material.

No. 1135 — A smocked dress and panties for the little girl. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 requires 2 7/8 and 1/2 yards of 35 inch material.

No. 1159 — An elegant little spring coat which boasts raglan sleeves. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 39 inch material.

No. 182 — Contrasting frock-top and coat-lapels are a smart touch. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 3/8 yards of 54 inch and 1/4 yards of 39 inch material.

No. 129 — She'll love the jaunty epaulets on this frock. Sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 12 requires 3 1/4 and 1/4 yards of 39 inch material.



No. 824 — Very mannish-looking are these small shirt and side closing trousers. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires 1 1/2 and 7/8 yards of 35 inch material.

No. 42 — This coat and beret are suitable for both boys and girls. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 3/8 yards of 54 inch material.

Chatelaine Patterns
Price 15 cents

Wonderful Wedding!



On the Mother's side a long line of blue-blood red-ripe, cultured HEINZ tomatoes.

Picked, cooked and bottled all in a day at Leamington, Canada.

On the Father's side a long line of Princely Oriental Spices—exotic, enticing, appetite tempting.

Selected by our own men direct from the spice gardens of the East.



Here is the wholesome fresh tomato charm, wedded to the allure of rare and tangy spices . . .

Here is zest for bored appetites . . . gusto for gourmets, eating excitement for all. Here is HEINZ Tomato Ketchup! Have you a bottle of this world-famous sauce in your cupboard now? Your grocer has a bargain for you. Get a bottle or two today.

Heinz Pickles
Heinz Beefsteak Sauce



Heinz Vinegars
Heinz Home Style Soups

MADE BY HEINZ AT LEAMINGTON, CANADA, FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY

• THE LAST WORD •

Our Readers Have It.

Victorian

ONE MORE word regarding those "wall-flower" daughters. Most of your readers have missed the point entirely—which is, that whereas we women have been busy during the past few decades in getting ourselves emancipated, our poor dear men have



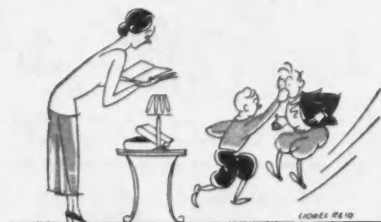
been left far behind with a hopelessly mid-Victorian outlook and set of ideals. Consider the man who said he "occasionally took out the other kind"—and then had the unmitigated assurance to consider himself a suitable and respectable escort for girls such as Lorraine and Elizabeth!—O. H., Hamilton.

A Challenge

I CHALLENGE the churches, along with the Christian organizations such as the Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Knights of Pythias, Masons, service clubs and many others who have definite international connections. If they profess God, let us have an exemplification of it in world-wide Christianity, not this narrow provincial, patriotic or national viewpoint. Consider a few of the inconsistencies that are readily accepted: blood-stained flags, emblems of legalized murder, hung over the altar and looking down on the Communion; accepting the hospitality and home of a friend, and then turning on him and slaughtering him and his loved ones; shaking hands with the brother of our order, while in the other hand is held the patriotic dagger awaiting the order to strike. What puppets we are! It may be ideal to die for one's country. Is it not better to live for one's Christianity?—F. S. M., Saint John, N.B.

Not So Simple!

I ENJOY your child-training articles so much! Until I had a child of my own to present me with all kinds of questions and problems, I labored under the pleasant delusion that I was perfectly equipped—and my husband, too—to teach the young idea how to shoot. But woe is me! While I



am a good housekeeper and well educated along other lines I found out that for the most important business of living, my tools for teaching were indeed poor and mean. From diligent search after knowledge and how to impart it, I find that mine is not an isolated case.—(Mrs.) E. D., Hamilton.

Kitchen Dancing

CAN YOU help me, and can you take my problem seriously? We have two children, a boy and a girl of twelve and thirteen. We are too far away for them to attend school or other community affairs; no near neighbors. Lately, I have interested them in dancing. Their sole knowledge of the art comes from the "funnies" wherein Jiggs attends the boilermakers' ball, or else magazine pictures. We have been starting to dance, and the children are beginning to realize "it feels nice when you know how to do it." I waltz in the fashion of thirty years ago. Worse than that, I cannot imagine what any new kind of waltzing can be like. But I want to know—quickly. What is a "two-step" and a "fox-trot"? Will you tell me?

We have neither a phonograph nor a radio. I sing "After the Ball is Over" to the words "one-two-three; one-two-three."

Now when you have recovered from laughing, please help me to turn the space between the table and the stove into a dancing school worthy of the "Keeper of the Keys" of the young!—U. W., Northern British Columbia.

Too Much Detail

A LARGE part of the trouble in the world today is caused by too much economic planning. It is said that the reason the Germans lost out in the early stages of the world war was because they had their plan of campaign mapped out to the last detail, and when it did not work out just exactly



as they expected they were up in the air and did not know what to do. The same is true of many families. It is all very well to plan and budget; the test comes when the plan goes awry, and one must turn around and find other ideas to fit the need.—(Mrs.) E. H., Mallorytown.

Common Sense?

I EAGERLY grasped the February number and sank at once into the waters of its fiction. I came "up" disappointed, and not without reason.

Why on earth didn't the author take time to finish properly the "Pin-in-the-Well" affair? Did Pin fall in the well every time she saw a car coming? Was it her "Line"? Did the young man go back when stopped the second time? Etc., etc.? "A Wonderful Bird is the Pelican" was certainly amusing. But the girl, Claudette, was absolutely right. Her boy friend was an idiot, and who ever heard of a successful business man leaving everything to go on a three-day picnic. Ridiculous. In "The Factor's Judgment" the only real character in it was ruthlessly turned into a murderess-to-be, and was married off to a spineless chap who, as far as we readers know, is still carrying a kiss around in the palm of his hand. So kindly tell these short story writers to mix

a bit of common sense in with their high-powered imaginations, and come again.

Relief

YOUR MAGAZINE is often quoted in our branch of the Woman's Institute, and favorable comment passed on how well it expresses the highest ideals of our Canadian womanhood.

Belonging to the farming class—the world's busiest people—I have no unemployment worries of my own. I begin to prepare breakfast at 5.30 a.m., and finish the day at 9 or 10 p.m. with mending. I hold the right to the "butter and egg" money. Last year it averaged \$8.50 a month. This had to provide food for three adults and two children; it must also clothe the children, pay for schoolbooks, lighting, soap and renewal of household equipment. Those who seek relief in our neighborhood may spend their summer earnings, knowing they will receive at least \$3.50 more per month during winter than I get to meet similar expenses.—An Average Farm Woman.

A Friend

CHATELAINE COMES as a friend to our house every month. The stories, to my mind, are all one could desire, giving as they do, happy pictures of domestic life, travel and adventure. And the poems are exquisite. I like to read the Paris Letter, but, oh, do you know there has been a depression? Though it does our hearts good to lift our heads above the clouds in the matter of clothes, and could you not tell us a little more how to make old clothes look new, and how to cut down for the children?—L. M. J., Thedford.

Those Styles!

AS SOON as I read your fine editorial, "Why Not a Dramatic Peace?" I phoned our minister and drew his attention to it. I hope it will be widely read, quoted and acted upon. We are proud of *Chatelaine* as Canadian women, and you are to be congratulated on it. But could you not let us have some dress suggestions for women over



sixty? Nothing is quite so nice for us as to know that we are suitably gowned. The present styles seem made only for those people who have waistlines, and there are thousands of us who will never possess that line again. But we do want to look as if we were growing old gracefully.—C. C. G., Guelph.

Canada's Call to Women

CANADA HAS never made a more urgent call to her women than she has during the last four years. Nature endowed woman with more patience than she did man, and for this reason we women must be strong and courageous, real help-mates to mankind.

To Canadian women who belong to the business world, Canada makes one call. We

homemakers should at all times be sympathetic and loyal to these women. May they be faithful to their trust, doing their utmost to keep the business world unpolluted, and remember that right, not might, is the all-important thing. May they also keep in mind, human hearts must always be considered before worldly gains.

To the Canadian mothers, the almost sacred call comes. On their young shoulders falls a task which they just can't fail to do to the very best of their ability. May they always keep their minds pure, their bodies healthy, so they can fulfill this duty. On the early training they give their young children, our future—the future of Canada—lies. While theirs is the happiest charge, yet with it rests the greatest responsibility.

To all Canadian women, be they just out of their teens or silver-haired matrons, may they all strive for the peace and happiness of our fair land—Canada.—L. S. D., Elmira, Ontario.

Broken Homes

IT SEEMS to me that outside interference, be it ever so kindly meant, must make a bad situation worse. To acknowledge one's unhappiness to others, and so discuss it, is to invite more complete wreckage; for this is one of those "sharpest corners of life which must be turned alone."

It is the children who suffer the most lasting ill-effects of broken homes, and a wise mother will put her own heartbreak into the background and with quiet dignity go about her task of making their lives happy—making a home where they can bring their friends and their problems, always sure of sympathetic understanding.

A woman's opportunity to accomplish this, is ever so much greater than a man's, for broken homes are not all caused by erring husbands, and a man is much more helpless in this situation than a woman.

Truly "man's love is of man's life a thing apart," and women would have a greater chance of happiness if they did not allow love to be their "whole existence." As I look back across the years to a critical time in my life, I still shudder to think how easily I could have wrecked the lives of my children, depriving them of a home! But this agony of disillusionment through which so many of us are called to pass, is one of the most fruitful sources of that pain which seems necessary for our spiritual development.—"Another One of Them."

Indian Pudding

I WISH you could know what your Meals of the Month, as prepared by Miss Hucks, has meant to me. I have a fair family, and lately was so sick that I lost my appetite, but not my family. So, it was a great help



to use that page every month. But won't you tell us what some of the recipes mean—Indian pudding, for instance, or Franconia potatoes?—(Mrs.) R. M. L., Toronto.

CLEANS MORE THINGS

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 WINDOWS · TOYS · WASHTUBS · ENAMEL · STONE STEPS · RUBBER FLOORS
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...and does more square yards of *scratchless cleaning* per penny of cost

Why is Old Dutch so efficient? The secret is this—it is made with pure "seismotite," scientifically recognized as the finest natural cleaning material. It removes dirt, grime and stains with a smooth, clean sweep and polishes as it cleans.

Are you using Old Dutch for all the varied tasks it can perform? Check over the list of articles in the illustration—they represent only a few of its many uses. You will find, as have millions of housewives, that Old Dutch cuts

your cleaning cost in two ways. *First*, it is the only cleanser you need because it is ideal for any surface on which water may be used. *Second*, its flaky, flat-shaped particles cover more surface and do more square yards of cleaning.

No other cleanser can do so much at so little cost—nor so well at any price. Old Dutch is kind to the hands, doesn't clog drains, is odorless and removes odors. There's no substitute for the quality and economy of Old Dutch Cleanser.



Doesn't Scratch

Tested and Approved by
 37
 Chatelaine Institute
 Chatelaine Magazine

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Old Dutch Holders, in Color

Mail 10c and windmill panel from an Old Dutch label for each holder

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Please find enclosed... cents and... labels for which send me... Old Dutch Holders. Colors: IVORY ☐ GREEN ☐ BLUE ☐

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Address _____

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